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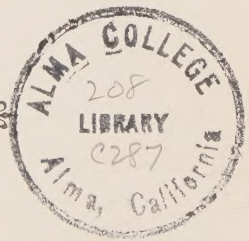
Publications

of the

Catholic Truth Society

Vol. VI.



LONDON
CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY
69 Southwark Bridge Road, S.E.
245 Brompton Road, S.W.; 22 Paternoster Row, E.C.

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Our Holy Father, Leo XIII.

BY THE REV. JOSEPH RICKABY, S.J.

"I ANNOUNCE to you tidings of great joy. We have for Pope His Eminence the Most Reverend Lord Joachim Pecci, who has taken to himself the name of Leo XIII."

In these words the choice of the Cardinals in Conclave assembled was promulgated by the senior Cardinal Deacon from the balcony of St. Peter's at two o'clock in the afternoon of the 20th of February, 1878.

We have for Pope the two hundred and sixty-third of his line; the Great High Priest, the First of Bishops, the Heir of the Apostles, the Universal Pastor, the Form of Justice, the Mirror of Holiness, the Pattern of Piety, the Defender of the Faith, the Guide of Christians, the Advocate of the Poor, the Terror of Evildoers, the Glory of the Good, the Father of Kings, the Salt of the Earth, the Light of the World, the Priest of the Most High, the Vicar of Christ. These are titles of his office. He who then took them up had all the wisdom and dignity with but little of the feebleness of age. He had almost completed his sixty-eighth year. He had been Cardinal twenty-four years, Bishop for thirty-five; and it was full forty years since his hands were first anointed with the sacred unction of the priesthood. Time flew by. Leo XIII. surpassed all the high expectations that were entertained of him. On the first day of the year 1888 he

solemnized, and the whole Catholic world with him, the Golden Jubilee of his priesthood; in 1893 another Golden Jubilee—that of his episcopal consecration.

Vincent Joachim Pecci was born on the 2nd of March, 1810, at Carpineto in the diocese of Anagni in the Papal States. At eight years of age he was sent to the College of the Jesuits at Viterbo. There he made his first communion on the feast of St. Aloysius, June 21, 1821. In 1824, at the age of fourteen, he went to Rome. He followed the course of rhetoric in the Roman College, which Leo XII. had just restored to the Jesuits. In the same College he studied philosophy and mathematics for three years, and theology for four years more. Half a century later, when seated on the Chair of St. Peter, he reverted to his career at the Roman College in the following terms, replying to Father Cardella, Provincial of the Roman Province, S.J.: "With joy do We remember the happy tranquillity of those days, the throngs of students, their disputations on philosophical and theological theses and the profound scholars who presided at them; and We now gladly and publicly declare that Our heart has ever since been so closely bound to those great men, and to your Institute, that it has never been, nor ever shall be, estranged." Thus far he had gone with the education of a private ecclesiastic, or even of a layman in a Catholic country, where the Church opens her theological schools to all her children. He was now to commence his training as a spiritual ruler of men. He was to qualify himself to enter what we may call the diplomatic service of Holy Church. Few people have any idea of the extent of this service, or of the wisdom and experience of the officials engaged in it, Cardinals, Monsignori, and young Abbates serving their apprenticeship in the school out of which Popes are taken. Business from all quarters of the world, complex law affairs,

delicate questions involving personal susceptibilities, all flow in to the Sovereign Pontiff, and pass to and fro between him and his advisers, even the youngest heads being called upon to contribute their share of wisdom to assist in the settlement. Years of this work are necessary to make one conversant with the system of government of the Universal Church. That is one reason why in our time a Pope is never chosen except from the ranks of this official body.

For this service Joachim Pecci, now a young man of some twenty-three summers, went about to qualify himself by entering the Academy of Noble Ecclesiastics, there to study law and diplomacy. He received the sacred orders of subdeacon and deacon in the beginning of the year 1837. On March 14th of that year Gregory XVI. made him a Domestic Prelate, his first promotion, with the title of Monsignore. On the 23rd of December of that same year 1837 he was ordained priest by Cardinal Odeschalchi. He said his first Mass in the chapel of St. Stanislaus at the Jesuit noviceship of St. Andrea, Rome. There St. Stanislaus died at the age of seventeen, and there his body rests. The saintly Cardinal Odeschalchi was himself soon to follow in the footsteps of St. Stanislaus.

Early in 1838 Mgr. Pecci was named Governor of the Papal Province of Benevento. Like Sixtus V., he busied himself with the suppression of brigandage. There is quite a Sixtine humour about the following story. A certain marquis called one day on the Governor in high dudgeon, saying he was just starting for Rome, where he would take care to procure his recall. "Have you considered the step well, marquis?" "Yes, Monsignor, and I'm going at once." "Things like that should be thought out at leisure, you will do me the honour of staying here for the present," handing him over to a

company of carabineers who stood ready. That night the marquis's castle was surrounded, and twenty-eight brigands, of whom he was patron and chief, were arrested or shot.

Mgr. Pecci was three years at Benevento. He was thence transferred to the governorship of Perugia. After a year and a half he was appointed to the higher post of Nuncio at Brussels. Previously to setting out it was considered fit that he should be raised to the episcopal dignity. Besides the bishops who actually govern the sees from which they take their title, there are a number of others, now called *titular* bishops, and formerly bishops *in partibus infidelium*, taking their titles from places in the Turkish Empire, which of course they never visit. These titular bishops are real bishops, as much as any others in the Church. They are employed, some in offices about the Papal Court, others as Apostolic Nuncios or Delegates abroad, others as Auxiliaries to bishops who require help, while others, called Vicars Apostolic, rule the Church in missionary countries. Mgr. Pecci was named to the titular Archiepiscopal See of Damietta in Egypt. From Damietta he was to be translated to Perugia, and from Perugia the choice of the Conclave was to carry him to Rome. He was consecrated bishop at Rome in the Church of St. Lawrence by Cardinal Lambruschini, February 19, 1843. Archbishop Pecci was three years Nuncio at the court of Leopold I., King of the Belgians. In January, 1846, he was named to Perugia. The whole of February that year he spent on a visit to London. When he got back to Rome, Gregory XVI. was dying. On the 1st of June the Papal Chair was vacant. But the hour of Leo XIII. was not yet come.

During the two-and-thirty years that Pius IX. governed the Universal Church, Joachim Pecci sat in the See of

Perugia, doing the "good work" of a bishop according to the mind of St. Paul. On December 19, 1853, Pius IX. created him Cardinal Priest by the title of St. Chrysogonus. In September, 1877, he summoned him to reside in Rome, and with the office of Camerlengo gave him the chief charge of the temporalities—such as still remain—of the Holy See.

Before leaving Perugia Cardinal Pecci addressed a last pastoral to his flock, on the question, "Is the Catholic Church hostile to the progress of industry, art, and science?" His answer is a strong and earnest No. Indeed he writes of modern discoveries with an enthusiasm that recalls Lord Macaulay's Essay on Bacon:—

"One century inherits the inventions, discoveries, and improvements of those preceding it, and thus the sum of physical, moral, and political benefits grows marvellously. Who would compare the miserable huts of primitive peoples, their rude utensils, their imperfect tools, with all that we of the nineteenth century possess? Nor is there any more comparison between the articles produced by our ingeniously constructed machinery and those toilsomely wrought by the hands of man. There can be no doubt the old highways, unsafe bridges, and long and disagreeable journeys of old times make a poor figure by the side of our railroads, which, as it were, fasten wings to our shoulders, and have made our globe smaller, so near have they brought nations to each other. Is not our era by the gentleness of its manners superior to the rude and brutal days of barbarism? Are not the mutual relations of man with man more friendly? Has not the political system, from certain points of view, improved under the influence of time and experience? No longer is private vengeance permitted, nor torture; and the petty feudal tyrants, the wrangling communes, the wandering

bands of Free Companies - have they not all disappeared?"

The Cardinal at the same time protests against the "modern schools of political economy that regard labour as the supreme end of man, and man himself as a machine, more or less valuable as he is more or less productive." He repels the taunt thrown out against the Church, that "she instils into the heart a mystical contempt of earthly things." He shows that the Syllabus, or authentic list of errors condemned by Pius IX., is "not directed against civilization and science, but against atheism and materialism, and against that civilization which would supplant Christianity, and destroy with it all wherewith Christianity has enriched us."

The writer promised to return to this subject, if life permitted, at a future day. He was to return to it, but not as Bishop of Perugia. On the 20th of February, 1878, Cardinal Pecci was chosen Pope by the votes of forty-four Cardinals out of sixty-two, two-thirds being the requisite majority. That afternoon the new Pope gave his blessing to the people inside St. Peter's, not in the square without. He was crowned on the 3rd of March with the tiara, or triple crown, which he assumed, not in St. Peter's, where all his predecessors but one have been crowned ever since 1555, but in the Sistine Chapel in the Vatican. Leo was about to continue the seclusion which Pius had adopted as a protest against the Italian occupation of his city of Rome.

In this matter of protestation the present Pope has been as emphatic as his predecessor. In his first Encyclical dated Easter Day, 1878, he writes: "We cannot omit, because of Our office whereby We are bound to the defence of the rights of Holy Church, to renew and confirm by these Our letters all the declarations and protests,

which Our predecessor of holy memory, Pius IX., published and reiterated against the occupation of his civil principality and the violation of the rights of the Roman Church." In the like sense he spoke with great emphasis to four hundred representatives of Catholic journalism, on February 22, 1879:—

"That no occasion of error may remain, it is of the utmost importance to remind Catholics that the supreme power of the Church, which was divinely conferred upon Peter and his successors to keep the whole family of Christ in the faith, and conduct them to the eternal happiness of the heavenly Kingdom, must according to the appointment of Christ Himself be exercised with the fullest freedom; and to ensure this freedom in every part of the world, an all-wise Providence ordained that, after the dangers and troubles of the early period of the Church, a civil princedom should be attached to the Roman Church, and preserved intact through a long series of ages, amidst the changes of revolution and the wreck of kingdoms. For this weighty reason, and not, as We have often said, impelled by ambition or the lust of power, the Roman Pontiffs have ever felt it their sacred duty to defend this civil sovereignty from violation or disturbance, and to preserve intact the sacred rights of the Roman Church; and We Ourselves, following the example of Our predecessors, have not failed, nor will We ever fail, to assert and vindicate those rights."

At his accession, Leo XIII. found in Germany, to use his own words, "dioceses without bishops, parishes without priests, freedom of public worship infringed, seminaries of the clergy prohibited, and the number of the clergy so reduced that many Catholics were out of reach of the offices of the Church and of the Sacraments."

That better state of things which it has been the singular glory of his Pontificate to have brought about, he thus describes to the Cardinals in the same Allocution, May 23, 1887:—

"The Roman Pontiff's authority in the government of the Catholic Church has ceased to be considered in Prussia as a foreign authority, and provision is made for its free exercise in the future. Liberty is restored to the bishops in governing their dioceses. The seminaries of the clergy are given back. Most of the religious orders are recalled." He goes on: "For the rest We shall continue Our efforts, and considering the Emperor's will and the intentions of his ministers, We have reason to hope that the Catholics of that nation may take courage, for We do not doubt but that a better time is coming. Nothing do We so much desire of the Divine Goodness as that life long enough and ability be given Us to behold the Catholic religion enjoying a settled and secure state in all Germany." Since then Leo has arbitrated the difference between Germany and Spain in the matter of the Caroline Islands, resuming what was a function of his predecessors ere the European Concert commenced.

Two great worldwide evils have vexed the soul of Pope Leo: the one the separation of civil society from the Church, the other the alienation of human intellect from the obedience of faith. One of the Greek Emperors at Constantinople rejoiced in the appellation of Leo the Philosopher. An Emperor's attainments are hardly questioned, or perhaps a Pope's either: but Joachim Pecci was famous for his philosophic tastes and wide erudition long before he came to be Pius IX.'s successor. His Encyclical *Æterni Patris* of the 4th of August, 1879, will for ever be a landmark to ecclesiastical students — let us hope, to many lay students also. The interest of it lies in this, that whereas many Catholic divines had

come to be of opinion that the old ways of thought of the thirteenth century must be abandoned in combating modern errors, the authoritative voice of our Teacher calls us back to those old ways, and to the great leader and guide in them, the Angel of the Schools, the glory of the Order of Friar Preachers, St. Thomas of Aquin.

The Pope writes :—

"Therefore, while proclaiming that every wise saying and every useful invention or contrivance, by whomsoever discovered, is to be gladly and gratefully taken up. We earnestly exhort you all, Venerable Brethren, for the guarding and adorning of the Catholic faith, for the good of society, for the increment of all sciences, to restore and propagate widely the golden wisdom of St. Thomas. The wisdom of St. Thomas, We say ; for if there is anything in the scholastic doctors of over-subtlety in the questions they raise, or want of consideration in the opinions they deliver,—anything irreconcilable with the ascertained conclusions of a later age,—anything in fact in any way improbable, it is not Our intention to have that set up for our age to copy. For the rest, let the masters whom you shall discreetly choose, make it their object to instil the doctrine of Thomas Aquinas into the minds of their scholars, and to set in a clear light his solidity and excellence above other authors. Let the Colleges that you have established, or shall establish, explain and defend this doctrine, and make use of it for the refutation of prevalent errors."

As to how these injunctions are best carried out, there is room for differences of opinion ; but no Catholic should scoff at, or deride as useless, studies of philosophy and theology conducted after the fashion of St. Thomas. Nor have these studies alone been countenanced by the

Holy Father: he has written likewise on behalf of history (August 18, 1883) and Latin and Greek for Church students (May 20, 1885). He has done more than write: he subscribes every year £4,000 to the schools in Rome.

Thus has Leo laboured by word and work to show that the obedience of faith is not adverse to the development of the human intellect. He has laboured no less earnestly to reconcile the Church and civil society. He has pointed out the benefits which society owes to the Church. So many and so great he declares them to be, that more could not have been accomplished by an organization constructed, as the Church is not, for this world only. He has warned kings and peoples of the dangers that threaten society—oppression, anarchy, and strife of classes, growing wherever the gospel and its maxims are uprooted and flung aside. He has rebuked kings in the words of the Book of Wisdom: "The Most High will examine your works, and search out your thoughts: because being ministers of His kingdom you have not judged rightly, horribly and speedily will He appear to you; for a most severe judgment shall be for them that bear rule: for God will not except any man's person, neither will He stand in awe of any man's greatness, for He made the little and the great, and He hath equally care of all: but a greater punishment is ready for the more mighty" (Wisdom, VI. 4–9). To peoples Leo has preached obedience, to be paid to "the powers that be" in the State, as representing God in their lawful commands. He has detected and condemned "the principles and foundations," as he calls them, "of a new law, unknown before, and differing in more than one respect, not only from the Christian, but even from the natural law." All of us have something to learn from the words that follow:—

"Of these principles the main position is this, that all men, being in the abstract alike in kind and nature, are also in the concrete equal one to another in the business of life: that every man is so entirely his own master as to be no way amenable to the authority of another; that he may freely think what he pleases on every question, and do what he likes; that no man has any right of command over others. In a society constituted on this theory, the governing authority is merely the people's will; no one has any power over the people but the people themselves, none but the people commands the people; they choose nevertheless persons to whom they entrust themselves, yet so as to transfer to them not so much the right as the office of commanding, and that office to be exercised in the people's name. The lordship of God is buried in silence, just as if there were either no God at all, or He had no care and superintendence of human society; or as if men whether individually or socially owed nothing to God; or as if there could be any government, the whole cause and force and authority whereof did not reside in God. In this way, as is manifest, a State is nothing else than a multitude, master and ruler of itself. And whereas the people is said to contain in itself the source of all rights and of all power, the consequence will be that the State considers itself bound by no manner of duty to God; that it makes public profession of no religion; that it is not bound to inquire which of many religions is alone true, nor to place any one before the rest, nor to favour one especially, but it must give to all denominations equal rights for religious purposes, provided the system of government takes no harm from them. It will be in keeping with all this to leave every religious question to the private judgment of individuals; and to hold it lawful for every one to follow the religion that he prefers,

or none at all, if he likes none. Hence are born such notions as that of the judgment of the individual conscience being free from all law; the most entire liberty of opinion about worshipping or not worshipping God: together with unbounded licence of speculation and publication."

These are principles that Leo XIII. would not have us to utter, nor applaud when others utter them, on political platforms. The Pope loves the Christian people, "the holy people of God." But true love hates to flatter, and is forward to warn against danger and delusion. There is a philanthropy which goes about to destroy the higher hopes of humanity, those hopes which are founded on the promises of Christ. Such is the philanthropy of Freemasonry. Freemasonry tries to thrust itself in as a substitute for the Church of God. Other churches live at peace with it. Their clergy do not refuse on occasions to blend their ministrations with masonic rites. The war of Freemasonry is not against them, but only against the one Royal Bride of the King of Kings. Between Catholicism and Freemasonry there is a truceless war. No Mason can be admitted to the sacraments of the Catholic Church. Leo XIII. has written at length against Freemasonry in his Encyclical of April 20, 1884.

While condemning Freemasonry, as seven of his predecessors have condemned it, Leo XIII. exhorts the Bishops to promote gilds and societies of Catholic workmen, as being of singular avail for crushing the power of sects of perdition. Workmen, he says, "must be invited into societies that are right and honourable, that they may not be drawn into evil and wrong societies." This is a main element of Leo XIII.'s answer to what he calls "the pressing question of the hour, the condition of

the working classes" (Encyclical of May 15, 1891.)[1] He declines to pronounce on the existing trades unions; only of some of them he says: "They are managed on principles ill-according with Christianity and the public well-being; they do their utmost to get within their grasp the whole field of labour, and force working men either to join them or to starve." He would live to see, what looks a little Utopian in this country, a revival of the old Catholic gilds, of which employers and working men should alike be members, and of which religion should be the basis. "Should it happen," he says, "that either a master or a workman believe himself injured, nothing would be more desirable than that a committee should be appointed, composed of reliable and capable members of the association, whose duty would be, conformably with the rules of the association, to settle the dispute. Among the several purposes of the society, one should be to try and arrange for a continuous supply of work at all seasons and times, as well as to create a fund for accident, sickness, old age, and distress."

In the same Encyclical Leo XIII. proposes what is now his celebrated doctrine of the *life-wage*—wage sufficient, as he says, to keep the workman in "frugal comfort." This he insists upon as being the employer's duty, on the ground that the workman as a man must live; and as a working man can live only by the wages of his work, he has therefore a right, out of which he cannot covenant himself, to receive wages enough to live upon from any employer who chooses to employ him all

[1] *The Pope and the People*, Ten Select Letters and Addresses on Social Questions, by His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. edited by Rev. W. H. Eyre, S.J. (Art and Book Company)—a book that ought to go round England, or better, be taken round by some competent lecturer. It should find a place on the shelves of every working-men's club.

his working day. The rejoiner is obvious, that there are many men whom no employer will hire on those terms, because it would not pay him to do so; they therefore either remain out of work, or submit to *sweating*, to their own comparative satisfaction and even delight. This is too serious a difficulty for discussion in a biography. These, however, are His Holiness's words:—

"Were we to consider labour so far as it is *personal* merely, doubtless it would be within the workman's right to accept any rate of wages whatsoever: for in the same way as he is free to work or not, so is he free to accept a small remuneration or even none at all. But this is a mere abstract supposition; the labour of the working man is not only his personal attribute, but it is *necessary*; and this makes all the difference. The preservation of life is the bounden duty of one and all, and to be wanting therein is a crime. It follows that each one has a right to procure what is required in order to live; and the poor can procure it in no other way than through work and wages. Let it then be laid down that workman and employer should, as a rule, make free agreements, and in particular should agree freely as to the wages; nevertheless there is an underlying dictate of nature, more imperious and more ancient than any bargain between man and man—namely, that the remuneration must be sufficient to support the wage-earner in reasonable and frugal comfort. If through necessity or fear of a worse evil the workman accept harder conditions, because an employer or contractor will afford him no better, he is made the victim of force and injustice."

We Catholics as a body do not belong to the wealthy capitalist and landlord class. It is no wonder that Socialism, being a proposal to enrich the community at the expense of this class, has met with much sympathy

among Catholics. Yet, we must know, Leo XIII. in this and other Encyclicals has expressed himself very decidedly against Socialism, and that, not on the ground of its being red-handed and revolutionary (not all Socialists are revolutionists), but because, as he says, Socialist proposals are "manifestly against justice": and again, "they would rob the lawful possessor, bring State action into a sphere not within its competence, and create utter confusion in the community."[1]

It may be contended that the Pope does not mean what we call Socialism, but Communism, since he speaks of "the main tenet of Socialism, community of goods." Socialism, as we understand it, means community of land and capital, not community of all goods. The Pope argues in defence of "private property": now there would be private property, *i.e.*, private salaries, in a Socialist State. His Holiness, however, speaks of the "ownership of lucrative property," as a right inherent in the father of a family; lucrative property means something beyond a salary. Some would argue that if private capital goes, private property will not stay. all things, salaries included, being at the mercy of the State as sole employer. Some ambiguity, indeed, arises from the Encyclical being written in Latin. It is difficult to know whether the Latin word *res* should be Englished by *property* or *capital*. Some day perhaps we may have a further pronouncement from Rome on Socialism as the term is now understood in England. Meanwhile, if Leo XIII. does not positively condemn, he is certainly not favourable to anything that can properly be termed Socialism, or Collectivism, in the last resort –I mean the taking up of all rent and interest and business profits by the State or municipality.[2]

[1] See *The Pope and the People*, pp. 3–11.

[2] *The Pope and the People*, p. 9.

Social Reformer and *Socialist* are not the same thing, Leo XIII. is a Social Reformer. But if a Catholic will take the Pope's advice, instead of turning Socialist, he will join the Third Order of St. Francis. For six centuries the Franciscan has been the poor man's friend, helper and companion in his poverty. The spirit of St. Francis, unworldly, Christlike, strikes home against reckless greed of gain and love of luxury, the gratification of the few, the misery of the many.

Leo XIII. is a consummate politician, but his confidence is in prayer rather than in statecraft. Under his direction there has taken place quite an outburst of prayer on behalf of the Church, especially by the channels of the Apostleship of Prayer and of the Holy Rosary. By the one we can convert the whole of our human lives into one continuous intercession, offering every morning the actions and sufferings of the day according to the intentions of the Sacred Heart of Jesus—those intentions for which He is continually offering Himself in one part of the world or the other in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass; and day and night, as often as we will, we can recur to this ever-abiding oblation. The Rosary, or some part of it, is the prayer of a Catholic every day of the year, but particularly in the month of October—Rosary Month, as Leo XIII. has made it.

Prayer is the Church's artillery, steadily battering the powers of evil. Such artillery is sure to tell. The prayer of the Universal Church cannot go forth in vain. There is one object upon which Leo XIII. has directed it, to the singular satisfaction of English Catholics—to the conversion of this country. Let us admit at once that the conversion of England is, humanly speaking, an impossibility. So indeed is the conversion of one single sinner. What will it take to bring weeping to God for forgiveness this proud, obstinate, self-satisfied,

worldly-minded England? Yet God can convert us if He will: and a great sign of His will in the matter is His inspiring His Vicar on earth to commend our conversion to the prayers of the Church throughout the world, by instituting for the whole world the Confraternity of Our Lady of Compassion, to pray for the recovery of what once was Mary's Dowry.

If Christ's Vicar on earth had been wise with the wisdom of this world, he would never have let slip the golden opportunity afforded him when the validity of Anglican Orders was referred to his judgment. Had he ruled those Orders valid, he would have bridged over at a stroke half the gulf that separates devout Anglicans from the Catholic Church. Corporate Reunion would have been the next cry; and that granted, Anglicanism would have begun to fall away in large flakes Romewards. But Papal Infallibility is tied to facts; and the facts being as they are, the Pope could not rule the case otherwise than as he has ruled, if he chose to pronounce any decision at all; and, in spite of worldly wisdom prompting him at least to keep silence, he did elect to pronounce a decision. That decision, contained in the Bull *Apostolicæ Curæ* of September, 1896, has ruled infallibly the "dogmatic fact," as theologians term it, that the Orders of the Anglican Church are null and void; that there is in that Church in virtue of its official formularies no sacrificing priesthood, nor true episcopate, nor apostolic succession, nor sacramental ordination. That decision has killed Pusey's old favourite, Corporate Reunion. Corporate Reunion is dead and buried, and never can revive. Such a reunion must be a reunion of a local Church with the Universal Church. Now Leo XIII.'s decision has unchurched the Church of England: there is no Church where there are no bishops and priests, theologically so called. With the Bull *Apostolicæ Sedis*

there opens a new chapter of the history of Anglicanism; just as the Bull *Unigenitus* of Clement XI. in 1713 opened a new chapter in the history of Jansenism. It was a long chapter, more than a century long, but it was the last.

Corporate Reunion may take place with some of the Oriental Churches: in England we can only look for the conversion of individuals. This promises to be slow work. But Leo XIII. shows a hopefulness which is surprising and worthy of attention. Thus he wrote in June, 1894:—

"We are well aware of the long labours involved in the restoration of that order of things which We desire; and it may be that there are those who consider that We are far too sanguine and look for things that are rather to be wished for than expected. But We unhesitatingly place all our hope and confidence in the Saviour of mankind, Jesus Christ, well remembering what great things have been achieved in times past by the folly of the Cross and its preaching, to the astonishment and confusion of the wisdom of the world."

There is one more point of Leo XIII.'s directions that should not be overlooked. There are a number of subjects, political and social, on which Catholics are not tied to unanimity—subjects on which Catholic may stand arrayed against Catholic, and both of them be good and wise Catholics. There is a danger here of pressing the Catholic religion into the defence of our own party opinions, and calling our adversary not merely a misguided politician, which perhaps he is, but also a bad Catholic, which he is not. Of this Leo XIII. writes in his Encyclical on the Christian Constitution of States (November 1, 1885):—

"In matters merely political, as, for instance, the best form of government, and this or that system of administration, a difference of opinion is lawful. Those, therefore, whose piety is in other respects known, and whose minds are ready in all obedience to accept the commands of the Apostolic See, cannot in justice be accounted as bad men because they disagree as to the subjects above mentioned; and still graver wrong will be done them if —as we have more than once perceived with regret— they are accused of violating or of wavering in the Catholic Faith. Let this be well borne in mind by all who are in the habit of publishing their opinions, and above all by journalists."

Death and Funeral, Character,—these are the last chapters of a biography; but the character of a living Pope it were presumptuous to attempt to draw. We will end, therefore, with two extracts, descriptive of the Pope's daily life and of his personal appearance:—

"At six he rises, at seven celebrates Mass, after having spent some time in meditation. After Mass follows a period of prayer and praise. At eight the decisions of his Congregations and other correspondence are attended to, and at eleven the public audiences are held. Then at 12.30 he takes a walk in the gardens of the Vatican, generally accompanied by a prelate and two of the guard. In case of inclement weather or indisposition, Leo XIII. drives through the grounds in a carriage which has been specially built for the purpose. The Pope dines at two o'clock: his mid-day meal lasts not longer than half an hour, and it is very frugal, consisting of soup, one kind of meat, two dishes of vegetables, some fruit, and by the doctor's orders a glass of claret. After a short rest, the Pope works in his private study till 4.30, when he receives

the Prefects and Secretaries of the different Congregations, with whom he discusses the affairs of the Church. The papers from different countries are brought to him at eight o'clock: the French and Italian papers he reads himself; interesting articles from English and German papers are translated for him. At 9.30 he performs his evening devotions, and at ten partakes of supper, consisting of soup, an egg, and salad. Then he withdraws into his private room.

"Leo XIII. is of medium height. His attenuated figure is bent by study and the weight of years, but in every movement he is astonishingly quick and energetic. His head is a most remarkable one, once seen never to be forgotten, with its every feature out of strict proportion, yet with the harmony of the whole. The small, bright, rapid eyes, set close together denote 'the man who is ever on the search;' the largely developed aquiline nose, a capacity for domination. The mouth, when under a pleasing influence, forms into an exceedingly wide, sweet smile, its benevolent expression brightening the whole face, and supplying the benignity which is less observable in the eyes. The ears, like the hands and feet, are exceptionally large and long. The skin is so thin that a perfect network of blue veins is visible over all the white, ascetic face."

Such is our Chief Bishop Leo, whom God preserve.

THREE OF THEM.

By Lady Clare Feilding.

A group of three pale-faced children, clutching tightly hold of each other as they stood in the doorway:—that is what the sun might have seen, could he have peeped in at the broken window of a small attic in London one cold March morning. But a thick veil of fog hung over all the great city, shrouding the wide streets and open squares in a grey darkness, and plunging these narrow back courts and alleys into such gloom that even the most adventurous sunbeam might be excused if it lost its way there. And so, all alone and all unwatched in the dim light, with little awestruck faces and little thin shivering forms, the three children stood.

The eldest of them was a girl, some ten or twelve years old, with big grey Irish eyes, and tangled brown hair, tumbling over her neck and brow and half shading the little face that might have been handsome enough but for the pinched drawn look about the mouth. In her arms she held a poor tiny baby, whose eyes, of the same colour as her own, were now intently fixed upon her face, and now turned with a wondering expression round the room, while the lips were parted as if ready at any moment to begin anew the wailing cry which the girl had just succeeded in hushing. The third person in the group was a boy, squarely made, with curly hair and a big mouth, sturdy enough at most times but now clinging half fearfully to the girl's arms, and holding his breath as though dreading to break the silence.

They stood quite still for a few seconds, but presently

the girl said, in a half whisper, pointing to the far corner of the room by the window,—" There, Tim, that's where it was—yonder in the corner."

" Was it ?" said Tim, hardly above his breath.

" Yes," the girl answered, moving a step further into the room, " that's where she lay, sure, but she's gone now."

" Gone ? where ?"

" Where !" echoed the child almost fiercely, " sure an' it's to Heaven she'll be gone ! O mother ! mother !" and she pulled herself away from the boy's grasp, and pressed her forehead against the broken window that looked out over the dingy house-tops into the sloppy streets. It was a dreary prospect enough, and hardly one to carry much sentiment with it ; but it seemed full of meaning to the child, for the tears started to her eyes, and trickled down on to the dirty panes, making little channels among the smuts as they ran. Presently she turned round and faced the boy again, as he stood open-eyed in the middle of the room.

" Why did you let her go away, Maggie, if you was so fond of her ?" he said, the shyness of first impressions wearing off a little.

" 'Cause they took me away," sobbed Maggie. "D'ye think I'd have let her go if I'd been here ?" she added. " D'ye think I wouldn't have catched tight hold on her ? But they took me off, and told me as how she'd soon be all right again "—here the child's voice became more subdued, and the loud, wild tones sank into a sobbing whisper—" an' she lyin' so white and bad over in the corner yonder. ' Take care of the baby, Maggie,' she said, ' take care on Pat, and be a good child ;' an' I wanted to go an' kiss her, an' they wouldn't let me—wouldn't let me near her—an' made me go with Mrs. Davy, me an' Pat———"

The child stopped then, but presently drawing the back of her hand across her eyes : " It ain't no use," she said, " she's dead now, Mrs. Davy said so, and they wouldn't leave me see her any more. But I *would* see the place again," she added vindictively. " They tried to prevent me from doin' that, but I'm here, and I don't care what

they says:" and even in that moment a spark of mischief darted into the tear-stained eyes, the prospect of a row with somebody doing much to obliterate the remembrance of her grief.

But a glance at the place where she had last seen her dying mother caused the little head to droop again, and a big sob to come up into the poor throat, as Maggie shuffled quietly across the room, holding the baby tightly in her arms.

"What'll you be goin' to do, Maggie?" said Tim, who, though he had recovered the first feeling of awe on his entrance into the chamber of death, still shrunk instinctively from the corner towards which Maggie was now moving. She did not answer, but, disengaging the baby from the old shawl which was wrapped round its little body, she laid it gently on the ground.

"What are ye up to, Maggie?" inquired Tim.

"Ye mind yer own business," retorted Maggie.

Tim stood still: but watched, however, while the girl knelt down on the floor by the baby's side, and bending over it, said something in a low voice to herself, keeping her hands joined, and the tangled head bowed the while; though the eyes did not rest on the baby, but seemed to penetrate the walls of the attic and fix themselves on something very far away—something that brought a softer look into them the longer they gazed, and cast a hush and a calm over the hard, imperious manner which the child had borne before—so that when she became aware of Tim's gaze being intently and wonderingly fixed upon her, it was with a softened tone that she asked, "What are you a-wantin of?"

"What be ye a-doin,' Maggie?" he replied.

The girl was silent, and busied herself with wrapping up the baby again in the old shawl, throwing it also round her own shoulders; but before rising to her feet, she looked up at the low, grimy ceiling, and said: "D'ye see, Tim, I thought mother'd like to have a look at the baby afore we went away, and I thought she'd like to see it lyin' there where it was took from by them women, an' me havin' brought it back there, an' all. I think," she added, with

a half-puzzled expression, "she can see us better here in the room where she were herself, than in the street along with all them other people;" and the big eyes were again raised to the ceiling in the direction in which the dead mother was supposed to be, with a faint hope that some sign of recognition, some token of acknowledgement might be vouchsafed to the lonely little orphans. But nothing happened—there was no opening of the heavens, no rustling of angels' wings. The four walls of the dingy little attic and its blackened ceiling and broken window remained unchanged; and presently the three children moved towards the door, and with one last look around Maggie pulled it to and began to descend the stairs.

It was a steep, dark staircase, and though Maggie with her bare feet glided from one ruinous step to another with enviable facility, Tim's slipshod shoes made no small clatter as he blundered his way down.

"Who's there?" shouted a harsh, loud voice from a landing below.

"Will ye hush, Tim?" whispered Maggie. "It's Black Sally," she added, with sparkling eyes.

"Who's that, I say?" echoed the voice again.

"Ye keep quiet," said Maggie, holding her own breath, as she gave an arranging tug to the baby's shawl, and settled it tighter in her arms preparatory to making a run. She had forgotten all about the room above by this time; and as she shook her tangled locks back, and began to decend the steps cautiously, there was a gleam of mischievous delight in the grey eyes, and the little feet quivered rather with excitement than with fear. Noiselessly they reached the landing outside Black Sally's room, the door of which was just ajar.

"Hush!" she said again, and selecting a wedge-shaped chip of wood from a heap of rubbish that had been swept against the lower step, she gently inserted it under the crack of the door.

"Now!" she whispered; then "Black Sally! Black Sally!" she cried tauntingly from the top of the next flight.

"Who are you? who dares to call me that?" screamed the woman.

"It's I, Maggie Curran," returned the child, with a scream of laughter as the door was forced back just wide enough to allow of a coarse handsome face with dishevelled black hair being shoved through the crack; but then the door caught against the wedge, and in spite of struggles and imprecations from the woman behind it, refused to go any further.

"Only wait till I catch you!" she screamed to the tittering children on the staircase.

"Yes, sure, we'll wait for you," retorted Maggie. "No, we ain't such fools neither," she added, as the door began to show signs of yielding, and gathering up the baby in her arms she fled down the remaining steps, closely followed by Tim. Cleverly avoiding a saucepan lid aimed at her head by the enraged woman above, she succeeded in gaining the court, while Black Sal was forced to content herself with shaking her fist at them from the top of the stairs.

"We've done her," laughed the child, as she made her way along the narrow stony court, slippery with mud and every kind of filthy refuse—"done Black Sally! I hate that woman," she added suddenly, stopping as they emerged from under the archway into the street.

"Why?" asked Tim, slowly.

"'Cause I do," she returned with set teeth.

"Did she beat you?" inquired Tim, whose range of ideas was limited to his own experience.

"She was bad to mother once," Maggie said again after a pause, "and I hate her." Then she gave a wicked little toss to her head, and set off at a quicker pace down the street.

"Where are ye goin' to?" asked Tim after a bit.

"Dunno," was the curt answer, and Maggie turned the corner of one street and dived down another.

Tim followed instinctively, but presently he ventured again—"Ye must be goin' somewheres, Maggie?"

Maggie came to a standstill then. "I tell ye," she said, "I don't care where I goes to, so long as I never goes back there to Mrs. Davy," and she jerked her head in the direction they had come from. "She took me away from

mother, an' told me she was better, an' she dyin' there all alone. And this mornin' she tried to beat me—I'll die before I'll go back there again to her." The child had worked herself up into a passion by this time. Then in a calmer voice she added, "Are ye comin' along with me, Tim?" to the urchin at her side.

"I'm comin'," he answered and then they resumed their march.

It was a forlorn-looking little group that plodded along the miry streets in the teeth of the biting wind that cold March morning. Many people saw the children, not a few noticed and pitied them: and yet, may be, there was more of real affection and of the happiness that affection brings, hidden beneath those little ragged garments, than many of those whom they had moved to compassion could boast of. A strange chance had brought these two children into contact, for they were no relations; but it was a very real tie which now bound them together, these waifs in the crowded city, these two straws hurrying side by side down the turbid stream of life.

Maggie's parents, as could be told from a glance at her face, had been Irish; but they had left the green isle long before the child was born, and Maggie's first glimpse of life had been taken in an attic very like the one we have just quitted, and her first breath had been a whiff of the murky atmosphere in which she had ever since lived. One day, while his child was still too young to take notice of anything, Patrick Curran was brought in dead, having been run over by a heavy dray in the dusk of the winter's evening, and his young widow was left to support herself and the baby as best she could.

Feebly she struggled against ill-health and poverty, earning what she might by selling flowers, or occasional sewing—a weak, feckless creature, with little to recommend her save her wild Irish beauty, and her love for her orphaned child. It was a hard, wild life that the child, ill-fed and barefoot, led from its earliest years, often with barely enough to keep body and soul together; for as Maggie grew older, the poor mother was frequently dependent for weeks at a

time on the child's scanty earnings, and even when she was able to gain a little herself, the money slipped through the thin fingers much faster than they could work to produce it

And so Maggie had come to rely on herself for every thing, and to make her own way through the crooked paths of life, just as she had learnt to thread the intricate alleys of the crowded haunts she lived in ;—feeling too that her mother depended on her, and loving that mother with all the passionate, unquestioning love of an impulsive child who has nothing else to love. Of authority she knew nothing : no one had ever attempted to control her movements, and she fiercely resented anything like interference in her doings, though at the same time she exacted an implicit obedience from the ragged urchins over whom she domineered in the neighbouring courts.

The happiest moments of her life were when her mother would stop in the middle of her daily toil, or sometimes at evening time when the work of the day was done, to tell stories of her young life in her native land. The child would drink in every word, listening with eager eyes : and though she had never seen a green hill, or a field of yellow buttercups in all her life, or a mountain with the purple heather glowing in the autumn sunshine, yet would she dream of these things, and picture them all to herself, as she stood at the draughty street corners, with her chill hands full of scentless violets, wondering if the time would ever come when her mother and herself should be away from the Babel and the clamour of voices in a quiet land of green pastures and golden clouds, such as she told her of.

And so things went on till Maggie was eight or nine years old, and then a change came. Her mother married again. Three years of shame, suffering, and misery, followed : years when the child, her life crushed out of her by the drunken cruelty of her step-father, was almost tempted to wish herself dead, and yet, more full of pity for the cowed and terrified mother even than for herself, constantly resisted to the utmost of her childish strength. In the midst of such days, little Pat was born, and struggled through the first two years of his babyhood under Maggie's sturdy protection.

About this time the father, weary perhaps of the charge he had undertaken, began to absent himself from home for days and sometimes weeks together. It was during one of these absences that Maggie's mother fell ill, and a neighbour woman recognizing her disease as infectious, offered to take away the children. Maggie obeyed mechanically, being told that it was for her mother's good, and not until informed of her death did the child realize the cruel, though kindly-meant, deception that had been practised on her. Rising up in a passion against the woman who had sheltered her, she demanded to be "let go"—and it was then that Mrs. Davy had struck her; and, as we have seen, incensed the child to such a decree that she vowed never again to set foot in her house.

Such had been Maggie's history up to the time when we found her in the desolate attic; as for Tim, his story is quickly told.

He would have been as much puzzled as ourselves to say who or what his parents were, but ever since he could remember he had "belonged" to an old blind organ-grinder, who had employed him in collecting half-pence for him. This office Tim performed till within a week of the opening of our story, when the organ-grinder died, and Tim found himself stranded on the wide world with a few half-pence in his pocket. Nothing loth to enjoy his liberty, he was snowballing with some other boys in the street, when a ball, launched by one of the party with unfortunately correct aim, struck a somewhat taller youth who was passing. Rushing at the group of offenders, who dispersed on all sides at his approach, the insulted stranger seized the first urchin he could lay hands on, and was proceeding to inflict condign punishment upon him, when —what brought Maggie on the scene at this moment I can't say, or whether it was merely her innate love of a row that caused her to interfere, but this is certain, that in another minute Tim's captor was endeavouring to get rid of a lot of loose snow that had got into his eyes and mouth, and Tim, finding himself released, was following his deliverer at full speed down a neighbouring street.

It was characteristic of the two, that no word, whether

of gratitude or congratulation, with regard to Tim's escape, was ever uttered by either; but when sufficient distance had been put between them and the enemy, they both stopped and looked at each other, and Maggie laughed. Tim was out of breath, so he did not laugh, but presently he said; "I've got three half-pence!"

The words acted like magic. The two pair of eyes met, and wandered up and down the street, until they both rested on a baker's shop on the opposite side.

From the barbarous feasts of our forefathers down to the gorgeous banquets of the present day, eating and drinking has always been held the most fitting celebration and complement of a victory. Led by what appears to be the invariable instinct of the human race, the two children crossed over to the baker's side of the street, and were soon sitting on the kerbstone, their feet in the gutter, discussing their stale loaf with all the gusto of a victorious Wellington or Wolseley.

By the time the meal was finished, the two had become fast friends, nor was the newly-made friendship to be soon dissolved; for when Tim met Maggie and the baby on the morning of their flight from Mrs. Davy's house and attached himself to her, she had silently acquiesced, and suffered him to accompany her in her pilgrimage to her dead mother's room. The subsequent adventure and flight together had added a new bond to this rapidly-formed intimacy, and though no word of anything approaching a compact had ever passed between them, each of the little waifs took it for granted that their lots were now cast in together, and resolved to stand by each other through thick and thin.

And now they had begun their wandering, and for some hours plodded their way through crowded thoroughfares and noisy streets, apparently without aim or object. Maggie was too much engrossed with her own thoughts and in cogitating plans for the future to pay much heed to the direction they were going in; and Tim, perfectly satisfied to leave the guidance of affairs to her, had contented himself with following in her steps a few yards behind.

After some time the streets they traversed seemed to lose the busy, hurried look they had grown familiar with earlier in the day; the houses on either side were taller, the people sauntered along quietly instead of pushing eagerly through a crowd, and finally, as the fog began to to clear off, they emerged upon a large open space with gardens in the middle, and deep porticoed houses on either side.

The children stopped as by common consent.

"I've been here afore," remarked Tim presently. "I used to come to these sort o' places along with old Bob (the organ-grinder)—these ere squares was the best for gettin' coppers in. An' once, when it was awful cold, a lady comed out of her house and made us go in an' sit down, and give us all kinds of good things—meat, you know, and I dunno what. That was the best day as ever I can remember. Say, Maggie, I'm awfully hungry!" he subjoined, the recollection of the one good meal in his life proving too much for his present condition.

"So am I, and so's Pat, I'm afeard," answered the girl, lifting up a corner of the shawl and peeping tenderly at the little peaked face beneath it.

"If only we had the organ here now!" suggested Tim again.

"Or some flowers," put in Maggie. "It wouldn't be a bad day for matches, neither," and she looked up into the rapidly clearing sky as though to take cognizance of the weather.

How much is often revealed to us by a chance word! Alas! for the little children, and there are many of them like Maggie, whose weather-wise calculations are directed not to the chance of finding the first celandine or the earliest primrose, or the sudden coming upon a newly-formed thrush's nest, but to the likelihood of their fellow-creatures being able to indulge in luxuries that they themselves may earn the scanty pittance that serves them for a livelihood.

But Tim, aroused to the fact, began to feel that he was really desperately hungry; and Maggie, faint and sick herself from want of food, was looking up and down the

square for a baker's shop in which to spend her fortune. For she had got a fortune after all, though she had not yet thought fit to disclose the fact to Tim. It consisted of threepence, and was no doubt still the property by rights of Mrs. Davy, who had entrusted her with it that morning to do a commission for her, which commission, it is needless to say, her subsequent disclosure to the child had prevented from ever being accomplished.

But Maggie never thought of it in that light. The money had belonged to the woman, it is true, but it was in her possession now, and she wanted it, and she made no scruple about using it. Why should she? No one had ever told her that it was wrong to take away from another, and her own vague and shifting idea of morality certainly did not condemn such stealing as this.

Tim's mouth opened wide as he saw Maggie making straight for a shop at the corner of the street, on which his eyes had been longingly fixed for some seconds, and when she entered and produced her coin, he fairly stood on his head with delight on the pavement outside.

But Maggie was unusually grave, almost stern, as, without speaking to him or reciprocating his advances, she led the way to a quiet street where they might find a convenient doorstep on which to eat their meal. The first excitement of their flight was over, and the dread of encountering either her step-father or any one of her former acquaintances who would force her to return to him was dispelled for the moment by the character of the locality in which they found themselves; but now the responsibility she had undertaken of providing for herself and the baby, to say nothing of Tim, presented itself to her for the first time in all its weightiness, when she realized that their last certain means of subsistence was gone.

Silently she sat down on the first step they came to. Breaking up the loaf she gave a share to Tim, and setting the baby upon her lap began to insert tiny morsels of crumb between its lips. It was a sad-looking object, this child, with its big round eyes, its wasted cheeks and scanty hair, and the tiny fingers that clutched uneasily and twisted themselves round Maggie's hand, but it was

very dear to her for all that. Tenderly she administered to its wants, talking to it the while, and looking at it now and again with tears in her eyes, and almost a mother's depth of tenderness in them too; hugging it close to her breast when it had eaten, and arranging the shawl so as to protect the little form from the biting wind that found its way round the corner of the street to them. Speedily she then demolished her own share of the bread, and leaning her head against the area railings, closed her eyes. Tim watched her for a minute or two, and then, apparently finding such a state of things somewhat slow, rose up from the step; and picking up a half-eaten crust that had fallen from the girl's hand, slipped it into his own pocket and strolled towards the end of the street.

Maggie continued for some time longer in her position, but at length roused herself with a start. She had fallen asleep from sheer exhaustion, but it was not such sleep as brings refreshment to a weary frame. She had been sobbing uneasily for some moments before she awoke, and the tears still stood in her eyes as she murmured: "Oh, mother, mother, why didn't ye take me with you?" and then; "Couldn't ye come and fetch me, mother? I'd come directly, me an' Pat, and——" and then she looked up and around for Tim, and became aware that he was gone.

Hastily rising, and perceiving no trace of him anywhere, she set off in what seemed to her the most likely direction, where the street branched off into another and more thickly populated one. A little way down, a man was holding a Punch and Judy show, and there, among the crowd of boys that surrounded him, Maggie recognized Tim's square figure. Maggie had never seen a show of this kind before, for the proprietors of such things were not likely to perform in the places she had hitherto lived in. In another moment she too formed part of an eager circle round the littles tand.

The pantomine had begun when she arrived, and Punch was just holding intimate confabulation with the policeman. The roars of laughter that greeted the discomfiture of this latter personage were infectious, and by the time Punch had jammed the hangman up against the door, and

finally hanged him in his own noose, Maggie was laughing as heartily as anyone, whilst a feeble crow from beneath the shawl testified even to little Pat's satisfaction at the general merriment. "It was fust class," she said to herself, "really jolly;" but it all ended much too quickly. The hero was carried off to the lower regions, the curtain dropped, and the booth walked off to some other place of entertainment on the shoulders of its owner. The little crowd dispersed, and our three children found themselves once more face to face.

"Tim," said Maggie, the tears gone from her eyes now, for her enjoyment of the fun had caused a reaction in the elastic little heart, and hope once more was in the ascendant—"Tim, I'll tell you what; you and I'll get out of this!"

"Get out of what?" he responded, almost ruefully, still looking down the street after the fast-disappearing Punch and Judy man.

"Why, out of this place," she repeated impatiently. "We'll go right away somewhere, where there's blue sky and big green trees, all green, and flowers and things. There is a place like that somewheres, and perhaps if we got there we might find mother. She was goin' there."

"Is there Punch and Judy there?" asked Tim, craning his neck so as to get a last glimpse.

"No,—yes,—perhaps," hesitated Maggie; "anyway, it's better there nor here. Come along!" and she led the way, looking back for her companion to follow.

Tim followed, though not very willingly. Perhaps he was beginning to consider Maggie's dictatorship a bit irksome, but he said nothing, and they resumed their tramp; not with the dogged determination of the morning, nor yet the weary languor of the few previous hours, but with a lightness of step in keeping with the boundings of Maggie's heart.

She had made her plans now. She and her baby and Tim would go right away, away somewhere, where no cruel people would ever find them any more, but where they should see her mother, or at any rate, be nearer to her.

No misgivings crowded her mind as to the possibility of her attaining her end. She was certain that if she went straight on, she must arrive at the haven at last; and the hunger, and weariness, and loneliness of the moment were all forgotten in the bright visions of the future.

But Tim was not so hopeful, and when Maggie confided her plans to him, he only whistled, and looked hard at the pavement. He did not understand Maggie's dreams and aspirations: his own particular province was the London streets. He had never known any other life, nor had the thought of any other possible existence even occurred to him; small wonder then that Maggie's overtures met with but scanty response from his stolid nature. Still his faith in his guide was as yet unshaken. The idea of separation from her had not so much as presented itself to him, and he followed without a protest.

After more walking they reached at last the entrance to Hyde Park, just as the sun was setting. The trees were bare and leafless still, but they wore that indescribable shimmer of green that accompanies the first breaking of the buds, a token of the life that lies hidden within, a vague promise of the glory that is to be. The crocuses were beginning to show their bright faces from the brown surface of the beds, hyacinth and tulip leaves gave promise of scented beauty hereafter. Even the grass was looking greener than it had done. The fog had quite cleared off but there was a haze over the whole scene, a golden haze withal, as though the sun was determined to vindicate his rights, and having been ousted from his place in the noon day, was making up for it by overcoming King Fog in his own special domain.

It was one of those sunsets peculiar to London, when the western sky is a mass of lurid flame, investing with a sullen glory even the banks of clouds that strive to mar its beauty, a sunset almost appalling in its weird splendour.

Silently the children stood and gazed on the scene before them, astonishment and delight thrilling through every pulse of Maggie's being. The sun had never set for her before, save behind rows of chimney pots. Tim was not

so easily impressed, his attention was chiefly directed to a group of children playing with a dog.

Maggie was the first to speak. "Tim," she said, "I think we must be very near now. See yonder the trees and the green grass."

But Tim shook his head. "I knowed this long ago," he returned, "it's only the Park, and sometimes it's much beautifuller than this."

"Have you been in here afore?" asked Maggie, gazing at the boy in wondering admiration.

Tim nodded, and felt himself almost a hero.

"Where does it go to?" asked Maggie again, and her eyes wandered over the broad expanse of turf, to where the great trees lifted their heads against the glowing sky. "Is it beautifuller still over there? Shall we come to the mountains and the fields if we go on?"

Tim was puzzled. To tell the truth, he had never had the chance of exploring the beauties of Kensington Gardens with his old master, but he did not choose to lose the prestige he had acquired in Maggie's eyes, so he merely said, "Yes, I suppose so."

"Then let's go," said the girl.

Many people were crossing and recrossing the Park that evening. Men of business returning from their day's employment, men of pleasure lounging along beneath the trees, artists possibly, poets may be—and the same scene was spread before every one of them as before Maggie. Yet perhaps to no one of them did the loveliness of that evening convey so much meaning as to the child with the wistful, grey eyes, who, entering the oasis of our crowded London desert for the first time, followed its winding paths in the hope that they would lead to the realization of her life's dream.

But how many of us have built our hopes on a foundation no whit more stable than a sunset, and how many have had to endure the same bitter disappointment that Maggie experienced! In a few moments the glory had faded out of the heavens, the sky resumed its ordinary leaden hue, and the air grew chill and cold once more. People wrapped their cloaks tighter about them, and quickened

their pace towards home, where a cheery fire and a warm reception no doubt awaited them; but the three children stood still in the middle of the Park, the growing conviction eating in at Maggie's heart, as she watched the fading of the last red streak, that she was no nearer to her journey's end than she had been that morning. With that conviction came the remembrance of her own utter weariness and faintness, and turning aside from the gravel path she let herself sink on a bench, unable to go any further.

The winter twilight came and went, and night set in, and still the three children, without heart to pursue their journey or even to move, sat on under the big, bare trees huddled close to each other in the corner of the bench. Prostration told at last, and sleep came to them in time. Evil-looking men passed by them, men who make the Park their nightly refuge; homeless wanderers too, like themselves, some even taking up a position on a bench a few yards from them; and the bright young moon forced a little chink through the fog clouds, and looked down on them, but the children slept on unconsciously until the first white streak of dawn opened upon the sleeping city.

Then Maggie awoke and looked around her. Chilled to the bone from exposure to the cold night air, she sought to move her aching limbs, when her attention was arrested by a man moving in the grass at the foot of a tree not ten yards from her. He, too, seemed to have passed the night there, and was rousing himself. Maggie watched him as he stood up and shook himself, and then, as he moved towards her, she recognized in the grey light of the early dawn the face of her step-father. Fear and hatred filled the child's heart as she saw the man who in her eyes had been the cause of her mother's death; but with a great effort she forced herself to remain quiet, and he passed by without noticing her, and vanished among the trees. The child watched him till he disappeared, and then turned round to her companion, but he was still sleeping.

Gradually the day broke. A faint pink flush floated into the sky, and faded away in yellow, and the daylight came, cold and cheerless, but still daylight, and with it Maggie

strove to shake off the horrid fascination that had grown upon her, on once more beholding the face of her persecutor.

How that morning passed need not be told. The children found their way into the streets again when the Park gates were opened. Some one, struck by the sight of her white face, dropped a coin into Maggie's hand; Tim's proficiency in turning cartwheels gained him another copper or two from the passers-by: but with the growing day came a cold, drizzling rain, and the afternoon found them spiritless and dejected, and as far as ever from the realization of their hopes. They had left the Park behind them, and were going in the direction of the river, constantly retracing their steps through the labyrinth of narrow streets that to Maggie's eyes seemed interminable. Her limbs ached, and her heart was sore and filled with sad forebodings. Tim was out of spirits too. He had hardly whistled all day, and now was lagging behind, with his hands in his pockets, kicking a stone along the pavement as he walked. Even the baby seemed worse, and though it did not cry, the little piteous moan was heard more frequently, and as the day wore on became almost unceasing.

Suddenly they were startled by hearing a ringing child's voice close behind them. "O see, mother!" it said, "what poor miserable little things! May I give my shilling to them?"

And in quiet, low tones some one answered, "Yes, darling, if you wish, but I should like to know something about them first."

Maggie turned involuntarily, and found herself face to face, with a tall slight lady, dressed in deep mourning, and with her a little girl of Maggie's own age, likewise clad in black.

The lady stopped and addressed some small question to Maggie, who was, however, too much taken aback to answer for the moment, and then the little girl put in: "Have you got any mother?"

Maggie shook her head; she *couldn't* have spoken now.

"Not any mother!" repeated her little querist.

"We's got nobody," muttered Maggie, "nobody only ourselves."

"Is that your little brother?" she asked again.

Maggie nodded. Just then a bell that had been ringing loud and clear upon their ears stopped, and the lady interfered.

"Come, May, we shall be late," she said; and then turning to the children, "We are going to church," she explained. "If you like to follow us you can come too, and then I will see you again when I come out." and she nodded at them with a pleasant smile and went on.

Maggie followed; she could not have disobeyed; and even Tim, roused from his lethargy, came closer to her side, and asked, "Where was it the lady said she was goin'?"

But Maggie was too much occupied with keeping her eyes fixed on her benefactors to answer, and in another minute they were at the church door.

Maggie had been inside a church with her mother, before now, but it was long, long ago—ages ago it seemed to the child— and when she followed her guide over the threshold she was totally unprepared for the sight that met her eyes.

Too much dazzled at first to take it all in, she took refuge in the corner of the seat near the door. Then gradually she became aware of the rise and fall of many voices in harmony that echoed through the roof above her, of a multitude of shining lights at the further end of the church, of white-robed men and boys moving silently in and out among the lights and flowers, and of a haze over all, suffused with sweet perfume. A general sense of peace and well-being stole over her; memories of years ago crept into her heart; she had seen something like this before, and words that she seemed to have uttered then rose now unbidden to her lips: Our Father . . . Hail Mary . . . and the child prayed unconsciously.

What was she saying? What did it all mean? Was it all true? . . . . She only knew that a great longing took possession of her soul, and that she bowed her face on the bench before her and wept hot tears as

she repeated the words over and over again, vaguely at first, and then almost passionately. They burst from her heart like a cry for help—an unconscious supplication of the Great Unseen; an outpouring of the pent-up misery within her own breast in the halfrealized presence of One mightier than herself; and then, as though the cry had been heard, a calm settled upon her spirit like the touch of fresh flowers on a fevered brow, her tears dried themselves away, and she felt hushed and soothed.

How long it lasted she did not know, but at length the people rose to go, and as in a dream she felt herself being carried away in the stream towards the door. She looked round hopelessly for her guide, but the crowd surrounded her, and she could not see. Tim was at her side, rubbing his eyes. He had been asleep most of the time, and they stood near the entrance waiting.

Presently the lady appeared, evidently looking round for some one, but the children had been pushed back and were standing against the wall in the shadow, so that she did not see them. She passed by them, her eyes scanning the crowd, and something fell from her hand as she did so. Quick as thought Tim put out his foot and covered the little object.

"What is it?" said Maggie.

"Never ye mind," returned the boy doggedly.

"But I *will* see!" said the girl, vainly striving with her disengaged arm to move him from his position. "It's something belonging to her; will ye give it me, Tim?"

But the boy was obstinate. Maggie looked helplessly around; she felt that her friend was searching for her but she could not call out, and still less dared she let go of Tim at this juncture. The boy took advantage of her momentary hesitation to stoop, and pick up the little article, and as he did so Maggie saw that it was a purse. One moment more and the lady would have abandonded the search.

"Tim!" cried the girl wildly, "ye don't know what ye're doin'; give me that!"

"It's mine," said the boy sullenly, "and ye shan't have it."

Maggie's face flushed with anger. It was not so much

the stealing of the money she minded, though even that came before her in a new light now, but it belonged to one who had been kind to her, and her indignation was roused by Tim's baseness.

"I'll have it," she cried, "if I fight ye for it," and then as Tim wrenched himself from her grasp, she dealt him a vigorous blow with her right hand. The boy staggered back, and before he could recover himself she had set down the baby, and in another moment the two were wrestling for the possession of the purse.

Maggie was no mean antagonist. She had fought bigger and stronger boys than Tim, and now her energies were roused to the utmost. A short, sharp tussle, and Tim reeled back against the wall, whilst Maggie held her prize aloft in the air.

"Ye're a thief, Tim!" she cried breathlessly.

But Tim didn't answer. Silently and sullenly he shook himself together, and turning his back on her he took a few steps in the opposite direction. She looked after him, and he turned and scowled at her.

"Ye may go to yer friend, Maggie," he called back, "go to yer friend, an' peach on me, and have me took up," he added, sneeringly.

"And ye may go your own ways, Tim," she returned passionately, "I'll never have nought more to do with ye;" and he disappeared around the corner.

There was not a moment to lose if she would catch her friends. Hastily snatching up her baby, she darted in the direction she had seen them take, and to her joy caught sight of them at the far end of the street. With all the speed she could summon to the aid of her weary feet, she hurried after them, and overtook them just as they stopped before a house. Maggie was too breathless, and withal too much excited by what had passed to stand upon ceremony, besides, shyness in any form was not a part of her nature. Following them up the steps of the house, she pushed the purse into the lady's hand, saying "Here it's yours!"

"Who? what?" she said, somewhat startled, and not recognizing the child at first, "O! is it you? I was

beginning to think I should not see you any more, that you had run away," she added with a kind smile.

"No, but that's yours," repeated Maggie eagerly.

"My purse!" returned the lady, astonished. "I didn't know I had lost it. How did you know it was mine?"

"I seed you drop it," said Maggie, in a low voice, her eyes upon the ground.

"And you brought it back to me like an honest little girl," said the gentle voice. "Well, then, I must give you something out of it," but just then there came a rushing sound in Maggie's ears, her eyes seemed to grow dark, and everything swam round her.

She leant her head against the door-post. It was so long since anyone had spoken kindly to her, such a long, long time it seemed since she had heard her dead mother's voice. She did not know what she answered, but when she lifted her head, her eyes were full of tears, and a great sob burst from her lips.

"Poor child!" said the lady compassionately, "come in here," and she drew her towards the door, and led her into a brightly-lighted hall, while the little girl Maggie had seen with her in the street, pushed her into a chair.

Where was she? Who were these people who spoke so gently to her? Was she dead too, in some mysterious manner, and had she too been taken to heaven? A dreamy half-consciousness stole over her, and she let her head fall back, not caring to think it all out. She heard voices, as though they were far away, and saw lights glimmer through her half-closed lids, then she felt something warm and grateful being put to her lips, and she drew a long sigh and opened her eyes.

"Where's Pat?" was her first question, missing the baby from her arms.

"He's here," said the lady's voice at her side; "he's all right; but tell me, my poor child, who are you, and where are you going to-night, and what can I do for you?"

But Maggie shook her head. "I don't know," she murmured, "I's goin' nowheres. I's got nowheres to go to. There's only me an' Pat," she added, her eyes half closing again.

The lady stopped and hesitated.

Not many days before an angel had come to that house, and when it went away, another tiny angel had flown with it up to Heaven, and there was now a little empty cot upstairs, and an empty place in the mother's heart. Could it be that that same angel had brought these children here to fill up the void? The same thought seemed to come into little May's mind, and she pulled her mother's arm and said something in a low tone. There were tears in the mother's eyes, and a strange ring in her voice when she spoke at last.

"Suppose I were to take Pat, and bring him up," she said, "and make him quite well and happy, would you let him stay with me?"

She waited for an answer.

"I couldn't let Pat go——" it came at last. "I promised mother I wouldn't——"

Another hesitation. "Suppose I were to take you too?"

A flash shot into the child's eyes and she lifted her face.

"You shall never be hungry or cold any more," put in little May.

But Maggie only turned her grey eyes on the lady and said: "And Tim?"

"Who's Tim?" in a voice not devoid of some dismay.

"That boy who was with me," said Maggie, and she rose to her feet.

It was all very well to have let Tim go, and to have said she would have nothing more to do with him, and she had meant it when she said it, but now things were different. She could not find it in her heart to live in comfort and plenty whilst he was wandering homeless and forlorn through the streets. All his treachery, all her indignation were forgotten; she thought only of the night they had spent together in the Park, of the sufferings and hopes they had shared.

"I can't stay without Tim," she said.

"But I never said I would take Tim," came from the lady.

"I can't come and leave him there," reiterated the child. "I must go and tell him."

Here was a dilemma. The child was moving towards the door.

"Won't it do to-morrow?" urged the lady. "To-morrow we'll see about him."

But Maggie shook her head decidedly. "He's out in the streets," she answered. "I must go to-night, Oh! let me bring him," she pleaded suddenly, the tears in her eyes again.

There was nothing else for it.

"You must leave the baby here," they said; and she cast one long, loving look at Pat, and repeated, "I will come back," then the door was opened and she vanished in the rapidly-growing dusk of the streets.

The lamps had begun to be lighted, but the streets were nearly deserted. It was a raw, cold night, and a penetrating rain was falling fast. Maggie made first in the direction of the Church where she and Tim had parted; then down the street where he had disappeared, and through many streets after that—low, filthy streets where women were quarrelling, and drunken men reeled out of the pot-houses across her path; on into quieter and less frequented ones, heeding nothing, and seeking only in every place a square-shouldered little figure with a slouching gait, but finding it nowhere.

On she went in the growing darkness—a chill faintness creeping in at her heart, though she struggled against it, and urged her weary limbs onward, in her determination not to give up the search.

All at once she found herself on the river embankment. It was stiller here than anywhere she had yet been, and the broad road looked almost deserted. Big lamps were placed at intervals, vanishing in a long line of lights, for miles, as it seemed to Maggie, in the far distance. The river flowed noiselessly and sullenly between its stony confines. The child staggered on, her steps growing fainter and weaker every moment, while with her bodily strength seemed to fade too the last glimmerings of the hope that had sustained her till now. The world grew dim around her, and her feet seemed to slip from under her she felt as

thought she must sink down, and rest just for one minute, and a strange longing came over her to get down to the river and bathe her aching forehead in the cool, dark waters. Her head drooped, and her limbs were fast giving way beneath her, when she felt herself brought up with a violent shock, and saw she had stumbled against a man coming in the opposite direction.

"Look out! Where are yer going to?" thundered a voice above her. She looked up, and in the yellow light of the lamp saw, for the second time that day, the face of her step-father.

Instinctively she recoiled, but he recognized her, and catching her shoulder, dragged her to the head of one of the stone flights that lead down into the water, where a red lamp threw a glare upon her white terror-stricken face.

"Ha!" he shouted, "it's you is it? Where's your mother? Where has she gone to? Tell me, or I'll——" and he ended these words with a brutal threat.

"Don't, don't!" shrieked the child, "don't kill me!" she pleaded as he shook her roughly: "I'll tell you—she's dead."

"Dead, is she?" And he laughed a coarse cruel laugh.

"Yes, she is, and I'm glad on it."

"Ye're a nice 'un!" said another voice at her side, and turning, Maggie recognized Black Sally, who was leaning against the corner of the parapet. "Give it her, Sam," she said to the man who still held the child in his grasp. "She deserves it."

"Does she?" muttered the drunkard. "I'll be bound she does."

"Save me, Sally, save me!" came the piteous cry from Maggie's lips, as her step-father flung her from him with his strong arm.

A low, scornful laugh from the woman as the child reeled backwards,—a faint shriek as her head struck the iron railing that bounded the head of the steps—a dull splash in the water—and that was all.

The woman might have saved her, perhaps—who

knows? There was only a moment and it slipped by. God must judge between them, for besides Him there was no one nigh to see.

Anxiously they watched that night at the house where little Pat had been received, for signs or tidings of the strange, wilful child who had so suddenly come and gone—but none reached them. And though day after day May scanned the faces of every poor girl she met, and started each time a ring came at the door, they never heard anything of the wanderer.

Next morning the body of an unknown child was found in the river near one of the bridges, and withdrawn, cold and lifeless, from the water, and buried under a tiny nameless mound in some cemetery.

But may we not hope for the little spirit that had burned within, the little heart that had been so loyal to mother and brother and friend, that they have found at length that rest for which they looked so fruitlessly on earth? I do not think we should weep for Maggie, but rather trust her to the arms of that Heavenly Father to whom she sent up her childish supplications that evening. Assuredly he heard her prayer, offered half unconsciously though it was, and has answered it, not perhaps as we should have done, but after His own fashion, in calling the little strayed and wounded lamb home.

You ask what became of Tim? I don't know. I have heard that a sturdy square-shouldered urchin of eight or nine years, with curly hair and a big mouth, was found homeless and friendless in the streets one day, and gathered into a home for destitute children, and taught an honest trade, in which he prospered; but whether that boy was Tim or not, I can't say.

FATHER CHARLES.

By Lady Clare Feilding.

The following history of a holy Jesuit priest, much known and deeply revered in his own land, was told me by one whose privilege it was to have known him intimately, and to have heard from his own lips part of what is here set down. I have asked permission to reproduce it, believing that in this age of self-seeking, of indifference and of backwardness in the service of God, the story of a life such as this, marked by such glad self-surrender, such complete and unquestioning fidelity to the leading of divine grace, cannot be without its fruit in many hearts.

"I went one day into Father Charles's room," this friend told me, "and as I was speaking to him my eyes fell upon the little oratory where he was accustomed to say his prayers, and there, placed at the foot of the crucifix, I saw the miniature of a young woman of almost ideal beauty. I suppose Father Charles became aware of my astonishment, for he smiled and said, 'You are surprised to find a portrait like that, in such a place. No wonder, but you will understand when I tell you why it always stands there.'" And he then related the following story, the sequel to which was afterwards obtained from trustworthy sources.

When as yet quite a young man, the beautiful girl represented in the miniature became his wife. He himself was of good family and fortune, and as much esteemed for his undoubted talents as he was loved for his charm of manner and gentle disposition. Entirely devoted to one another, Charles and his wife spent several years in almost

unclouded happiness. But God had other designs upon him. However beautiful and pleasant to tread the ways of earthly happiness may be, his road lay along a higher path, a path that is full of briars and rough places but that has been trodden by the pierced feet of One who wore a Crown of Thorns, and that is known as the way of holiness.

One by one all the children with which their marriage had been blessed were taken from them, until only one son, the best loved of all was left, and he too sickened. In their anguish the parents solemnly vowed before God that if the boy were spared they would devote themselves to a life of greater perfection than they had hitherto led; but in vain—their prayer remained unanswered, and the boy grew worse and died. Heart broken at the loss of her child the mother dropped, and before many weeks had passed, she followed it to the grave.

Bereft at once of all that he held most dear, the desolation of the unhappy father and husband was unbounded. So terrible to him was the thought of separation from her whom he had so loved, and when the moment came for the coffin to be closed and he was bidden to look his last upon her dear face, he wept and entreated so earnestly that he might be permitted to spend at least one more night beside her, that his friends respecting his grief, withdrew, and left him alone in the chamber of death. Kneeling beside the dead body of his wife, he abandoned himself to his uncontrollable grief. So empty and devoid of all hope or interest seemed the future; so long the weary years that would have to pass before they could again be reunited, so blank the desolate existence that lay before him, that thoughts and promptings of despair crowded fast upon him.

But God is merciful and tries no man beyond his strength, and He was watching His chosen servant in his hour of trial. Thicker and more strongly the temptations pressed upon him, till the broken spirit could scarcely resist the onset, and Satan was already rejoicing in his own approaching triumph. But God is strong, though man is weak, and His omnipotence shrinks not even from a miracle if necessary for the accomplishment of his designs.

Even as Charles knelt beside her, behold the dead woman rose up from where she lay, and looking tenderly upon his tearful face, "Weep no more for me," she said, "God has better things in store for you. St. Ignatius shall reunite us shortly in a more blessed life," and then before he could recover from his amazement she fell back dead as before.

When his friends came next morning to perform the last sad rites, Charles received them with a countenance full of deep peace and resignation, for which they were at a loss to account, so different was it from his attitude of the previous evening. When the funeral was over he bade them all farewell and left the house. Though many inquiries were set on foot, no trace of his whereabouts could be discovered, and the rumour soon spread that he had gone to seek distraction from his grief in foreign travel.

Some three years later two or three gentlemen happened to be making a retreat in a Jesuit house. When it was over one of them asked to speak to the Rector, and inquired concerning the lay brother whose duty it had been to sweep out his room and wait on him during the retreat. The Rector replied that he knew nothing of the brother's previous history, but that one winter's night a ring had come at the door, and when it was opened a poor beggar had been found kneeling on the doorstep and imploring to be admitted as a lay brother. The porter refused to listen to him, and shut the door in his face, but when morning came the beggar was still kneeling there, and again craved permission to enter and serve God in that house. Touched by his insistence the Rector admitted him, and from that moment he had with great humility and in almost unbroken silence done all the rough menial work of the house.

"But," said the astonished visitor, "have you no idea who he is? For my part, I am convinced that it is Charles ———." The lay brother was sent for and questioned, and was at length forced to own the truth which his humility had hitherto so closely concealed. He was desired to prepare for the priesthood, and in due time ordained.

As a priest his talents quickly achieved him a great reputation, and his sanctity shone with a lustre which seemed to increase every day. Inflamed with a burning love of God and of souls he spent his whole life in the service of his fellow men, commanding the respect of the great ones of this world by his dignity and wisdom, attracting the poor and the ignorant by his charity and gentleness, and winning all alike by his own tender grace of manner to the more perfect knowledge and service of God. Hunger, cold, and weariness were as nothing to him in his pursuit of charity, or rather his eager devoted zeal gladly embraced suffering as a means of drawing closer to his crucified master, and of bringing back souls to Him. A loyal cheerful acceptance of the will of God, an unswerving fidelity and unflinching courage were some of his most marked characteristics; but it was perhaps his joyousness in Christ's service, his untiring devotion, and a way he had of always looking at things from God's point of view instead of man's that made his very presence felt as an invigorating, elevating influence, and gave him his marvellous control over the minds of all who came in contract with him.

One little incident will serve to show the manner of man he was, and to illustrate the methods he employed in dealing with those souls whom he undertook to guide.

He was one day walking in the garden reciting his office, when a little girl for whom he had a special affection darted past him in pursuit of a butterfly. Suddenly the child stopped short with a cry and shrank back as though she had seen something terrifying. Father Charles closed his book and went towards her.

"What is it, my child," he said, "that seems to frighten you so?"

"O Father!" murmered the trembling child. "I have seen a cross, and I am so afraid of the cross—so afraid!"

The priest drew her closer to him. "Afraid of the cross?" he said. "Do you know what the cross is? See," he added, stooping down and picking up two little branches, "one of these is the Will of God, the other is your will. Place them side by side, let them point in the

same direction, you will never know what a cross is," and he smiled. "It is only if you place them this way," and he laid the sticks one across the other, "that the cross will appear. Then it becomes a different matter altogether."

Many were the crosses that came to this child in after life but she has never forgotten Father Charles' words, nor the look on his face as he uttered them; and the remembrance has helped her through many a bitter trial, and many a hard fought struggle.

His principal occupation was in preaching and giving missions to the people; and though the time of his ministry was but short, such crowds did the fame of his sanctity and the fervour of his words draw round him, that on one occasion a body of police was actually sent to report to the authorities whether there were not danger of sedition in the assemblage of such large bodies of people. The despatches are still extant in which the police acknowledge that they had listened to the preacher's words, but were unable to gaze on his face, so bright were the rays of light that streamed from it; and it is asserted that men of all nationalities understood his words, although he spoke only in his native tongue.

At last a terrible plague of cholera broke out, and while the terrified multitudes stood paralyzed at the approach of danger, or fled from their homes with the fear of death in their hearts, abandoning even their nearest and dearest in the hour of peril, Father Charles passed and repassed throughout the stricken districts, like an angel of consolation and strength. He brought help to the sufferers, comfort to the dying and hope to the survivors; teaching them to see the merciful hand of God even in the scourge that was thus afflicting them, and infusing into their hearts that heroic charity and sublime courage with which his own was penetrated, and which enabled him to withstand the superhuman labours that his burning zeal imposed upon him. No wonder that the love and reverence of the people for him mounted to a passionate veneration, and that in the hearts of his eager and imaginative countrymen, his memory became encircled with a halo almost of romance.

The story of his death as they tell it is as follows.

He had come into a village where the cholera was raging, and instantly set himself not only to minister to the needs of the dying but also to instil sentiments of resignation and charity into the survivors, together with courage to meet the terrible fate that was hanging over them. So earnestly did he labour that at the end of a few days the panic ceased.

Then he called all the people together in the centre of the little village and spoke to them.

"My children," he said, "are you all ready now, to meet death if such be God's will?—or are there any still remaining who have not made their peace with our Lord, and who are still fearful of His call?"

There was silence; until at last one spoke and told how a few days before a poor beggar had come to the village with his wife and two children, and that there having been no one to offer them hospitality, they had taken refuge in a miserable little hovel on the mountain side. For some days no tidings of them had been heard, and it was believed that they had been seized with the disease.

"Take me to the place," said Father Charles. "Perhaps they may still be alive and may need my care."

"Nay, Father," cried the villagers, "they are surely dead; for two days past the most fearful stench has issued from the place, so that no one dares to go near it."

But the priest was not to be daunted. "Show me the way," he said, and he set out at once in the direction of the hill-side shed, where the wanderers were supposed to be. The villagers followed him at a distance, fearing to approach the infected spot, and yet drawn after him by that subtle and mysterious influence which he exercised upon all.

To their amazement as they drew near to the place the sickly and fetid odour passed away and gave place to a delicious scent as of roses and violets, whereat they all marvelled, and looked at one another in awe. When the priest entered the little hut they waited outside silent in prayerful wonder.

Presently he reappeared and beckoned the people

to him, and they saw that he held two children in his arms.

"See," he said, "the parents are dead, but God has seen fit to spare these innocent babes, and to leave them yet a little longer upon earth. Now, is there any one of you who for love of our dear Lord and of me; will take these children and care for them and bring them up as their own? If you will do this, I in the name of God promise you that His blessing shall rest upon you and yours, and that as you show mercy to others so shall He show mercy to you, and this scourge of cholera shall cease, and afflict you no more."

Joyfully were the good Father's words received, and many were the eager arms held out to welcome the little orphans. Father Charles delivered them over to their new parents and having assured himself of their future well-being he once more called all the villagers around him. Tenderly he took leave of them, and amid their tears and lamentations blessed them for the last time. Then retiring to the nearest house of his order, he commended his soul to God, and himself died the last victim of the terrible disease.

St. Thomas of Canterbury

(1118-1166).

BY THE REV. FRANCIS GOLDIE, S.J.

Slowly but surely Englishmen are unlearning the history of the Church in their country as taught for the last three hundred years. Slowly but surely, as the truth about days gone by comes out more clearly, so are names once honoured, then reviled, regaining their old place in the hearts and minds of our country people. Of these, two of the successors of St. Augustine of Canterbury, St. Dunstan the Saxon and St. Thomas the Norman, are examples in point.

"Proud prelates, haughty churchmen, rebellious subjects," was once the style in which grave historians, and all the swarm of popular writers who followed in their wake, spoke of these great men. Now they are recognized by those most fit to judge, if not as Saints of God, at least as men of highest principle, who struggled and suffered for Liberty and for Right.

No English name was in the days of Catholic unity so well known throughout Christendom as that of St. Thomas Becket. He still receives a world-wide veneration even in this day, for his feast is kept throughout the Universal Church. To make his life once more familiar is the aim of this slight sketch. So full is the record left us by the contemporary writers, so complete the Life written, or rather rewritten, by the late Father

Morris,[1] which embodies in its new edition all the results of modern research, that the difficulty of getting anything but the dryest summary into a single sheet is not the least that meets the writer.

1118. St. Thomas was born in London on December 21, 1118, the feast-day of the Apostle whose name was given to him at his baptism on that same day. His father and mother were both of the conquering race of Normandy, and the former was a merchant in not very affluent circumstances. The very day the child was born, a fire, an every-day occurrence in old London, broke out in his father's house. But poverty did not change the kindness of their hearts, and his mother taught him early to love the poor, for she used to put him in the scales against an equal weight of food and clothing, which she then gave to the needy. The lad was soon sent to one of the great schools of London, and shared in their literary contests, and in their rough sports. Thomas early learned to love the excitement of hawking, to which a wealthy Norman baron, an old friend of his father, used to invite him. With his natural impetuosity he fell one day into a mill-race, while urging his horse across a narrow plank, and the boy was nearly swept under by the water-wheel. When older, Thomas was sent to school with the Canons Regular of Merton Abbey, near Wimbledon—the great religious houses were all schools in those days—and there he made a life-long friendship with the good Prior, who became his spiritual guide, and was a witness of his death. Meanwhile his father died. The young man went, when about twenty-one, to the famous University of Paris, but the death of his good mother forced him to abandon his studies, and for three years he held a clerkship, as we should say, in the City, until he took his first step to promotion by entering into the household of Theobald, Archbishop of Canterbury, a fellow-townsman of our Saint's father.

[1] *Life and Martyrdom of St. Thomas Becket.* Second and enlarged edition. By John Morris. Burns and Oates, 1885. The writer or rather compiler of this short life begs from the outset to acknowledge that he owes to Father Morris' Life, with the author's kind permission, not merely the substance of this sketch, but many passages literally transcribed from it.

1143. We read a description of Thomas just at this period in an old chronicler: "Slim of growth, and pale of hue, dark of hair, with a long nose and a straightly featured face, blithe of countenance was he, keen of thought, winning and lovable in all conversation, frank of speech in his discourse, but slightly stuttering in his talk; so keen of discernment and understanding that he would always make difficult questions plain after a wise manner." Spite of the jealousy of rivals, Thomas' commanding abilities soon carried him to the front, and we find him going to Rome with the Archbishop on important business with the Pope; and, again, he was sent alone, and by his tact and skill secured for Henry II. the right of succession, already assured to him by treaty, to the English throne. Benefice after benefice was bestowed on the young ecclesiastic. His diplomatic career showed him the weak points of his professional armour, and he sought the first school of Canon Law, Bologna; where, under the most learned canonist of his day, and afterwards in France at Auxerre, he became such an accomplished lawyer, so thoroughly conversant with the Church's rights, that he was able to carry on with a sure hand the warfare in after years. A cleric already, Becket was ordained deacon, when the magnificent livings of the Archdeaconry of Canterbury and the Provostship of Beverley made him one of the wealthiest churchmen in the land.

1155. On the coronation of Henry II., the young King remembered to whom he owed the sceptre, and raised the accomplished Archdeacon, then thirty-eight years old, into the next place to himself, by taking him as his Lord Chancellor and bosom friend. Not content with this, he gave him the charge of his eldest son. An English Chancellor was in those days the channel of royal favour both in Church and in State. To his hands came all the revenues of vacant bishoprics and abbacies. He was, in a word, prime minister, and much more, of a despotic sovereign, who was sixteen years his junior, and who left to him the actual control of the kingdom. The vast wealth to which he became entitled was spent with lavish magnificence, and the stately Tower of London owed its restoration to his hands. Commander-in-chief of the royal forces, with a number of knights

attached to him by feudal service, the sons of the nobility crowded to his court to learn the arts of peace and of war. His magnificence was displayed in his all but royal state, and in the open house which he kept. But Thomas never forgot the poor, and whether in the courts of justice, or in his crowded dining-hall, their rights, their wants were never unheeded. Like Wolsey in his embassy to France, Thomas Becket went to the Court of France with a train fit for the greatest of princes; and, when war broke out, he showed that he could handle an army, and fight like the first captain of his day. Yet amidst all this apparently worldly life there was an undercurrent of holiness that was little suspected. One who had come to beg a favour of the Lord Chancellor, passing by a church at early dawn, saw in the doorway a man prostrate in prayer. When he was ushered into the Chancellor's presence he recognized him at once as the watcher at the church door.

In fact, with all his outward pomp, we know St. Thomas practised severe bodily penance, and we have the witness of his confessor that, spite of the corruption all around him, he kept his soul unspotted. A court beauty, whose reputation was not of the best, was thought to pay too much attention to the Chancellor while staying with the King at Stafford. A suspicious friend pryed into Thomas' room at night, only to find that Thomas made the rough floor his resting-place.

It did not take the Chancellor long to see the difficulties which surrounded his new position, one as responsible as it was exalted. The King was of a temper uncontrolled and uncontrollable. His notions of the rights of conscience, and of Church property and discipline, were those of a ruler who brooked no opposition. Thomas soon found that all he could do was to wait till his paroxysms of passion had passed, and try, at all events, to diminish evils he was powerless to prevent. No wonder that to many it seemed as if he were responsible for the injustice of his sovereign, and that these ever-recurring struggles made him, with tears in his eyes, tell his closest friends how weary he was of life, and that, next to saving his soul, there was nothing he wished for more than to be free from the dangers of the Court. That he kept the balance so evenly in spite

of so many difficulties merited for him the high praise of a successor in the Chancellorship, the Protestant Lord Campbell, that he was "one of the most distinguished men of any race that this island has yet produced."

1161. But greater perils were in store for him. His old friend and patron, Archbishop Theobald, died, full of years, but fuller far of griefs, of which the tyrannical conduct of his sovereign was the chief cause. Thomas was with his royal master at Falaise, the Conqueror's birthplace, when Henry ordered him to return to England on business of great moment, informing him before he went that the chief reason for his journey was that he should succeed his friend in the see of Canterbury. Thomas laughed, and said—for he was as usual dressed like a gay courtier rather than an archdeacon—"A nice saint and a nice monk you wish to put over that holy see and famous monastery! I am sure if God were so to place me, your affection and goodwill to me would quickly be turned into the deepest hate. I know you would expect me to do, as you do now, many things with the Church which I could never tolerate, and then my rivals would make this the occasion of provoking an endless quarrel between us." But the King, stiff-willed in all things, would not give way, and, as his wish was well-nigh law, the monks of Christ Church were fain to choose Thomas, though he was not one of their order, and though some feared that Henry had named him as a ready tool with which to oppress the Church. It needed the authority of the Pope's Legate to make Thomas accept a dignity which he knew would be thorn-crowned. One condition, however, was made by the aged Bishop of Winchester, the brother of the late King, and it is worthy of note that the new Archbishop should be held completely free from all claims that might be made upon him on account of his chancellorship. To this the King gave full consent. At once the highest official of the crown and the primate of the land, St. Thomas was received with the greatest honours in his cathedral city. Unable to refuse the dignity, he with all his characteristic thoughtfulness resolved to fit himself for it. One who was to be his faithful companion in sunshine and in storm, Herbert de Bosham, was ordered

by his master to become his monitor, and not only to tell him at once whenever he had noticed any fault in him, but even if he heard others find fault with him. He said that "four eyes were better than two," and he does not seem to have been content with four, but to have bade others to do like service for him. In such dispositions Thomas was ordained priest on Saturday in Whitsun Week.

1162. The following day, Trinity Sunday, he was consecrated by his firm friend the Bishop of Winchester. When the ceremony was over, the aged prelate said to his young primate, "Dearest brother, I give you now the choice—you must lose the favour either of your earthly or of your heavenly King." Upon his knees and with uplifted hands St. Thomas made answer: "By God's help and strength I make my choice; and never for the love or favour of any earthly king will I forfeit the grace of the Kingdom of heaven." And, as the Bishop blessed him, both burst into tears: it was the offering of the future sacrifice. He said a second Mass, according to the custom of those days, immediately after, in the chapel of the Holy Trinity, situated at the extreme east end of the cathedral—his favourite spot during life, his resting-place after death.

On the arms of the Anglican Archbishop of Canterbury to this day one sees the pallium, never a mark of primacy, but the sign of union with the Catholic and Roman Church, the proof of Papal sanction, from which alone can come the power to rule and feed God's sheep; because He has constituted that Church the one source of all spiritual authority upon earth. St. Thomas hastened to send an embassy to the Pope to sue for this symbol, which was necessary for his rule, and when it was brought to him he went out barefoot to meet it, as a sign of reverence and devotion to the Holy See.

As Archbishop of Canterbury, he became by the very fact Abbot of Christ Church, and, though not a monk, he made himself like unto one by his life. It was a sudden change and a marked one from the life of courtly splendour which he had been leading now for many years. Midnight found him with the community in the choir of his cathedral joining in Matins. No sooner was it over than thirteen poor men were brought

up to a room, where, in imitation of his Divine Lord, the Archbishop washed the travel-worn feet and kissed them reverently. Then, having served them at a well-laden table, he dismissed them with an alms at daybreak ; he did not wish to parade these beautiful acts of humility and charity. These were but few of many who were relieved regularly by his orders. Then St. Thomas gave a short time to sleep and rose betimes to study Holy Scripture, his favourite study, which he continued even when on a journey. Then came a long interval of private prayer, in which no interruption was allowed. This was the preparation for saying Holy Mass, or for hearing it, when out of reverence he abstained from celebrating. His soul was wrapt in God during the Holy Mysteries, and "he seemed," says one who knew him, "to see in the flesh as present to him the Passion of the Lord ;" and so great was his reverence that he deepened the faith and love of those who assisted at his Mass.

Dinner was at an hour which we should consider untimely and far too early, and was as in the East a public meal, at which the poor and the strangers were ever welcome to the open hall. The Archbishop sat at the high table under a canopy with his learned clerics on the one side, the monks on the other ; while the laymen of his suite and his soldiers dined at a separate table, so as not to be forced to silence while a book was being read. The poor had their place in the hall as in monastic houses. The fare was plenteous, so that much might be left to give away. A splendid service of plate graced the hospitable board, the same as had been used by his predecessors. His style of living for so many years and the state of his health made it impossible for him to adopt an austere diet ; but in the midst of delicacies he was most abstemious, and his chief food was bread, and his drink water in which fennel had been boiled. A critical guest one day ventured to make a remark about his dainty dishes. "Certes, brother," he rejoined, and Herbert de Bosham was there to endorse his words, "if I am not mistaken, you eat your beans with greater greediness than I do my pheasant." After dinner St. Thomas used to spend some time in his private room discussing matters ecclesiastical, and now and again when exhausted he took a short rest. Oftentimes he

was to be found in the cloister, in those days the centre of monastic life and the place of study, conning some learned work. He loved to visit the infirmary, because he found there exercise for his charity with the sick monks. Much of his time was taken up in presiding over the highest ecclesiastical court of the realm. But all "the letters and prayers of the King," so a contemporary tells, "were useless, unless a man had right on his side."

A skilful lawyer, of clear judgment, he would not hear of any presents from suitors either for himself or for others about him, nor would he allow fees which had even the appearance of a bribe.

His old passion for almsgiving did not grow less when his own life became more simple and he had more to give. In fact, as his predecessor had doubled the amount hitherto given, St. Thomas gave twice as much as Theobald, "the tithe of all he possessed." Hospitals and poor colleges shared largely in his alms, and the sick poor, the old and needy, upon whom he could not attend himself, he gave in charge to his household, feeding and clothing and providing for them.

The Chancellor-Archbishop in his brilliant secular attire was a strange contrast to the black-robed monks, as he sat with them in choir. He answered with tears and silence a rebuke administered to him on that score, yet, for fear of offending by too sudden a change, he for a time continued to wear his former dress; but from the week of his ordination he always wore beneath it a complete suit of hair-cloth next his skin. This was a secret known only by two others during the lifetime of our Saint. After a few months he assumed the simple habit of his old masters the Canons Regular of Merton—a long robe of poor black stuff, with a surplice over it. As long as he was in his province, he always wore a stole, as the Pope does in our day, at once as the emblem of authority and so as to be ready any moment to administer the Sacrament of Confirmation when on a journey through his diocese. His pastoral staff was of the simplest, being of pear wood with a crook of horn.

The news of St. Thomas's change of life was unpleasant hearing to the King, who saw clearly that the Arch-

bishop's words were coming true, and that he was sure to prefer his duty to the royal pleasure. A further proof was his resignation of the dignity of Chancellor, whereupon the King angrily ordered him to resign the Archdeaconry of Canterbury. Other minor matters of dissension quickly arose, but for a time it seemed that the old friendship between Henry and St. Thomas was still unbroken; and we meet them both in Westminster Abbey, where, on October 13, 1163, the King and his highest nobility carried the body of St. Edward the Confessor, still incorrupt, from its first resting-place to the shrine in which, thank God, it still reposes.

The lands of the Church, the deposit of private generosity for God's service for the poor and the orphan, have always been an object of greed to powerful and worldly men. The same spirit which in our days has torn the property of religious from its lawful owners, in France, Spain, Portugal, and Italy, which suppressed the monasteries under the plea of reform, had led some rapacious Normans to lay hands on the property of St. Augustine's successors, a sacred trust which no Primate could in conscience forsake. St. Thomas demanded from the unjust occupiers the restitution of these church lands; and for the sake of the people of England he dared to refuse the payment of an unconstitutional tax: "the first case," to quote the learned Protestant Bishop of Oxford, "of any opposition to the King's will, in the matter of taxation, which is recorded in our national history." [1] From the earliest days of the Church the trial of ecclesiastics was reserved to ecclesiastical courts, and some unhappy cases—very much exaggerated and few in proportion when we recollect the immense number of clergy secular and regular at the time—afforded the King a pretext to complain of this immunity from civil courts. Henry openly broke with the Archbishop, and demanded that all clerical offenders should be handed over to his judges. St. Thomas found that he must expect no real support from his fellow-bishops. The undue influence of the Crown, exerted as it in fact had been in his own election, was not likely to promote the most worthy to the English sees; and the horrible out-

[1] Stubbs, *Constitutional History*, vol. i. p. 463.

rages which the King committed in his fits of anger required a martyr's spirit to stand firmly for the right. Brutal and overbearing, Henry reproached St. Thomas with his mean origin and his ingratitude. "In truth I am not sprung of royal race; no more was Blessed Peter, to whom God gave the Headship of His Church." "It is true," rejoined the King, "but he died for his Lord." "I too will die for my Lord, when the time comes."

St. Thomas, however, found in the reigning Pope, Alexander III., the greatest sympathy and support, spite of the constant embassies on which the courtier prelates went to further the royal cause. Pressed on all sides, urged that submission to the royal wishes was only asked to save the King's honour, and would never be acted upon, falsely assured that it was the Pope's desire that he should give way, St. Thomas engaged to observe the royal customs as hitherto permitted in the realm. A council was summoned at Clarendon, in Wiltshire. But, before he reached the place of meeting, the Archbishop had come fully to doubt the reserve which Henry had made, and determined never to renew in public the promise he had made; and the King, who learnt his intentions, spared no menace, no entreaty by himself or by his courtiers, to wring from him a ratification of this promise. At last he succeeded, but when a list of these pretended customs were drawn up, known to us as the Constitutions of Clarendon, Thomas absolutely refused to affix his seals to the document.

In these Erastian days many of these customs are looked upon as the natural rights of the Crown, or of the state which rules in its name. And no wonder if three centuries of submission to the yoke which Tudor statecraft and tyranny fixed on the neck of the State religion —so odd a compromise between old and new—have made subservience a second nature to the Church of England by law established. But to any one who believes the Church to be God's own, and of God's fashioning, its liberty is of divine right, and the defence of that liberty, as St. Thomas told King Henry, is the cause of God. That ecclesiastics should be tried only by ecclesiastics is one of the oldest laws of the Christian Church, and is a privilege which was acknowledged by

all lawyers in those days, and one grounded on solid reasons. The Constitutions of Clarendon were such a blow to the rights and liberty of the Church that they left it at the mercy of the royal caprice, and were in fact the forerunners of the bondage which four hundred years later was to crush out the life of the English Church, tear it from the communion of Catholic unity, and from the crook of Peter to place it under the sword of a Tudor. All questions about presentations to livings were to come before the King's court; all ecclesiastics, when summoned by the King, no matter on what ground, must appear before him, and no power of the Church could protect them from his sentence; no one, not even bishop or archbishop, might leave the kingdom without royal license; no tenant of the Crown nor any of the court could be excommunicated without the King's leave; all appeals were in the last resort to be brought before the King; the lands and belongings of vacant dioceses, abbeys, or priories were to be in the King's hands, and all appointments to bishoprics were to be made in the Chapel Royal under the King's eye and guidance.

St. Thomas, as he rode homewards, overheard the outspoken words of his faithful followers, who condemned the promise thus wrung from him, and he humbly owned with sobs and tears the gravity of his fault. "I have been taken," he said, in all the bitterness of self-reproach, "not from the Church, but from the court, not from the school of our Saviour, but from the service of Cæsar, a proud man—*pastor avium, pastor ovium*—a feeder of hawks to be a feeder of sheep." For forty days he deemed himself unfit to celebrate Holy Mass, and sent in all haste to ask pardon from Alexander III. for his fall, if indeed fall it was. But the fault if any was nobly repaired. Not that he left any means untried to secure peace, even submitting for the Pope's approval the Constitutions of Clarendon, an approval which the Pope was not inclined to grant. St. Thomas went to the King in his palace at Woodstock, the home of the guilty Rosamund Clifford, but he was refused entrance. He then tried as unsuccessfully to cross the Channel.

The secret of his attempted flight got out, and the King determined to wreak his vengeance on the Archbishop. Summoned before a Council at Northampton

St. Thomas was subjected to a series of accusations,—of contempt of court for delaying his appearance, and of arrears of moneys owing to the King during his Chancellorship, amounting to thirty thousand marks. The King eventually aimed at extorting from him a resignation of his see. St. Thomas was a guest of the monks of St. Andrew's Abbey, so magnificently restored by Simon de Senlis, the Earl of Northampton and Huntingdon, a kinsman of the King, and brother of the second Abbot of New Melrose, St. Waltheof. Having said Mass at the altar of St. Stephen, the Archbishop, full of the martyr's spirit, would fain have gone vested as he was with mitre, chasuble, and pallium, and with bare feet, to hear his sentence at the lips of the King. His friends begged him to desist, so laying aside his mitre, he covered his vestments with the ample black robe he usually wore, and armed with his cross, and with the Blessed Sacrament concealed about him, he went into the castle, then the royal court. As he entered the audience-hall, the bishops who had deserted his cause slunk off to the King, who was in an inner chamber. They begged to be excused from taking part in the sentence, and so this task fell to the nobles. St. Thomas in turn forbade them to pronounce the sentence, and in appealing from it to the Pope, summoned the bishops to appear before His Holiness. So saying he arose and left the castle, while the courtiers cried "Rebel!" and pelted him with knots of straw. As he passed out of the castle gates, the faithful poor were there to greet him. "Blessed be God," they cried, "who has saved His servants from the fear of His enemies!"

"When they persecute you in one city, fly unto another." These warning words occurred that day in the public reading in the monastic refectory. St. Thomas heard them, and looked significantly at his faithful friend, Herbert de Bosham. Before morning he had ridden through the heavy rain and slush of an October night as far as Grantham, and while Herbert was making the best of his way to Canterbury to secure money and treasure for his master, St. Thomas, disguised as Lay-brother Christian, pushed forward, with great sufferings, through Lincolnshire and Bedfordshire to

Sandwich, where he embarked in a small boat, and crossing the Channel landed in what then was Flanders, near Boulogne. Worn out with the journey and fatigued by his heavy clogs and habit, our Saint found he could go no further, and lay down on the ground; and they were forced to borrow an ass to bear him to his journey's end. St. Thomas had to hasten on to escape the snares of the Count of Flanders, who was in league with Henry, and to put himself under the protection of King Louis of France. This sovereign received him with the greatest kindness. Both the Archbishop and his enemies sought and found the Pope in the city of Sens. His Holiness refused to send St. Thomas back to his persecutor, and, having read over the Constitutions of Clarendon, declared that some of them were utterly inadmissible. St. Thomas was recommended to seek a temporary shelter in the rich and pious Cistercian Abbey of Pontigny, afterwards the resting-place of his great successor, St. Edmund. There then, with his followers, he found what he had long desired, a life of retirement, of penance, of prayer and study. He begged the Pope to send him a Cistercian habit, and this he wore all the rest of his life. But peace he was not to find; for soon a crowd of poverty-stricken exiles, the relatives of the Archbishop and of all his faithful followers, came to the abbey. They had been sent thither by the cruel Henry as a fresh blow to the sorely stricken Archbishop. They brought the news that all the goods and lands of his see, and of his attendants, had been seized by the King, and that not only the relatives of his followers, but every one who had sheltered him in his flight, and all their relatives, had been put on shipboard under oath to go and show their sorrows and want, with their very babes at the breast, to the unwilling occasion of their sufferings. It is useless to follow all the intrigues by which Henry and his courtiers tried to ruin the Archbishop in the estimation of the Pope and of the French King. In his fury in turn he threatened and cajoled. He even made overtures to the antipope, who, under the Emperor of Germany's protection, kept the rightful successor of St. Peter out of his city.

1166. Spite of all this, Alexander III. made St. Thomas his Legate in England. After much long-

suffering and gentle warning, St. Thomas was forced to declare sentence of excommunication against some of the clergy and the Bishop of Salisbury, who had been so shamelessly guilty of schism and disobedience in furtherance of the royal schemes. Henry at once threatened all the Cistercian houses in his dominions if their brethren dared any longer to shelter the poor fugitive, and St. Thomas was forced to leave his harbour, not before God had manifested to him in plain words during prayer his future martyrdom. Louis generously provided for him in the royal abbey of St. Columba, in his good city of Sens, and there he spent the last four years of his life.

And four sad years they were. Continual injustices at home, continual intrigues abroad; the Pope deceived by the King's promises, or unfaithfully served by his legates; our Saint bullied and bated by his foes, abandoned by his friends, and even for a space by the King of France himself—such were the events of these weary years. But the poor were always faithful to Thomas, and Thomas was always faithful to his God. Once it would seem that even the Vicar of Jesus Christ had deserted him and his Master's cause. The Bishop of London, Gilbert Foliot, who all through had been a bitter adversary of our Saint, and a constant supporter of Henry, had managed to evade the excommunication which had fallen upon him, and celebrated his victory by singing High Mass in the Archbishop's own cathedral. But the Pope had not deserted Thomas. A fresh insult was the coronation of the King's son, the ill-fated Henry, against all the rights of Canterbury, in spite of the prohibition of the Pope, by Roger, Archbishop of York, who had been a life-long opponent of his Primate. The King's cousin, the Bishop of Worcester, would have protested against this fresh violation of the rights of St. Thomas had he been allowed to be present, and the King answered him, as the French Republic of to-day answers any show of Christian liberty on the part of the French clergy, by threatening to confiscate his revenues.

At last the sentence of interdict, the extreme penalty of the Holder of the Keys, so long threatened, so patiently withheld, was peremptorily ordered by the

Pope to be denounced on the realm, if after twenty days the King would not meet the Legates, and did not within forty days after that ratify his former proposals. One must have followed step by step all the tedious negotiations to have seen how extreme had been the forbearance of the Sovereign Pontiff, how fully justified his severity. The King suddenly yielded, so suddenly that we are almost forced to ask ourselves was he sincere, or rather had he not simply taken the cruel hint of one of his advisers, that the Archbishop "would be far better kept in his dominions, than kept out." The hurried coronation of the Prince points also to the same conclusion, "that if a crime," as a contemporary writer suggests, "were committed, the kingdom could not be punished on the King's account, as he would no longer be the ruler."

The Legates informed our Saint of the King's change of mind, and St. Thomas attended a meeting between the Kings of France and England, though uninvited, to show his willingness to meet the Pope's wishes and to be wanting in nothing to bring about a reconciliation. Scant signs of goodwill did Henry show, however, till, pressed by the bishops who had come with St. Thomas, he made the fairest speeches, refusing only, as he had done before, on the plea of a rash oath he had taken, to give the kiss of peace, the natural seal of reconciliation. "To-morrow," Henry had said to King Louis on the eve of the meeting, "that thief of yours shall have peace, and a good one too." "What thief, pray, by the Saints of France?" "That Archbishop of Canterbury of yours," was Henry's answer. St. Thomas understood the words; he was ready, he said, for peace sake to lay down his life for his sheep. Nothing could exceed the King's apparent heartiness when at last they met. Henry was the first to salute; he even shook hands with the Primate, and embraced him so warmly that bystanders thought he must have forgotten his oath. Then they withdrew, and for nearly the whole day talked together, and so moving were the Archbishop's words, so earnest his manner, that when he flung himself from his horse and knelt at his sovereign's feet, the King at once dismounted, and holding St. Thomas' stirrup, made him resume his seat, exclaiming: "Let us be friends again

as of old, only give me the honour due to me in presence of these standers-by." It was the promise of the King that his son should be crowned again by St. Thomas that had made him show such reverence to Henry. The King actually signed a paper drawn up by St. Thomas ratifying all he had promised, and fully engaged to allow the Pope's sentence against the unfaithful Bishops to be carried into execution. All seemed satisfactorily settled, but Thomas knew his man too well, and declined to cross the seas till every rood of land that belonged to his see was restored; and the Pope and his Cardinals shared his distrust. Nor did the royal actions correspond with the royal word. At last the Sovereign Pontiff, while leaving full discretion to the Saint, placed in his hands the power as Apostolic Legate to lay England under interdict, and to pronounce sentence of suspension from their functions on all the Bishops concerned in the coronation of the heir to the throne, but urged him, spite of the King's evident duplicity, to return to Canterbury.

"We are going to England to play for heads," was the Archbishop's farewell to his friend and generous protector, the King of France, who in vain tried to persuade him to stay in that hospitable country, promising that he should want for nothing. The Primate's only reply, as they parted in tears, was "God's will be done." "Go in peace; I will see you at Rouen or in England," said Henry to Becket. "My Lord, my heart tells me that you will never see me again alive." "Do you think I am a traitor?" rejoined the King. Thomas merely answered, "No, my Lord." No less ominous was his good-bye to the Bishop of Paris, "I am going to England to die." He was obedient even unto death, and no soldier carried out his officer's order at the certain peril of life more faithfully than St. Thomas, who at the Supreme Pastor's wish went boldly to meet his fate.

Before sailing for England, St. Thomas sent forward the Pope's letters containing the suspension of the bishops. A brave nun was the bearer of the sentence to the Archbishop of York, and in the letter by which the Primate gave her the perilous charge, he reminded her of the Jewish heroine who conquered Holophernes

when stout men had failed, and again of the holy women who stood by our Lord when deserted by the Eleven. She was ordered to deliver the letter to Roger in presence of his fellow bishops, and give a copy of it to the bystanders. Seven years of dreary exile had passed when St. Thomas landed at Sandwich, and he was welcomed as ever by the poor, who ran out into the very waves to meet him, and accompanied him in triumph to his cathedral city. Amidst the ringing of bells, and the blast of trumpets, the pealing of organs, with the churches decked out as on high festival, the Archbishop, surrounded by his clergy, entered his church with a face that reflected the joy of his heart.

The bishops sent the following day, the 2nd of December, to ask to be freed from their censures, but St. Thomas, while willing to make every concession, could not take the matter out of the Pope's hands, but promised to refer it to him. Unhappily, Roger of York overbore the good intentions of the others, who were willing to submit to so reasonable a proposal, and while they left to their abettors the task of turning the heart of the young King against his former friend and guardian, crossed over to Normandy to fan the anger of the King. "What slothful wretches I have brought up in my kingdom," was Henry's outburst of fury, "who have no more loyalty to their King than to allow him to be so shamefully mocked by this low-born clerk!" He had sharpened his tongue like a sword, and there were those who were only waiting to carry his words into effect. While some of his nobles were urging on the King to rid himself of the Archbishop, four knights had sworn to take his life, and were crossing the Channel in search of their prey. Meanwhile St. Thomas, spite of the foreknowledge of his end, was calmly going about his duties, and making the official visitation of his diocese. He went to London specially to see the young King, and though clergy and people received him with hymns of thanksgiving, a peremptory order to return to Canterbury was the only answer to his request for an interview. How bitterly must the Prince have regretted his ingratitude, when on his bed of ashes he met his premature end!

St. Thomas celebrated his fifty-third birthday and the

feast of his patron saint in his own church, where a few days before he had held his last ordination. While singing the High Mass on Christmas Day he preached from the text, "And peace on earth to men of good will." In his sermon he spoke of his sainted predecessors, and said that as yet there had been amongst them but one martyr, St. Elphege—slain by the Danes—but that "it was possible that they might soon have another." The very day before, an apostate monk, Robert de Broc, one of a family of ruffianly desperadoes, had seized some of the Archbishop's effects on the high-road and maimed one of his horses. St. Thomas pronounced excommunication against him from the pulpit, and this news reached the four knights when they arrived at their rendezvous of Saltwood Castle, three days after Christmas Day, December 28th. St. Thomas a fortnight before had told his friend the Abbot of Albans, "I will go to celebrate such a feast in my church as the Lord shall provide me." When the morning of the 29th dawned the words were near their fulfilment, for the four knights, in company with the De Brocs, went together to Canterbury and, sad to say, found hospitality in St. Augustine's Abbey at the hands of the Abbot Clarembald, who, spite of the refusal of St. Thomas and of the Pope to approve his appointment, had been by royal favour intruded into his post of honour. The knights took their measures. They gathered together soldiers to prevent a popular rising, and in a dark afternoon of mid-winter at four o'clock they rode with the De Brocs and a dozen men-at-arms to the Archbishop's palace.

St. Thomas had recited the Matins at midnight in his room with some monks and ecclesiastics, and when they were done he opened a window and stood for a long time gazing out into the darkness. Then all of a sudden he turned and asked what o'clock it was, and whether there was time to reach Sandwich before dawn. He was told that it was still very early, and that there was plenty of time to go there and further. "God's will be done in me!" he said aloud. "Thomas will wait in his own church for whatever God has in store for him." He heard Mass in the cathedral, making a pilgrimage as he was wont to one altar after another and to the various

shrines. Then he spent in religious converse many hours with two of the holiest monks of the house, and made his confession with extraordinary sorrow, and readily accepted the penance, which was to scourge himself three times that day, a corporal austerity which he had long employed. Sure messages had come to him that his murderers had landed, and one of them had told a bursar of the abbey that Thomas would not be alive that night. When this was reported to the Archbishop he broke down, and weeping said: "They will find me ready to die; let them do what they like. I know and am certain that I shall die a violent death; but they shall not kill me outside my church." Still when he went to dinner, where a pheasant had been got ready for him, one of the monks could not but remark, "Thank God, I see you dine more heartily and cheerfully to-day than usual." "A man must be cheerful," was his reply, "who is going to his Master." His friends gathered round him in his room, as was their wont, when the meal was over, and St. Thomas sat upon his bed with monks and clerics at either side of him. Just then the four knights entered the wide open doors of the refectory, and a false servant showed them the way and announced them to his master. He bade them come in, and they unceremoniously seated themselves on the floor before the Archbishop and his companions. So they all sat in silence, till the Saint saluted them. But they only looked one at another, till Fitzurse broke the silence with a contemptuous "God help you!" They had come, he said, with the King's orders, and he wished to know whether he would hear them by himself or before the company. St. Thomas bade his friends depart, and the murderers, who were in armour but without their swords, had thought of killing him there and then with his cross; but when Fitzurse began to speak of the absolution of the bishops, St. Thomas called in those who had been with him and bade the knights tell, before them all, the wishes of the King. Fitzurse then ordered him in the King's name to go to the Prince and make amends by an oath of fealty for his treason, and, further, to absolve the bishops. St. Thomas pleaded that all he had done had been by the royal permission, and that he had already gone to see the young King but had been ordered to

return home. Fitzurse urged that to say Henry had permitted the suspension of the bishops was to brand his sovereign with treachery, and again, St. Thomas answered that his accuser and a crowd of others had been witnesses to all that had passed at his reconciliation with the King. The other knights joined in swearing that they had been too patient with the Archbishop. Fitzurse went on, "From whom do you hold your Archbishopric?" "Its spiritualities from God, and my lord the Pope; its temporalities and possessions from the King." "Do you not acknowledge that you have it all from the King?" "By no means; but we must give to the King what is the King's, and to God what is God's." And then he went on to detail the wrongs he had suffered since he had returned. "If any one transgresses the rights of the Church and refuses satisfaction, I shall wait for no one's leave to do justice." "These threats are too much!" they shouted. "Will he put the land under an interdict? No! he shall not do it. He has excommunicated too many already." They leapt up from the ground, and stormed at him like maniacs, flinging about their arms and twisting up their gloves. "I know that you have come to kill me. You threaten me in vain. If all the swords of England were pointed at my head they would not shift me from God's justice and from obedience to our lord the Pope. Foot to foot you will meet me in the battle of the Lord. Once I went away like a timid priest; I have come back by advice and command of the Pope. Never will I leave again." "We can do more than threaten," rejoined Fitzurse; "let us go!" Some of the Archbishop's soldiers and a number of his household had by this time gathered round him, and, as he turned to go, Fitzurse ordered them in the King's name to leave him, or to keep him in safe custody. "I am easy to keep," said the Saint, "I shall not go. I will fly neither for the King nor for any man." So saying, he followed them to the door, and laying his hand on his head, "Here, here," he said, "you will find me."

Meanwhile the soldiers of the knights had seized the great gate of the abbey, and mounted guard at the wicket. "To arms, men, to arms!" shouted the murderers, as they came out and went to put on their

swords in a house hard by. St. Thomas had gone back and sat down again on his bed, when the news was brought that the knights were arming. "What matter! Let them arm!" A long wail was heard from the people who were in the church, for they knew the end was at hand. Then the crash of a falling door and window in the hall told that the knights were breaking into the refectory, which had been closed against them. A number of the servants took refuge in the church, whither the monks would have forced the Archbishop to go. He resisted for a space, but when asked to assist at the Vespers, he made all go before him, and looked back to see whether any still lagged behind. Like Pius IX. on his escape from the Quirinal, he found a door closed on the way to the cloister, but two Brothers who happened to be passing tore off the bolt on the cloister side, and St. Thomas and his companions passed along the north and east passages of the cloisters. The murderers had made for the Primate's room, and not finding him there, went after him through the south walk of the cloister. The clank of their steel struck terror into the monks, and a number of them hurried to the west door of the north transept by which the Archbishop was entering. They begged him to come in, but he bade them retire, and refused to enter till they had left the entrance free. He wanted to go and meet the knights who were coming along the cloister, but the monks drew him in and barred the door after him. This he would not allow. "Go away, cowards! let the blind wretches rave! I order you in virtue of obedience not to shut the door; a church should never be turned into a castle." So saying he removed the bar with his own hands, and drew in his followers after him.

And now a word to make more clear the narrative that is to follow. The cloister is on the north side of the nave, and the door of which we have just been speaking opened out from it through the north-west wall of the north transept. Both transepts had an apsidal or semicircular chapel at their east end, and were then each separated from the church by a pillar supporting two arches, which no longer exist. The chapel in the north transept was dedicated to St. Benedict, the founder of the Benedictine Order. The apse was afterwards

destroyed to give place to a rich fifteenth century Lady Chapel. Outside the transept was, and is, the northern aisle of the cathedral, and as you went eastward one flight of steps led upwards to the level of the choir, and another to the crypt beneath. Westward was the northern aisle of the nave, which ended in the old Lady Chapel, behind which, and facing St. Benedict's altar, was a statue of the Virgin Mother, where the Saint oftentimes had been wont to pray.

The twilight of Christmastide had faded away when, about five o'clock, the knights entered the church. In full armour, with their visors down, they carried their drawn swords in their right hand, and in their left the carpenters' axes they had snatched up to break into the hall. A band of soldiers followed them, with some burghers whom they had forced along with them. The Archbishop was before the altar of St. Benedict in the north transept. All his followers, save three, had fled to hide themselves, and the three were his old friend the Prior of Merton, and two of the Saint's future biographers, Edward Grim and Fitzstephens. They forced him up the steps leading to the choir. "Unhand me," then he said, "and go away. There is nothing for you to do here. Let God dispose of me according to His will." "Where is the traitor?" cried one of the soldiers. But no answer came from out of the gloom. "Where is the Archbishop?" asked Fitzurse from some one against whom he had run. "Here I am, then," answered St. Thomas, "no traitor, but the Archbishop." So saying, he came down the steps, and, turning to the right, stood with his back to the eastern wall of St. Benedict's chapel, with the altar to his right, his cross, borne apparently by Grim, who alone stood by him, on his left, before him our Lady's statue, at which he had been wont to pray. Some one struck him on the shoulder with the flat of a sword, saying, "Fly, or you are a dead man!" "I will not fly." The knights were now before him, and one of their band, a fallen subdeacon, named deservedly Mauclerk, the wicked cleric, bade him absolve the excommunicated Bishops. "I will do nothing more than I have said and done," was his reply. "Reginald, Reginald," he said to Fitzurse, "I have done you many favours, do you come against me

in arms?" "You shall know it. Are not you a traitor?" was the answer. "I do not fear your threats," replied the Saint, "for I am prepared to die for God: but let my people go, do not touch them." Then they closed with him, and tried in vain to drag him from the church, for he clasped the pillar at his side, and in the struggle nearly threw one of the knights to the ground.

Fitzurse flung away the axe he held in his left hand, and, swinging round his double-handed sword, cried, "Strike, strike!" The Saint bowed his head, and covered his face with his hands, saying, "I commend myself to God, to Holy Mary, to Blessed Denys, and St. Elphege." William of Tracy struck, and Grim stretched out his arm to stay the blow, which nearly cut it in two. The sword glanced first on the Saint's tonsure, and then went through his vestments to his shoulder. Grim fled to the altar of St. Benedict. The Saint wiped away the blood from his head, saying thankfully, "Into Thy hands I commend my spirit." A second blow struck him, but he did not stir. Then a third, and he fell on his knees, and then upon his face. His head was towards the altar of St. Benedict. Grim overheard his last words, though almost a whisper. "For the Name of Jesus, and the defence of the Church, I am ready to die." Another knight, who had hung back, at the gibes of his fellows struck at him as he lay on the pavement with such force that he cut off the top of the skull, so that it hung only by the skin, and his sword flew into fragments. Then the impious Mauclerk, planting his foot on the Martyr's neck, scooped out the brains with his sword point, and scattered them on the ground. "Let us go!" he exclaimed, "the traitor is dead, he will not rise again!" Alone of the four Hugh de Moreville had not dyed his hands in the Martyr's blood, but he had taken his part in the crime by keeping back the people. For well-nigh five hundred years that blood-shedding stayed off the schism, and is a promise of a richer harvest in God's own time. At once St. Thomas was acclaimed a Martyr, and though for a twelvemonth the desecrated Church was under the ban, his body was glorified by God as a centre of miraculous power to which the blind, and the halt, and the lame, came to find strength and health.

There was small repentance, save in show, on the part of the guilty King; but when the Scots attacked him in the North, and his son and heir, with many of his chief barons, rose against him in Normandy, barefooted and as a poor pilgrim he made a penitential visit to the Martyr's tomb, and there, baring his shoulders, allowed himself to be scourged by the prelates and monks, and spent the night in prayer at the shrine, not suffering a carpet to be spread for him, nor his mud-stained and bleeding feet to be washed. Next morning he left, bearing with him a little leaden phial, the badge of the Canterbury pilgrim, containing water which had been mixed with the Saint's blood. The continuous stream of pilgrims which made a track across the Kentish downs never failed till the faith was eclipsed in this land of ours.

Four places in the Cathedral of Canterbury were the stations of the pious pilgrim. There was the altar "at the point of the sword," built on the spot where St. Thomas received his death wound. Then there was his tomb in the crypt, the scene of so many miracles and of the penance of the King, where for fifty years his remains had rested, and where precious relics of the Saint were preserved. The chapel, so well known as Becket's crown, where in a costly reliquary reposed the portion of the Saint's skull, severed at the martyrdom, was the third station. The shrine itself, behind the high altar, dazzling with the light of precious stones, was the fourth. Another Henry spoiled the shrine, and then condemned our Saint in a mock trial for contumacy, treason, and rebellion, and by the sentence of the court his bones were burnt and scattered to the wind. *Exoriatur ex ossibus ultor?* May God in His loving revenge give back to England the faith of St. Thomas!

Was Barlow a Bishop?

BY MR. SERJEANT BELLASIS:

Being

Letters from an Anglican, since become Catholic.

NOTE.

[The *Dictionary of National Biography* (vol. iv. p. 181), gives the following note as to the letters now here published for the first time in a separate form: "Mr. Serjeant Bellasis, while yet an Anglican, had, in 1847, written four letters on the question of Bishop Barlow's consecration, which, a few years afterwards, were published in a newspaper. A reprint of them, authorised by Bellasis, appeared in 1872 under the title 'Anglican Orders, by an Anglican, since become a Catholic,' 8vo, pp. 15." As a matter of fact there were only a few printer's sheets in existence during the Serjeant's lifetime, the reprint in question, for private circulation only, being undertaken some time after his death. The late Lord O'Hagan characterized the letters as being of "great historic interest," and they were known to the late Canon Estcourt, who alludes to their author in the preface to his work on Anglican Orders. Fr. Gallwey, S.J., had also access to them, but they were not very general, owing to the scarcity of the copies.—E. B.]

I.

LONDON *April* 1, 1847.

My dear——,

—The objections made by Roman Catholics to the validity of English Ordinations are threefold:—1st. That Archbishop Parker, from whom they are all derived, was never consecrated at all. 2nd. That the person who consecrated him (if he was consecrated) was not himself a consecrated Bishop. 3rd. That the form used was not such as to convey episcopal authority

But they admit that if he was consecrated by a person who had himself been duly consecrated, and if a valid form was used, he was by such consecration a true Bishop, notwithstanding what they conceive to be the schism of the Anglican Church—that is, they believe that we Anglicans have preserved the Apostolical Succession in that case, although our Orders are irregular and schismatical.

The first charge is, that the records of the consecration of Archbishop Parker, which are at Lambeth Palace, are not genuine documents, but forgeries. These documents I saw yesterday, and my opinion is that they are genuine documents, although there certainly were grounds for suspicion, especially this—that when, at the time, the Catholics objected to Archbishop Parker that he had not been duly consecrated, he did not reply by producing the register of his consecration, which would have put the fact beyond dispute, but applied for and obtained an Act of Parliament to remedy any defects there might have been therein; and the register itself was not produced or specifically alluded to for more than fifty years after, and not until every one named in it was dead. However, notwithstanding this, I take it for granted that the register which I saw is true, and that Archbishop Parker underwent a form of consecration: it only remains, therefore, to make out that the person who consecrated him was himself a Bishop, and that he used a valid form.

On the accession of Queen Elizabeth there were fourteen Bishops in England. These, of course, were Catholic Bishops, and not one of them could be found who would consecrate the intended Archbishop. They were all deprived of their sees but one, and he refused to do it. This made it necessary to look about for some of the Bishops who had resigned or been deprived at the beginning of the reign of Mary, and the register at Lambeth states that Parker was consecrated by Bishop Barlow (who was Bishop of Bath and Wells at the accession of Mary, and who had resigned his see), assisted by Coverdale, Scory, and Hodgkins, three other deprived Bishops; and the question is, whether Barlow

had ever himself been consecrated. I found, on reading both sides of the question, that what one stated as a fact the other denied, and so I determined to sift this question thoroughly, by reference to the actual documents, for myself; and I will now tell you honestly how the case stands.

I should tell you, *imprimis*, that at all consecrations one Bishop is called the consecrating Bishop, and the others are called the assistants. Now, the register at Lambeth states that Barlow was the consecrating Bishop, assisted by the others; and this it is which makes Barlow's own consecration so important, because all our present Bishops have been consecrated by persons who primarily trace back their succession through Parker, and consequently through Barlow.

Bishop Barlow's history is this, that he was consecrated Bishop of St. Asaph in 1536; that subsequently to his consecration he was translated in the same year to St. David's; that in 1548 he was again translated to Bath and Wells, which he resigned on the accession of Queen Mary; that he went abroad, and returned on the accession of Elizabeth, and then consecrated Parker. The question is, was he (Barlow) ever *consecrated?* as it is not doubted that he did occupy all the above sees in succession.

First, it appears from Rymer that he was *elected* Bishop of St. Asaph in January 1535-6, and the mandate for his consecration is dated February 2nd, 1536; but although Cranmer's Register at Lambeth is very minute and perfect in recording all the consecrations of Bishops in his province during his Archiepiscopate, there is no record of the consecration of Barlow, which of itself throws a doubt upon it. All the other documents are there—his election, confirmation, &c., &c.; but where in other cases the account of the consecration follows, in his case it is omitted.

But this might have been an accidental omission: let us see, then, what the circumstances were as to his being made Bishop of St. Asaph.

The mandate to Cranmer to consecrate him Bishop

of *St. Asaph* is dated Feb. 2nd, 1536; on the 18th Feb. the Bishop of *St. David's* died, and to his Bishopric of St. David's Barlow was transferred, and the question is, *Was he consecrated before he was transferred?* I have seen the *congé d'élire* or licence to the Dean and Chapter of St. Asaph to elect another Bishop in the room of Barlow. Now, these licences to elect always specify the cause of the vacancy; it is always, if the previous Bishop is dead, "vacante per mortem naturalem ultimi Episcopi;" if he is translated to another see, it is "per *translationem* ultimi Episcopi;" if he has been deprived "per deprivationem ultimi Episcopi." Also a Bishop who has been elected and not consecrated is always, in all formal documents, called "Bishop elect" only. Now, in the *congé d'élire* to the Dean and Chapter of St. Asaph to elect a Bishop in the room of Barlow, he (Barlow) is called "Bishop elect," and the cause of the vacany is said to be his *exchange*. The words are "vacante per liberam *transmutationem* Wilhelmi Barlow ultimi Episcopi *electi*," and he is so described throughout the whole of the formal documents relating to the election of his successor There is no other instance in which a *translation* is described by any other word than "translationem," nor in which a *consecrated* Bishop to any see is called a "Bishop *elect*." The conclusion is, therefore, I think, not an improbable one, that in consequence of the Bishopric of St. David's falling vacant when Barlow was about to be consecrated to St. Asaph, the consecration did not take place; but the "Bishop elect" of St. Asaph—viz., Barlow—was "exchanged to St. David's."

It is also important to remark that the documents contained in the same register of Cranmer relating to the election of Barlow's successor at St. Asaph's (Robert Wharton) conclude with the usual register of *his* consecration.

Another reason why it is likely that Barlow was not consecrated for St. Asaph is, that it appears by Strype's *Memorials*, vol. i., pt. 1, p. 347, that Thomas Holcroft and Wm. Barlow, Bishop *elect* of St. Asaph, were sent

by Henry VIII. into Scotland on a mission to King James, to induce him to throw off the Pope's authority. Now, if he went to Scotland as Bishop elect, he could scarcely have returned in time to have been consecrated *under the mandate of February 2nd.*

I have no time to write more to-day. The above are the reasons why it is, as I think, almost if not quite certain that Barlow was not consecrated Bishop of St. Asaph: it remains to be seen whether it is likely that he was afterwards consecrated either at St. David's or at Bath and Wells.

Yours most sincerely,

EDWARD BELLASIS.

April 8, 1847.

Dear——,

—I have been so busy all the week, that I have not been able to continue my letter to you till now, I told you in my last letter that it was very probable, if not certain, that Barlow never was consecrated Bishop of *St. Asaph.*

1st. Because there is no register of his consecration at Lambeth, although all other formal documents are there relating to the election;

2nd. Because in the document relating to his successor, Barlow is invariably stated to have been "Bishop elect" only;

3rd. Because the occasion of vacancy in those documents is not expressed in the usual word, "translation," but by other words which are not to be found in any other case before or since, and which imply exchange, or something short of any ordinary "translation," which is the term applied to the removal of an actual Bishop from one see to another.

I subjoin the ordinary form—the invariable form, in fact—in which, when the cause of the vacancy is the re-

moval of the late Bishop to another see, that cause is expressed in the formal documents.

"Vacante per translationem Domini A. B., ultimi Episcop. ibidem."

In the election documents of Barlow's successor at St. Asaph, the cause of vacancy is expressed several times over; and I subjoin the different modes in which it is expressed in the different documents.

Letters patent.—(Cran. Reg. 194-a.)

"Per liberam transmutacionem Willi'mi Barlowe, ultimi Ep'i ib'm el'ci.

Petition.—(Cran. Reg. 194-b.)

"Per cessionem, dimissionem, sive transmutacionem Reverendi Patris D'ni Will'mi Barlowe, ultimi Epis. elect ib'm."

Instrument of assent.—(C. R. 195-b.)

"Per liberam dimissionem, cessionem, et transmutacionem Reverendi Patris D'ni Will'mi Barlowe, ultimi Episcopi ib'm electi."

Process of Election.—(C. R. 195-b.)

"Per liberam renunciationem, cessionem, sive transmutacionem Reverendi Patris D'ni Will'mi Barlowe, ultimi et immediati Ep'i ib'm in eadam Eccl'ia Cath. Assaphen electi."

In the same.—(C.R. 196-a.)

"Per transmutationem, cessionem, sive liberam dimissionem Reverendi Patris D'ni Will'mi Barlowe, ultimi Præsulis sive Pastoris electi."

In the same.—(Cran. Reg. 196-b.)

"Per liberam renunciationem, cessionem, dimissionem, et transmutationem D'ni Will'mi Barlowe, ultimi et immediati P'sulis et Pastoris et Ep'i ejusdem electi."

Final sentence.—(C.R. 197-b.)

"Per liberam transmutacionem Dn'i Will'mi Barlowe, ultim. Ep'i ib'm electi et confirmati."

Suppose, then, that Barlow was not consecrated at St.

Asaph, that is, as Bishop of that see—was he consecrated on his "transmutation" to St. David's?

Cranmer's register contains, p. 205-b and in the following pages, the formal documents of the removal of Barlow to St. David's. All is perfect, but there is no record of consecration. This, however, is accounted for by the fact that throughout all these documents he is described "nuper Episcopus Assaphen:" that is he is no longer called "Bishop elect," but is assumed to be a complete Bishop, and as such is elected and confirmed in his new see, without any record of any consecration.

I am now going down to Lambeth to see if there is any trace of his consecration when he was removed to Bath and Wells.

Believe me, yours most sincerely

EDWARD BELLASIS.

III.

April 13, 1847.

Dear——

—I went on Saturday again to Lambeth to search the register respecting Bishop Barlow. There is, however, no trace of any consecration on his removal to the see of Bath and Wells in 1548; therefore, so far as the register is concerned, he does not appear to have been consecrated at all.

But it may be said, that as it appears that Barlow himself was one of the assistant Bishops at the consecration of Bulkeley, Bishop of Bangor, in 1541 [Cran. Reg. 272], it is very improbable that he should have allowed so important a ceremony to have remained unperformed in his own case, and also it is improbable that Cranmer, whose duty it was to consecrate him, should have neglected to do so. This would be a very important argument as to probabilities, if it should appear that Cranmer, who ought to have consecrated, and Barlow,

who ought to have been consecrated, were at the time convinced of the necessity of consecration to the valid making of a Bishop; but supposing it to be proved that both of them had at that time deliberately expressed their opinion that consecration was unnecessary, it would confirm the probability that in Barlow's case it had not been done.

In the reign of Henry VIII. certain questions were put by the King to the then Bishops and other divines upon certain theological points; and these questions, and the answers of the different Bishops and others, are to be found in Burnet's *History of the Reformation*, vol. i., p. 201. Amongst others are the following :—

Question—"Whether the Apostles lacking a higher power, as in not having a Christian King among them, made Bishops by that necessity, or by authority given of God.

Cranmer—"The civil ministers under the King be Lord Chancellor, Lord Treasurer, Admirals, Sheriffs, &c., the ministers of God's Word under his Majesty be Bishops, Parsons, Vicars, and such other Priests as be appointed by his Highness to that ministration—as, for example, the Bishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Durham, the Parson of Winwick, &c. All the said offices be appointed, assigned, and elected in every place by the laws and orders of Kings and Princes. In the admission of many of these officers be divers comely ceremonies and solemnities, and which be not of necessity, but only for a good order and seemly fashion; for if such officers and ministrations were committed without such solemnity, they were nevertheless duly committed, and there is no more promise of God that grace is given in the committing of the ecclesiastical office than it is in the committing of the civil office."

Barlow—"Because they lacked a Christian Prince, by that necessity they ordained other Bishops."

Question—"Whether Bishops or Priests were first; and if the Priest was first, then the Priest made the Bishop?"

CRANMER—"The Bishops and Priests were at one time, and were no two things, but both one office, at the beginning of Christ's religion."

BARLOW—"At the beginning they were all one."

Question—"Whether in the New Testament *be required any consecration* of a Bishop or Priest, or only appointing to the office be sufficient?"

CRANMER—"In the New Testament he that is appointed to be a Bishop or a Priest *needeth no consecration* by the Scripture, for *election or appointment thereto is sufficient.*"

BARLOW—"Only the appointing."

Beside these opinions so expressed, articles were exhibited against Barlow in November, 1536 (that is, in the same year in which he was removed to St. David's), by the Catholics, for having said as follows in a sermon:—

"If the King's Grace, being supreme head of the Church of England, did choose, denominate, and elect any layman being learned to be a Bishop, that he so chosen (without mention made of any orders) should be as good a Bishop as he is, or the best in England."

So much for the opinions of Barlow as to the necessity of consecration.

But it may be said again, notwithstanding their private opinions, it is not likely that any Bishop would remain unconsecrated, although he might think it not necessary. There is, however, an instance in Cranmer's register of a Bishop being elected and confirmed, and remaining Bishop of a see for a year unconsecrated, and

then being consecrated upon his translation to a more prominent see. Bonner was elected and confirmed Bishop of Hereford in October, 1538 [Cran. Reg. 218], but there is no register of his consecration at that time; but in October, 1539, he is translated to London and in April, 1540, and not before, he is consecrated as Bishop of London [Cran. Reg. 241], having remained, therefore, Bishop of Hereford a year and Bishop of London half a year without being consecrated.

Under all these circumstances, considering the openly expressed opinions of both Cranmer and Barlow that consecration was not necessary—that that opinion would be pleasing to King Henry—that there is no record of any consecration of Barlow by Cranmer or any one commissioned by him, or by any one at all—that the documents relating to the election of his successor at St. Asaph speak of Barlow as having been "Bishop-elect" only, and use words to describe the cause of the vacancy altogether unusual and implying something short of a regular "translation,"—I think it is in the highest degree probable, if not certain, that Barlow never was consecrated at all; and if so, it follows that he had no power to consecrate others, and therefore that Parker's consecration, so far as it depends upon Barlow, was no consecration at all.

In addition to these considerations, it may be important to know whether there existed any misgiving at the time of the consecration of Archbishop Parker as to the power of Barlow and the other Protestant Bishops to consecrate. It appears that Cardinal Pole, the last Archbishop, being dead, Queen Elizabeth issued a Commission to William Barlow and John Scory to consecrate Parker, joining with them in the same commission four of the Catholic Bishops. These four did not act, probably would not; but whatever their reasons might have been, a second Commission was issued six weeks later to Barlow, Scory, and some other Protestant Bishops including with them one of the above four Catholic Bishops, viz., the Bishop of Landaff (he eventually refused to act), and that second Commission contained the

following clause, which was never heard of in any such Commission before or since:—

"Supplentes nihilominus, suprema auctoritate nostrâ Regiâ—si quid, aut in hiis, quæ juxta mandatum, nostrum prædictum, per vos fient, aut *in vobis aut vestrum aliquo conditione, statu, facultate vestris* ad premissa perficienda, *desit aut deerit* eorum, quæ, per statuta hujus regni, *aut per leges Ecclesiasticas* in eâ parte requiruntur aut necessaria sunt, temporis ratione et rerum necessitate id postulante."

This seems to imply that it was supposed at the time that there were defects or deficiencies of some kind requiring such a clause.

This, therefore, is the state of the case so far as Barlow is concerned; and *if it be true that the consecrating Bishop* must be a true Bishop *in order to make the consecration valid*, and that it is not sufficient that the assistant Bishops alone should be true Bishops, then the existence of the Apostolical succession amongst ourselves depends upon the fact whether Barlow (who was, as appears by the register, the consecrating Bishop of Parker) had or not been consecrated.

Suppose, however, that this is not so, and that it is quite sufficient if any one of the assistant Bishops at a consecration be a true Bishop, and suppose that there was one true Bishop among the assistants at Parker's consecration, then the question arises whether the form used was a valid form, and that point I must leave for the present.

Believe me, yours most sincerely,

EDWARD BELLASIS.

IV.

Easter Eve, 1847.

My dear——,

—I perceive in my last letter that I assume, without proving, that Barlow was the consecrating

Bishop at Parker's consecration; I therefore subjoin, first, the rubric in the old Catholic service which makes the distinction between the consecrating Bishop and the assistants; and, secondly, the account given in Parker's register at Lambeth of the part taken by Barlow, as distinguished from the others, on the occasion of Parker's consecration

CATHOLIC RUBRIC.

"The officiating Bishop then goes to the altar, where being seated in a chair, with his face turned towards the people, the assistant Bishops lead to him him that is to be consecrated, conducting him between them, and the elder of the assistant Bishops, addresses himself to the consecrating Bishop and says to him in Latin, 'Reverendissime Pater, postulat sancta Mater Ecclesia Catholica ut hunc præsentem Presbyterum ad onus episcopatûs sublevetis.'"

The register of Lambeth then describes this part of Parker's consecration:—

"Finito tandem Evangelio, Hereford'en electus, Bedford'en suffraganeus, et Milo Coverdale (de quibus supra) Archiep'um coram Cicestren electo [Barlow] apud mensam in cathedra sedente, hiis verbis adduxerunt Reverende in Deo Pater, hunc virum p'm [pium] pariter atq: doctum *tibi* offerimus atq; p'ntamus [presentamus] ut Archiep'us consecretur."

It is obvious, therefore, that the same distinction was made at Parker's consecration that was accustomed; viz., that one of the Bishops present (in this case, Barlow, Bishop-elect of Chichester,) was the chief officiating Bishop, the other assisting Bishops bringing and offering the new Bishop to him for consecration.

Both in the Catholic service and in the Anglican, notwithstanding that one of the Bishops is considered and called the consecrating Bishop, all the Bishops present lay their hands upon the Bishop to be consecrated, and repeat the words appointed to be said,* and some say that if any one of the persons who so lays his hands on the new Bishop is a properly-consecrated

* This is not quite accurate. The Anglican rubric orders that the consecrator *alone* should repeat the words of consecration.—J. D. B.

Bishop, the consecration is valid: this point I do not pretend to discuss, nor am I qualified to do so.

The case, therefore, at present stands thus: if it is necessary that the principal consecrating Bishop should have been himself consecrated, and if Barlow never was consecrated, then our whole hierarchy falls to the ground; but supposing it is sufficient that any one of the Bishops present and assisting should be a true Bishop, and that it does not depend upon the consecrating Bishop alone, then the only question is, was a valid form used in Parker's case?

This point I must postpone till I understand the question better than I do at present.

Yours most sincerely,
EDWARD BELLASIS.

V.

May 3, 1847.

My dear——,

—There are a few other facts and considerations in relation to what I have already written which I will give you at once whilst they are in my memory, although they may be somewhat unconnected.

As to the validity of the consecration depending upon the consecrating Bishop. Cranmer, at one period of his Episcopate, as you will see by my index to his register of consecrations, rarely consecrated in his own person; he issued a commission in each case to some one to consecrate in his place. This commission, however, is ordinarily only addressed to one Bishop. No one has a right to consecrate in a province but an Archbishop: if the assistant Bishops, therefore, are also consecrators, it may be said they should be included by name in the Commission.

Again, the consecrating Bishop is the party who examines the Bishop elect, and so may be said to take the responsibility of the consecration. But this is a

matter that must really be left to divines to determine. I perceive, however, that it is said on the Anglican side, "Why do the assistant Bishops lay their hands on the head of the Bishop to be consecrated, if they do not by that act consecrate?" To which it is replied on the other, "They do so as witnesses and to signify their assent, in the same way as the Priests present lay their hands on with the Bishop at ordinations of Priests."

You must take all I say as a mere statement of facts: it is possible that other documents may exist which may show Barlow to have been consecrated; all I say is, that after a diligent search I have discovered nothing at present but what leads to the conviction that he never was.

Yours most sincerely,
EDWARD BELLASIS.

To the argument contained in the foregoing letters it has been observed:—

1. That the suggestion of Barlow not being consecrated was not made until 48 years after his death.

Answer—It was only when the state of the public records became known that the doubt arose.

2. Consecration must be presumed until disproved.

Answer—True: *primâ facie* case of non-consecration must be made out: but this being done, the *onus probandi* lies on the other side.

3. Neither Cranmer nor Barlow durst have run such a risk with a monarch like Henry VIII.

Answer—Non-consecration would be personally agreeable to the King, who held that consecration was not necessary, and whose power was increased by its omission. If there was no consecration, the fact was probably known to him, and the rite omitted in order to please him.

4. The non-consecration would have been known and mentioned in controversy against Barlow in his lifetime, which it never was.

Answer—The same reasons which prevailed for making the fact known to the King would obtain for concealing it from the public, amongst whom, no doubt, a

strong Catholic feeling still prevailed, which would not have endured an unconsecrated Bishop.

The grounds for at least doubting Barlow's consecration are:—

1. That it is plain from the public records relating to his successor at St. Asaph, that he was not consecrated as Bishop of that See.

2. That it is plain from all the documents relating to his election and confirmation at St. David's that he was treated as if he had been a consecrated Bishop before his election to that See.

So *primâ facie* he was not consecrated at all; a conclusion confirmed by his and Cranmer's declared opinions as to the non-necessity of consecration.

EDWARD BELLASIS.

ADDENDUM.

(*Extract from a Letter.*)

VILLA STE. CÉCILE, HYÈRES, VAR.
March 26th, 1872.

It is not a question of the mere omission of a record of Barlow's consecration; but if the records as they exist are true, he could not have been consecrated at all.

1. It is quite plain that his successor was appointed to St. Asaph as succeeding an unconsecrated Bishop; therefore, Barlow was not consecrated as Bishop of St. Asaph.

2. On his removal to St. David's he was not consecrated; all the formal documents are perfect, and there is no record of consecration, indeed he is throughout spoken of as the "late Bishop of St. Asaph."

3. Barlow, in going through the form of consecrating Archbishop Parker, could not have had the "intention" necessary for a valid act, as he did not believe there was any difference between a Priest and a Bishop, and the form had been altered so as to avoid admitting it.

EDWARD BELLASIS.

WAS BARLOW EVER CONSECRATED AS BISHOP OF ST. DAVID'S?

SERGEANT BELLASIS has clearly proved from Cranmer's register that up to the day of his election as Bishop of St. David's, Barlow was only Bishop *elect* of St. Asaph's. He was elected to St. David's April 10th, 1536. His election was confirmed April 21st. He received the grant of the temporalities of St. David's, April 26th, and from that time styled himself, and was styled, "Bishop" of St. David's. He was summoned to Parliament as "Bishop" of St. David's, April 27th. He was enthroned May 1st, and took his seat in the House of Lords, June 30th. It is not pretended by any one that he was consecrated after taking his seat in the House of Lords. Was he consecrated before the 30th of June?

Dr. Lee claims that he must have been consecrated on Sunday, April 23rd, because he received the grant of his temporalities on April 26th;* but this is purely a gratuitous conjecture which has no evidence to support it whatever. We know from Cranmer's register that only four consecrations of Bishops are recorded to have taken place in the year 1536, none of them on April 23rd.† Moreover the very grant of restitution of temporalities relied on to prove his consecration clearly proves the contrary. It is not in the usual form by any means. From the year 1534, the date of the abolition

* *Validity of the Holy Orders of the Church of England*, p. 167. London, 1869.

† The episcopal consecrations for the year 1536 were held on March 19th, June 11th, July 2nd, and Oct. 22nd. Stubbs' *Registrum Sacrum*, pp. 77-78.

of the Papal Supremacy down to the abolition of *congé d élire* under Edward VI., it was usual to recite in the grant of temporalities that all the conditions necessary to a legal and valid consecration—viz., *congé d'élire*, election, royal assent, confirmation, investiture, with the episcopal insignia and the accepted homage and fealty of the nominee—had been complied with. The fact of consecration was always insisted on. For instance, Rymer (xiv. p. 552) gives the mandate for the consecration of Edward Fox to the See of Hereford as follows:—"By this writ we command that you confirm the election and the person of the elect with all convenient despatch, and that you duly import to the same, and to his person, the *gift of consecration*, as it is meet; and that you do, and execute all other and singular things pertaining to, or which may in any way pertain, together, or successively, to the conferring of such confirmation and *consecration*." Then follows the grant of the temporalities of the See:—"Whereas the most Rev. Father in Christ, Thomas, Archbishop of Canterbury, hath *consecrated* Edward Fox a Bishop, and hath invested him with episcopal insignia, as it appeareth from his letters patent directed unto us. We, &c."

Compare these with the mandate and grant of restitution in Barlow's case. Cranmer (Register p. 281, also Rymer xiv. p. 559) gives the words of Barlow's mandate thus:—"And this we signify unto you by the tenor of these presents, that in this matter you do what belongs to your office." Such are the orders of the King to Cranmer; nothing more, not a word about consecration. The wording of the grant of temporalities of St. David's given by Estcourt (p. xix) is equally remarkable. It is not the usual grant made to a Bishop after his consecration, but a "grant of the custody of the temporalities on account of the *vacancy* of the See" to Barlow and his assigns "during his life," thus rendering a grant of temporalities after consecration unnecessary. Such grants were sometimes made to a Bishop-elect before consecration, but never to a consecrated Bishop. This grant recites the fact of Barlow's nomination election,

and confirmation, but there is not a word about consecration. It says:—"Henry VIII. &c. To all, &c. Know ye, that whereas the Cathedral Church of St. David's has, by the death of Richard Rawlins, late Bishop of St. David's, been widowed and deprived of pastoral comfort, and is thereby vacant; and whereas on that account all the proceeds and profits, farm rents, reversions together with the beneficial uses and temporal emoluments of the said bishopric have belonged and accrued to us, by the right of our royal prerogative and the same are known to belong and accrue; and whereas the Precentor and Chapter of the said cathedral church, after the death of the aforesaid Bishop, with our previous license, have chosen for their Bishop and pastor, our well beloved and faithful William Barlow, *named by us Bishop*, and whereas the most Reverend Father in Christ, Thomas, Archbishop of Canterbury, hath *accepted* and *confirmed* that election; and hath *set over* the aforesaid church of St. David's, the said Bishop so elected as appeareth by the letters patent of the said Archbishop to us directed, we now for certain causes and considerations *specially* moving us and for the sincere affection, which we have and bear towards the *aforesaid Bishop*, have, hereby, with special favour and with certain knowledge and of our own free act, given and granted, and do by these presents give and grant in our own part, and for our heirs and successors to the same *now Bishop*, all and singular the issues and lands, &c., during his life. In testimony whereof, &c., April 26th."*

This document not only clearly proves that Barlow was not consecrated up to April 26th, but also supplies the motive for his not being consecrated subsequently. The royal theologian has left it in writing, that in virtue of his supremacy over the Church of England he claimed the right to make Bishops by royal nomination without consecration. Cranmer fully endorsed this view, and

* See Memoranda Roll of the Lord High Treasurer's Remembrancer 28. Henry VIII., Easter term Roll. I.

had probably suggested it to his royal master. He lays down (Burnet's *History of the Reformation*, i. p. 201) that "the ministry of God's word under his Majesty be Bishops, Parsons, and such other Priests as be *appointed* by his Highness, to that ministration—as, for example, the Bishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Durham, the Parson of Winwick, &c., all the said offices be appointed, assigned, and elected, in every place by the laws and orders of Kings and Princes. In the admission of many of these offices, be divers comely ceremonies and solemnities, and *which be not of necessity*, but only for a good order and seemly fashion, for if such offices and ministrations were committed *without* such solemnities they were nevertheless *duly* committed, and there is no more promise of God that grace is given in the committing of the ecclesiastical office than it is in the committing of the civil office." In this grant of temporalities this royal claim to make a Bishop by nomination is set forth in all its naked Erastianism. The King says that he has named Barlow Bishop, that Cranmer has confirmed him, and that, therefore, he is now Bishop. For anyone after this to have questioned the validity of Barlow's episcopal character would have exposed him to the penalties for denying the Royal Supremacy, and no one who did not ambition the fate of a Fisher or a More, would care to expose himself to the consequences of doing so. This document therefore supplies the answer to the question so often asked—what motive could Barlow have had for wishing to shirk consecration?

In the face of these and other facts, Haddon is obliged to admit that the fact that Barlow was not consecrated before June is "almost certain."*

Haddon argues that Barlow must have been consecrated on June 11th, along with Repps of Norwich, because that is the only day in June on which any consecration is recorded to have taken place, so that if he was not consecrated then, he was not consecrated

* Bramhall's Works, iii. preface: *Anglo-Catholic Library.*

in June at all: and there is no mention of Barlow having been present in the record of the consecration held on June 11th.

But this is drawing a conclusion without proving your major premiss, in fact from a mere assumption. Repps took his seat with Barlow in the House of Lords June 30th: had they been consecrated together Barlow would have taken precedence, because he was elected April 10th, confirmed April 21st, summoned to the House April 27th, and enthroned May 1st, whereas Repps was not elected Bishop till May 31st. The precedence was, however, given to Repps, which proves that they had not been consecrated together, and that Barlow took his seat as "custos spiritualitatis" rather than as a consecrated Bishop. Haddon's surmise has been pulverized by the discovery of Cromwell's warrant in the office of the Exchequer to the Garter King at Arms* for the payment of Barlow's "dyetts" and in this warrant, which is dated June 12th, Barlow is described as still "elect of St. David's." Now Cromwell not only was intimate with Barlow, but was the King's Vicar General, and therefore his evidence is conclusive that Barlow had not been consecrated on June 11th. This document gives the *coup de grace* to the Anglican contention, for it is not claimed that any episcopal consecration was held between June 12th and June 30th, nor is it contended that Barlow was consecrated after he took his seat in the House of Lords.

Besides, we have the very striking evidence of Barlow's register taken in connection with what has been already stated. Mr. Bailey in his *Defence of Holy Orders in the Church of England*, (p. 45.) says:—"We admit that in Cranmer's register the consecration of Barlow is not to be found, but his confirmation only (although the half page following the confirmation being left vacant affords a reasonable supposition that it was omitted by the fault of the registrar whose duty it was to enter it); but neither are those of many other Bishops

* Ashmolean MS. no. 157, fol. 48. Bodleian, Oxon.

whose consecration has never yet been doubted by anyone." The writer here, like Haddon, takes for granted the fact in dispute, which has to be proved. The supposition that the entry was omitted by the fault of the registrar is not at all reasonable. All the other entries about Barlow are made with the greatest care and exactness and the fact that the registrar left a space vacant to enter his consecration when it took place proves that Barlow had not been consecrated when the other entries were made. And the evidence already adduced goes to show that no entry was made, simply because there was nothing to enter. Barlow's case is entirely different from that of Bishops whose registers are lost. In such cases we could not infer anything from that fact, if their views were orthodox about consecration. Barlow's register is not lost, and is positive evidence against him. Had he been consecrated, the presumption is the fact would have been recorded in the same way that the other facts about his appointment have been recorded. The fact that it is not recorded is under the circumstances a piece of strong corroborative evidence that it never took place at all. Haddon points out that the consecrations of Fox of Hereford, Latimer of Worcester, Sampson of Chichester, Helsey of Rochester, Skyp of Hereford, and Bell of Worcester, are not entered in Cranmer's register. No one has ever questioned the fact that they were consecrated. Why then should the fact of Barlow's consecration be questioned? Because there is no parity between the cases. The consecrations of these six Bishops can be proved from other sources. Fox's consecration is entered in his register thus: "Consecrated 26 Sept., 1535, by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishops of Winchester and Salisbury in the Cathedral of Winchester." (Fox's register at the end of Booth's Richardson's.) Latimer's consecration is attested by letters patent from Cranmer in his restitution of temporalities given by Rymer (xiv. 553). Sampson's consecration is attested in the same way; see Rymer xiv. 573. Helsey's consecration is attested in the same way; see

Rymer xiv. 553 and also by his own register given by Richardson (537) date 18 Sept. 1535., Skyp's consecration is attested by a royal licence given by Rymer (xiv. 648), and also by the Hereford register. Bell's consecration is also attested in his restitution of temporalities given by Rymer (xiv. 642) by letters patent from Cranmer. On the other hand no evidence from any source whatever can be produced to show when, where, or by whom Barlow was consecrated. The only date suggested with any show of reason when he could possibly have been consecrated, 11th June, is proved by Cromwell's warrant to be out of the question. It is this that gives such significance to the blank space in his register, which has remained a blank space to the present day.

In Mary's reign, Barlow promptly resigned and betook himself to the Continent, thereby avoiding all question being raised as to his episcopal character. In Elizabeth's time the question of his episcopal status comes up again. We have an official document in the Record Office* dated Oct., 1559, in which Queen Elizabeth distinctly states that Barlow still remained "unconsecrated." This in connection with a man with such a history as Barlow's is not without significance. Of course it may be that, owing to the loose notions about consecration then current, too much stress cannot be laid upon the use of such terms. But

* State Papers Dom. Eliz. vii. p. 19. also Parker's Correspondence p. 101. It is sometimes objected that this statement proves nothing, because Scory is classed among the unconsecrated as well as Barlow, and he was certainly consecrated by the Anglican rite. But this argument seems to tell the other way. The Royal Commission appointed by Queen Mary to deal with such Anglican Prelates, deposed them on account of *nullity* of consecration; and Queen Mary's first Parliament had decreed that everything done about Anglican ordinations in the previous reign was null and void and of no effect. Scory, therefore, was, in the eyes of the law, which was still unrepealed, no more a consecrated Bishop than Hooper and Finer who had been degraded only from the priesthood before execution. However, both Barlow and Scory are classed with others who were certainly unconsecrated.

there is the fact and it may be, that although Barlow was recognised as being still unconsecrated in 1559, on the principle of *quieta non movere*, it was thought best for public reasons, to let the matter drop, especially as Parker and his followers had no faith in the necessity of episcopal consecration.

The evidence of the Lambeth Register is however not easy to get over. That curious document proves that the compilers were fully aware that the question of Barlow's episcopal character was an awkward one, which they did not quite know how to deal with. Canon Estcourt has proved that the present copy of the Lambeth Register is not the original record but a compilation from it in which certain important facts are carefully glossed over or suppressed. In the British Museum is preserved amongst the Harleian MSS. (419 p. 149,) a document called Foxe's MSS. which appears to be a copy of the original entry. If this is compared with the present official compilation, some very important alterations are apparent. In the former we are told that Barlow was Parker's consecrator and the other prelates were his assistants, quite in accordance with traditional usage. In the official copy this is altered, and Parker is represented as having had four consecrators instead of one consecrator and three assistants. There must have been some reason for this alteration. What was it? Why is the rubric in the Anglican ordinal, which was ordered to be followed on that occasion and which the Lambeth Register states was followed, represented as having been disregarded? Anglicans answer, in order to secure the validity of Parker's consecration. But that gives up the whole question; for if Barlow was a consecrated Bishop there was no need to take such extraordinary precautions in order to anticipate the objections which it was evidently expected would be made against the validity of Barlow's action.

Again, the original document gives the dates of consecration of Barlow's assistants, together with the names of their consecrators. Of Barlow, however, it

can only say that "he was consecrated in the time of Henry VIII.," the registrar being unable to give any date, though he had access to official documents and could have consulted Barlow who was then living. In the official account, all reference to Barlow's having been consecrated at all is suppressed, the compilers evidently being of opinion that the less said about Barlow's consecration the better. Of course what Lingard observes is quite true that "it seems most unreasonable without direct proof" to suppose that Barlow remained unconsecrated; but direct proofs having come to light since Lingard's time, *presumptio cedit veritati.* The presumptive evidence in Barlow's favour is dealt with by Estcourt (p. 60) and Hutton (p. 303) and therefore the replies need not here be reproduced. But taking the evidence as it stands at present, it is as clearly proved as any negative proposition can be, that Barlow was never a consecrated Bishop.

J. D. Breen.

The Faith of the Ancient English Church concerning the Holy Eucharist.

By the Very Rev.
J. S. Provost Northcote.

We are indebted for the following tract to the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.SS.R., who has kindly allowed us to compile it from his *History of the Holy Eucharist in Great Britain.* It is taken almost entirely from chapters VIII. and IX. of the first volume of that excellent work. A few additions have been made from Lingard's *Anglo-Saxon Church.*

It is the teaching of the Catholic Church that when the words of consecration are pronounced by the priest in Holy Mass, the substance of the bread and wine are changed into the substance of the Body and Blood of Christ.

To those who deny Creation, such a doctrine as this has of course no meaning; but in itself, and to those who reflect on what they believe, it is surely much harder to say, "I believe that God called into being things that were not," than to say "I believe that God, after becoming man, has instituted, for most wise and loving reasons, the change of our bodies' food into His own substantial Presence Who is the Bread of Life." His Divine Power changed man from senseless clay into a living being of flesh and blood, yet imposed on him at the same time the law that he should support that flesh and blood on the fruits of the earth whence Adam was taken. Is it then not conceivable that, having redeemed that fallen creature, He should find the means in harmony with His double nature to make him feed on his true life? Thus the outward forms of bread and wine remind him of the dust from which he

was taken, while the hidden Presence reminds him of the end for which he was created, and of the redemption by which that end is again placed within his reach.

Neither will it be denied, by those who believe the Holy Scriptures, that the doctrine of Transubstantiation is in perfect harmony with the history of God's prodigies both in the Old and New Testaments. He converted a dry rod into a living serpent, and a living serpent He changed back again into a dry rod; is it then incredible that bread and wine should be transformed into the living life-giving Flesh and Blood of Christ, and that, when the outward species are corrupted, the Flesh and Blood should cease to be present, and the former substances, as some think, be again restored?* The Son of God Himself took flesh at the word of a woman by the operation of the Holy Ghost; is it incredible to Christians that by the power of the same Holy Ghost, at the consecration of the priest using Christ's words and doing so by His own command, He should be again as it were incarnate? He changed water into wine to grace an earthly nuptial feast; is it contrary to analogy that He should change wine into His Blood in celebrating the perpetual banquet with the souls of men? During the days of His mortality he showed His Body at one time walking on the waves of the sea, at another lifted up from the earth and all glorious at His Transfiguration. Is it to be thought so strange that, now It is glorified above the heavens, He should for our sakes reduce It to conditions which exceed our experience and baffle our comprehension? He appeared and disappeared suddenly and mysteriously during the forty days He spent on earth after His resurrection, passing through the closed sepulchre and penetrating the closed doors; was it not to accustom us to modes of being remote from ordinary laws? And lastly, He multiplied visibly yet incomprehensibly the loaves of bread, distributing them by His apostles' hands till,

* It must not be supposed however that this is an article of faith: various opinions on this matter have been held in Catholic schools of theology.

after feeding thousands, the fragments that remained far surpassed in bulk the loaves unbroken; shall we then murmur when He promises to feed the millions of His Church on His Flesh which is meat indeed, and His Blood which is drink indeed, and shall we say: "This saying is hard, who can bear it?" "How can this man give us His Flesh to eat?"

It is true, indeed, that in the incidents just mentioned the bodily senses of the spectators bore testimony to the reality of the change; but the words of our Blessed Lord to St. Thomas suffice to teach us that the evidence of the senses is not the most perfect foundation on which faith can be based. Transubstantiation is a miracle in which our senses can be of no use to us, for it takes place in a region into which the senses cannot penetrate—in the region not of appearances but of substances, which are impervious to the senses as our own souls are: nevertheless our Blessed Lord, in preparing us for belief in this invisible miracle, vouchsafed to appeal to the sight and other senses. He wrought two miracles in particular—that of Cana in Galilee, and the multiplication of the loaves and fishes—of the truth and reality of which the senses *could* judge, in order that we might be prepared and disposed to believe His word with respect to corresponding miracles in the Blessed Sacrament of which, from the very necessity of the case, the senses were precluded from judging.

That the miracle of the loaves and fishes was intended, amongst other ends, for the very purpose of confirming our faith in the corresponding Eucharistic miracle is clear from this, that our Lord made it the occasion of announcing to his disciples the future gift of His own Body and Blood as the food of life. When the Jews on the following day had found Him in the synagogue of Capharnaum, He reproached them for labouring too earnestly for the meat which perisheth, and bade them think more of that which endureth unto life everlasting, "which," He said, "the Son of man *will* give you." The word was not lost upon His hearers. It set them

thinking and speaking of the manna with which their fathers had been fed in the wilderness. Jesus told them in reply that His Father would give them true bread from heaven that would give life to the world; and added that He was Himself that bread of life and that He had come down from heaven. The Jews, thinking that they knew all about His life and parentage, asked how He could have come down from heaven. Without vouchsafing a direct answer to this question, Jesus repeated His assertion and made a further step in the unfolding of His doctrine by saying, "The bread that I will give is My Flesh for the life of the world." The Jews therefore strove among themselves saying: "How can this man give us His Flesh to eat?" Again our Blessed Lord gives no explanation of their difficulty, but insists again and again with every variety of form, on the necessity and blessedness of eating the Flesh of the Son of man and drinking His Blood. After this many of His disciples went back and walked no more with Him. Then Jesus said to the twelve, "Will you also go away?" And Simon Peter answered Him, "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life. And we have believed and have known that Thou art the Christ, the Son of God." That is to say, he did not understand how our Lord's words were to be fulfilled any more than the Jews did, but he accepted his Master's words with unhesitating faith. And when on the eve of His Passion the apostles saw our Lord again take bread in His Sacred Hands and repeat the same action which had accompanied His miracle on the mount,—when they saw Him now, as then, look up to heaven, and bless and break, and when His words, His creative and transforming words, at last fell on their ear—"Take eat, this is My Body, this is My Blood"—then in a moment they comprehended that scheme of loving preparation and the full meaning of that mysterious discourse at Capharnaum. Thenceforward both the apostles themselves and all priests and bishops succeeding them, repeating the divine action in obedience to our Lord's command, could with the most

certain faith repeat the words of St. Paul, "The chalice of benediction which we bless, is it not the communion of the Blood of Christ? And the bread which we break is it not the partaking of the Body of the Lord?" (1. Cor. x. 16.)

Let thus much be said on the doctrine of the Holy Eucharist before we enter upon the immediate subject of the following pages, which is, not to establish the truth of the doctrine of Transubstantiation, but to show that the same doctrine was held on this subject in the ancient Church of England as is held by Catholics to-day. All are agreed that this was the doctrine of the Church of England for some centuries before the reformation, but it is pretended that it was first introduced into this country by the Italo-Norman primates, Lanfranc and St. Anselm, when it supplanted the more ancient and pure Protestant or quasi-Protestant doctrine which had before prevailed.

To all Catholics who know that the Church can never err, because she is the Spouse of Christ and has received the Holy Ghost for her dowry, there is no need to prove that the Church has always and everywhere been one in faith regarding the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar; but the change we have indicated is so persistently asserted by many writers that it is worth while to expose the falsehood of their statements.

"This island at present," wrote Venerable Bede in the eight century, "in the languages of five nations, examines and confesses one and the same science of the sublimest truth and true sublimity, viz., in those of the Angles, Britons, Scots, and Picts, and Latins; and this last, by the study of the Scriptures, has become common to all the rest." This testimony to the absolute unity in faith of the different Churches throughout Great Britain is confirmed by every document which has come down to us from whatever source. That there were disputes between the ancient British Church and the Roman missionaries who came with St. Augustine is of course notorious; but these very disputes bring out, in the most incontrovertible and

convincing way, how absolute was the unanimity between them as to all articles of faith. There were antagonisms, jealousies and disputes on points of discipline ; and in zeal of controversy, every difference, even in the shape of a tonsure, was magnified and sometimes made a big word of reproach ; yet not once did there escape from the lips of either party a reproach implying defect in faith, or error in worship. Discrepancies had arisen in the celebration of the Easter festival, from different reckoning of time, not from diversity of principle. As to the mystery which was commemorated at Easter, or the rite of commemoration, there was no discrepancy. St. Bede does indeed affirm that, besides their error in computing the time of Easter, the Britons "did also very many other things contrary to ecclesiastical unity." It is however certain that, whatever was the nature of these things, they in no way affected faith, morals or worship, for St. Augustine was content to tolerate the diversity, provided only they would reform the Easter cycle and complete the ceremonies of Baptism. It is not certain in what this defect consisted: as regards the nature of British peculiarities in other matters, we are left to conjecture. They cannot have been of great importance, since almost the only one that became a topic of contention was the shape of the ecclesiastical and monastic tonsure. It is inconceivable then that there can have been any difference between the contending parties on so vital a doctrine of the Christian faith as the Real Presence in the Sacrament of the Altar, the nature of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, or the intentions for which it should be offered. As to such matters no breath of accusation was ever heard on either side. Nevertheless, Protestant writers are found who dare to contrast "the advance of corruption in government, in faith, in doctrine, which was being made under Papal leadership throughout the rest of Europe, with the steadfast adherence to primitive truth and discipline which distinguished the isolated British Church ;" and they point to the conference of St. Augus-

tine with the British bishops in 603 as one of the tide marks of time, as the meeting of the Christianity of the year 400 with that of 600; and at a still later period in the history of our country, writers of the same class speak of an 'unyielding array of testimony which echoes from the whole theological school of ancient England against the new divinity of Lanfranc" in the doctrine of Transubstantiation.

It is the object of the following pages to show how unfounded are these charges of corruption, of change or of disagreement. The information that has come down to us regarding the faith of the ancient Britons, is in many points scanty and obscure, but we have seen that in all important matters it agreed with that of the later Anglo-Saxon Church. We shall proceed then, to set before our readers some testimony as to the faith of the Anglo-Saxons with regard to the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar.

A modern Catholic reading the life of St. Columba, written by Adamnan in 696, or the Ecclesiastical History of England, written by Bede in 736, will find every formula familiar to himself and expressing his faith exactly, as well as adequately. Protestants, on the contrary, whether Calvinists, Zwinglians, Lutherans, or High Church Anglicans, are uneasy at such language, carefully avoid it themselves, and sometimes even distort or evade it when making quotations. To give an example. Bede relates that King Ethelbert gave St. Augustine the old Church of St. Martin, and that "in this they began to meet, to chant psalms, to offer prayers, to celebrate Masses (*missas facere*), to preach, to baptize." In translating this, Carte says they preached and performed "other acts of devotion;" Collier, that they "preached, baptized and performed all the solemn offices of religion;" Churton, that they "administered the sacraments."

Such vague expressions show well enough a want of sympathy with Bede even as regards so simple and venerable an expression as Mass. How much less then would Protestants use or understand the various periphrases so familiar to Bede and to all our early writers

as "the celebration of the most sacred mysteries, the heavenly and mysterious Sacrifice, the offering of the Victim of Salvation, the Sacrifice of the Mediator, the Sacrifice of the Body and Blood of Christ, the memorial of Christ's great Passion, the renewal of the Passion and death of the Lamb!" All these expressions are used by Bede in his History and Homilies; and for the Blessed Sacrament Itself, as distinct from the rite of offering it to God—besides the more common designations *Hostia* and *Sacrificium* (in the vernacular, Housel),—they would speak of the Saving Victim of the Lord's Body and Blood, the Victim without an equal, a particle of the Sacrifice of the Lord's offering. These expressions are also found in Bede. We quote two passages from him. "As often as the solemnity of the Mass is celebrated, that most sacred Body and that precious Blood of the Lamb with which we have been redeemed from sin are immolated anew to God for the benefit of our salvation." And again, "Christ washes us from our sins in His Blood daily, when the memory of His Blessed Passion is renewed on the altar; when the creatures of bread and wine are made to pass by means of the inexplicable hallowing of the Spirit into the Sacrament of Christ's Body and Blood; which Body is no longer slain, which Blood is no longer shed, by the hands of infidels to their ruin, but received by the mouths of the faithful to their salvation."

Adamnan the Scot speaks of the Sacrifice of Mass, the Sacrificial mystery, the mysteries of the most Holy Sacrifice; and he tells us of the priest at the altar who performs the mysteries of Christ, consecrates the mysteries of the Eucharist, celebrates the solemnities of Masses. If we turn to the writings of Eddi, of St. Boniface, or St. Egbert, or to the decrees of early councils we find the same or similar phrases varied in every possible way to express the mystery, the sublimity of which was beyond human utterance. A multitude of verbs were in common use to designate the action of the priest at the altar. "*Missam cantare* or *canere*" might designate the whole action, though with special allusion to the vocal prayers. "*Missam facere*," "*offerre*," "*celebrare*," "*agere*,"

would also refer to the whole divine action; "*conficere*," "*immolare*," "*libare*," regarded the *Hostia* or Victim which was our Lord's Body and Blood or our Divine Lord Himself; and the secret operation by which the bread and wine were changed into our Lord's Body and Blood was indicated by every word by which Transubstantiation can be expressed, among which we find "*transferre*," "*commutare*," "*transcribere*," "*transformare*," "*convertere*." In spite of all this evidence, which exists in abundance, and lies, so to say, on the very surface of Anglo-Saxon religious literature, there are still Protestants who affirm that Transubstantiation was unknown to the Anglo-Saxon Church. Perhaps it will be useless to offer further proofs to those whose minds are prejudiced, yet it may be of service to some to remind them that with equal plausibility it might be denied that Catholics hold the doctrine of Transubstantiation at the present day. How, it may be asked, do Catholics now succeed in expressing their belief not only to themselves but even to their opponents? Whatever answer is given to this question, it is easy to show that the very same tests, when applied to the Anglo-Saxon Church, will give the same result. It might be said for example that modern Catholics hold the Real Presence of our Lord not in some vague and undefined mode as many Anglicans do, but that they make formal and explicit declaration of their belief in a change of substance; or that they not only call the Sacrament our Lord's Flesh and Blood, but speak of it as containing Christ Himself; or again that reports are current among them of miracles and visions attesting the Real Presence of Him Who died on the Cross. Let us then take these three tests and see how they apply to the faith of the disciples of St. Augustine, St. Paulinus, or St. Aidan.

I. First, then, Catholics are very explicit in saying what they mean by speaking of the Body and Blood of Christ. They use expressions that do not admit of being taken vaguely and metaphorically. They necessarily imply change of substance. Can anything in their way go beyond the following words of Aimo, writing in

A.D. 841: "It would be the most monstrous madness to doubt that the substance of the bread and wine which are placed upon the altar, is made the Body and Blood of Christ by the mysterious action of the priest and thanksgiving, God effecting this by His divine grace and secret power. We believe then, and faithfully confess and hold, that the substance of bread and wine, by the operation of divine power, the nature, I say, of bread and wine is substantially converted into another substance, that is, into Flesh and Blood. Surely it is not impossible to the omnipotence of Divine wisdom to change nature once created, into whatever It may choose, since when It pleased It created them from nothing. He who could make something out of nothing, can find no difficulty in changing one thing to another. It is thus the invisible Priest who converts visible creatures into the substance of His own Flesh and Blood by His secret power. In this which we call the Body and Blood of Christ, the taste and appearance of bread and wine remain to remove all horror from those who receive, but the nature of the substance is altogether changed into the Body and Blood of Christ. The senses tell us one thing, faith tells us another. The senses can only tell what they perceive, but the intelligence tells us of the true Flesh and Blood of Christ, and faith confesses it again."

Could anyone mistake the meaning of the following letter addressed to a Catholic priest: "I beg you will not forget your friend's name in your holy prayer. Store it up in one of the caskets of your memory and bring it out in fitting time, when you have consecrated bread and wine into the substance of the Body and Blood of Christ." Are not these words explicit? Well, they were used in writing to a Catholic priest; but it was more than a thousand years ago,—he who used them was Alcuin, the disciple of Bede, the master of Aimo.

II. We proceed now to our second test. Modern Catholics speak of the Holy Eucharist as containing Christ Himself. This follows necessarily from our belief

in the presence of His Flesh and Blood, for these can now neither be really separated one from the other, nor from our Lord's Soul, much less from His Divinity. Yet at the present day there are Anglican writers who admit with us that Christ's Flesh and Blood are present beneath the veils of bread and wine, yet deny that He Himself is there to receive our adoration. They seem to have meditated little on our Lord's words: "He that eateth My Flesh and drinketh My Blood *abideth in Me and I in him*. As the Living Father hath sent Me and I live by the Father, so he that *eateth* Me the same also shall live by Me." But our forefathers pondered more deeply on divine things. The very earliest document of the faith of the Anglo-Saxon Church is the letter written by St. Gregory to St. Augustine. In this he contrasts the angel who appeared on Sinai with the Lord of the angels Who is contained in the Blessed Sacrament. "If so much purity," he says, "was then required, when God spoke to the people by the means of a subject creature, how much ought those to be purer who receive the *Body of Almighty God*, lest they be burdened with the greatness of that unutterable mystery." The same great Doctor of the Church and of the English in particular says in his Book of Dialogues—and this volume was translated into Anglo-Saxon by Werfirth of Worcester, one of the literary assistants of King Alfred—"This sacrifice of His Body and Blood saveth the soul from everlasting destruction; for it reneweth to us through the mystery the death of the only begotten Son of God, who truly arose from the dead and after that dieth no more nor hath death any more dominion over Him; yet though He be living in Himself immortal and incorruptible *He is again sacrificed for us* in the mystery of the holy oblation." The following prayer for the blessing of the altar canopy or the Ciborium, gives another clear proof of the faith of the Anglo-Saxon Church; "Almighty and everlasting God, we beseech Thy ineffable clemency that Thou wouldst deign to pour Thy heavenly blessing upon this covering of Thy venerable altar, upon which Thy only-begotten Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, Who is

the propitiation for our sins, is constantly immolated by the hands of the faithful." In the consecration of an altar the Anglo-Saxon bishop prayed for the blessing of God that "on that altar His secret power may turn the elements chosen for the Sacrifice into the Body and Blood of the Redeemer, and by an invisible change, transform them into the holy Sacrifice of the Lamb; to the end that as the Word was made Flesh, so the nature of the oblation being blest, may be improved into the substance of the Word, and that which before was food, may here be made eternal life." Is it not clear that the Church which made use of this prayer, containing such an accumulation of phrases, all evidently intended to express one and the same doctrine, taught that the Eucharistic elements lying on the altar were there substantially changed by an invisible power into the Body and Blood of Christ?

III. The third test which we proposed of Anglo-Saxon faith was this. There are many stories current amongst modern Catholics regarding visions, apparitions, and miracles, by which the Real Presence of Jesus Christ beneath the sacramental veil has been attested. Protestants may consider these to be either delusions or impostures, but they accept them as evidence of our belief. Why, then, if similar stories were current among the Anglo-Saxons, should not the same conclusion be drawn? Now there were many such, and two shall be here related in the very words of those who first recorded them. The first is the vision of St. Edward. It is thus related by the Abbot St. Ælred who was born about forty years after St. Edward's death.

"In the monastery of St. Peter, which he had rebuilt or enlarged, before the altar of the Blessed Trinity, the most Christian king was assisting at the mysteries of our redemption. Count Leofric, whose memory is in benediction and who can never be named without reverence and spiritual joy, was present, together with his wife Godgiva. The holy count was standing at a little distance from the king. The Holy Mystery was being celebrated at the altar, and the Divine Sacraments were

in the priest's hands, when behold, He Who is beauteous beyond the sons of men, Christ Jesus, appeared standing on the altar visible to the bodily eyes of both, and with His right hand stretched over the king He blessed him with the sign of the Cross. The king bowing his head adored the Presence of Divine Majesty, and with humble posture paid honour to so great a blessing. But the Count not knowing what was passing in the mind of the king, and wishing him to share in so great a vision, began to draw near to him. But the king, knowing his thoughts, said: 'Stop, Leofric, stop; I see what you see.' They both give themselves up to prayers and tears, and are inebriated with the fulness of God's house and drink of the torrents of His delights. When Mass is over they converse on the heavenly vision. The king forbids the Count to mention it to any one during his life. In this he imitates our Lord after the transfiguration. The Count merely tells it to a religious at Worcester in confession, binding him also to secrecy, but begging him to write it that it may be revealed later on. This was done, and so it became known after the king's death."

Our second history shall be that of St. Odo, Archbishop of Canterbury, who died in 959. We have two versions of it, one in the life of the Saint by Eadmar, another written a whole century earlier (A.D. 959-1005) by a monk of Ramsey who had been intimate with St. Oswald, Odo's nephew, and had probably learnt from him what he relates. He writes as follows: "On a certain day when he (*i.e.*, Archbishop Odo) was offering pontifically to the great King (*i.e.*, to God) the worthy ministry of the Divine Sacrament, and was celebrating apart with his household the paschal feast of the glorious Lamb of God, that heavenly Lamb deigned to console him by the following miracle. After the recitation of the Gospel and the offering of the Divine Gift, and when his soul was full of compunction and his eyes flowing with tears, such as are often shed by the faithful and happy worshippers of God amidst these holy mysteries, this trusted friend of the Redeemer

began with chaste hands to touch the species of His Body (*effigiem*). While he was doing this he beheld an ancient miracle renewed in our times: for a drop of Blood flowed from the true Flesh of Christ's body. On beholding this most clearly with his eyes he marvelled; his mind was filled with fear and he was troubled in spirit. He calls immediately a faithful attendant who was near at hand and secretly shows him the miracle. To whom the priest replied; 'Rejoice, most reverend father, since Christ the Son of God has to-day so honoured thee that thou hast been worthy to see with thy bodily eyes Him Who is over all, God blessed for ever. Pray I beseech you the power of the ineffable God to make His Body return to its first form.' And when he had prayed, he arose, and found It as It was before, and received It with exultation of soul. On that day he ordered all the poor, the pilgrims, the orphans and widows, to be assembled, to whom, in honour of so great a miracle he commanded that a solemn feast should be given. Thus it came to pass that, while the head of the Kentish city was feeding on a heavenly banquet, the members were feasted on earthly food."

The fact of the great banquet given to the poor by St. Odo in honour of some great prodigy at the altar can scarcely be called in question, related as it is both by Eadmar and by this contemporary writer. That the prodigy consisted in the truth of Transubstantiation being made visible is also related by both; and let him deny or explain away the miracle who will; at least this is evident that the Saxon writer of the tenth century held exactly the same faith in this regard as the Norman writer of the eleventh century. Moreover, this monk of Ramsey testifies not only to the faith, but to the antiquity of the faith, of the Anglo-Saxon Church in Transubstantiation. He says that St. Odo beheld an *ancient miracle* renewed in our times; in fact similar histories are related from the earliest periods both in East and West; by St. Gregory of Tours in the sixth century, by St. Arsenius in the fifth, by Palladius in the fourth, by St. Cyprian in the third. Or to keep

to this country, John the deacon expressly declares that in his time (about 875) a history was wont to be read in the English Church about the miracles of St. Gregory the Great—how that at his prayers on one occasion the Sacred Host took the form of a finger dropping with blood to convict the incredulity of a lady; so also has Paschasius Radbert, writing in the middle of the ninth century, told us a very similar vision granted at the prayer of a priest named Plagils in the church of St. Ninian at Whithorne in Galloway, and he says that this was read in the Acts of the English.

We take our leave of this part of the subject by quoting the words of Lanfranc: "No one even slightly versed in ecclesiastical history and the lives of the holy Fathers is ignorant of these miracles, and although the writings in which they are recorded have not that superior authority which belongs to those of the prophets and apostles, yet at least they prove this—that all the faithful before us from the earliest times had the same faith as we have."

We have now laid before our readers a mass of evidence, to which much more might have been adduced, abundantly sufficient to show what was the faith of the Anglo-Saxon Church with reference to the Blessed Sacrament. It remains to enquire what can be added on the other side; and the answer must be given that there is one solitary witness: and even he, when he comes to be cross-examined, and his evidence closely sifted, is found to give but feeble support to the cause of which he is the main, if not the only stay.

Who, then, is the witness? Ælfric, a monk of Cerne in Dorsetshire, and in due time an Abbot, about the beginning of the eleventh century, but, as Dr. Lingard has shown neither Archbishop of Canterbury, nor of York, nor Bishop of Crediton, though some of his biographers have claimed these dignities for him. He was a diligent and not inelegant compiler and translator of religious works, and amongst these he compiled two sets of Homilies, each a sufficient course for one year. In these he uniformly follows the typical method of

Scriptural interpretation. There is not any action, or event, or name mentioned in the Sacred Text which does not in his opinion teem with mystery. It may have a literal but it has also a "ghostly" signification; it expresses one thing but it also "betokeneth" another.

Before we proceed to examine what he has written, let it be clearly stated that the question of his faith or orthodoxy has nothing to do with that of the Anglo-Saxon Church, since neither by position nor reputation was he her representative. If Ælfric were shown to be Protestant in his doctrine, his doctrine was singular and his opinions erroneous. There is no man better entitled to speak on this subject than Dr. Lingard, who gave to Anglo-Saxon literature and institutions a lifelong attention. His judgment is as follows: "If Ælfric indeed taught Protestant doctrine, he must have been the first who taught it, for it was not the doctrine of those who wrote before him. Of it or of anything like to it not a trace is to be found in any document connected with the ancient British Church; not in the acts of her councils, not in the liturgical and euchological forms of her worship, not in the correspondence or biography or works of her writers, and I make this assertion with the greater confidence, not only because I have made the enquiry myself but also because it is now almost three hundred years since Archbishop Parker and his followers were challenged to produce the testimony of any other native writer in support of this supposed doctrine of Ælfric; and yet as far as I can learn no man to the present day has responded to the call. Undoubtedly they would have done so had it been in their power." He goes on to show how Mr. Soames in his *History of the Anglo-Saxon Church* has named Bede, Alcuin, and Erigena, but without venturing to quote them. Now we have already heard the clear testimony of Bede and Alcuin on the Catholic side, and Erigena was no Englishman, nor is it even certain that he ever set foot in this country. In 1879 appeared a new History of the Church of England. The author (Dr. Boultbee) as usual maintains that the

Saxon Church did not hold Transubstantiation, yet still the only authority quoted is Ælfric, and after alluding to other "leading church teachers" whom he does not name he concludes, "whatsoever else may be obscure in Ælfric's homily it is clear that he repudiates Transubstantiation." Now let us see what Ælfric has really said. I have perused very carefully the translation of his writings made by Mr. Thorpe, and I confess freely that there are in them many phrases of evil sound. Our readers shall judge for themselves.

Dr. Lingard gives the following extract from his homily on Easter Sunday as a fair sample of his doctrine. Having quoted the words of our Blessed Lord at the institution of the Sacrament and His declaration to the Jews in the sixth Chapter of St. John he proceeds thus: "Now some men have often enquired and do yet frequently make inquiries how the bread that is prepared out of corn and is baked through the heat of the fire, may be changed to Christ's Body and the wine that is wrung out of many berries be changed through any blessing to the Lord's Blood. Now say we to such men, that somethings are said of Christ by token, some in reality. Sooth then and real it is that Christ was born of a maiden and suffered death of His own will and was buried, and on this day rose from death. He is called bread through token, and a lamb, a lion and other things. . . . And yet He is not bread in his true kind nor a lamb, nor a lion. Why then is the Holy Housel called Christ's Body or His Blood if it be not truly that which it is called? Truly the bread and wine that are hallowed through the priest's Mass present one thing to man's senses outwardly and call up another thing to the minds of believers inwardly. Outwardly they are seen (or seem) bread and wine in appearance and taste; yet after the hallowing they are in sooth through ghostly mystery Christ's Body and His Blood. . . . Behold now we see two things in the water of baptism. It is in its own kind corruptible water; through ghostly mystery it hath a saving power. So also if we enquire into the Holy Housel according to its bodily appearance then we see that it is a corruptible and

changeable creature; but if we are aware of the ghostly power that is in it, then we understand that life is therein which gives immortality to them who eat it with belief. Much difference is there between the invisible power of the Holy Housel and the visible appearance of its own kind. In kind it is corruptible bread and corruptible wine and according to the power of the Divine Word it is in sooth Christ's Body and His Blood; not however in bodily guise but after a ghostly manner. Truly the Body in which Christ suffered was born of the flesh of Mary with blood and bone, with a skin and sinews, with many limbs, and a reasonable soul giving life to it; and His ghostly body which we call the Housel is gathered of many corns, without blood and bone, limbless and soulless; and therefore we are to understand nothing therein after a bodily but everything is to be understood after a ghostly manner. Whatever is in the Housel that giveth to us the substance of life that is of the ghostly power and of invisible framing. Therefore the Holy Housel is called the mystery, because one thing is seen therein and another is understood. . . Many receive that Holy Body yet it is whole in every particle by ghostly mystery. . , In sooth it is as we have already said Christ's Body and His Blood not after a bodily, but after a ghostly manner. Nor are you to enquire how it is made so, but to hold in your belief that it is made so."

Now we have admitted that there is something in this language unusual and ill sounding; nevertheless it is capable of being understood in a Catholic sense. Ælfric keeps insisting that the Body of Christ as received in the Eucharist is not the same Body that hung on the Cross; but these words may have a true sense or a false one. According to the Catholic faith It is essentially the same, yet not the same according to its mode of existence. Our Lord said of St. John the Baptist that he was Elias, John himself said that he was not. They spoke in different senses. The ancient Fathers who wrote against the Manichees insisted on free will as if to the neglect of grace; those who wrote against the Pelagians insisted on grace as it were to the disparagement of free will.

There was no real contradiction, but the opponents or objections required different language. So has it been with regard to the Eucharist. Against those who would adopt figurative interpretations of our Lord's words, Catholic writers will insist on the reality of His Flesh and Blood. Against men whose minds are gross and sensual, the same Catholic writers would insist on the presence being spiritual. In fact from the very nature of the question there will be the same double meaning and consequent ambiguity which is attached to the word "flesh" in Holy Scripture. St John speaks of the sons of God "who are born not of the flesh" and then immediately adds "and the Word was made Flesh." The eternal Son of God was made Flesh that the adopted sons of God might not be carnal. If we knew the state of mind of those for whom Ælfric was writing we could judge better about his meaning. He tells us at the beginning of the passage we have quoted that men were making enquiries about the mode of the Presence of Christ in the Holy Eucharist. If amongst these enquirers there were some who entertained gross views of what was meant by it, then the language of Ælfric is quite intelligible and Catholic. He is combating disbelief by proving that belief requires no such rude conceptions as they stumble at.

I am confirmed in this view of Ælfric by the conduct and language of Lanfranc. How was it that the great champion of the doctrine of Transubstantiation against Berengarius never denounced the writings of Ælfric and never accused the Anglo-Saxon Church of heterodoxy with regard to the Eucharist? My answer is that Lanfranc saw in such teaching not an adverse theology but a different phrase of controversy. Lanfranc himself in his treatise against Berengarius written before he came to England uses the following words: "It may be truly said that we receive the very Body which was born of the Virgin yet not that very Body. It is that very Body if you consider its essence and the propriety and efficacy of its true nature. It is not the same, if you consider the appearance and the other

qualities of bread and wine. This faith has been held from the beginning, and is still held by that Church which is called Catholic because it is spread throughout the world."

But we must go further and say that Ælfric's words are not merely capable of a Catholic interpretation: there are some of them that seem to admit of no other. He relates several miraculous apparitions of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament; he concludes this very homily with one of them. "We read," he says, "in the *Vitæ Patrum* that two monks prayed to God for some manifestation respecting the Holy Eucharist, and after their prayer attended at Mass. There they saw a child lying on the altar at which the priest said Mass, and God's angel stood with a sword waiting till the priest broke the Housel, when the angel divided the child in twain upon the dish and poured the blood in the Chalice. But afterwards when they went to receive, it was changed again to bread and wine; and they received it thanking God for His manifestation."

Now if the story about St. Odo told by the monk of Ramsey and already quoted proves that the narrator held the doctrine of Transubstantiation, Ælfric's story must in fairness be held to prove the same. Why then are his ambiguous sentences about receiving the Body of Christ not in a bodily but a ghostly manner to be taken in a Protestant sense, as if he had never recorded this and similar miracles? And why on the contrary are not the miraculous apparitions which he does record to be taken as the key of his ambiguity, since it has been already said his language is capable of Catholic interpretation? When therefore he says "not bodily but spiritually," he does not mean what is implied by Protestants when they say "not really but figuratively," but he means as St. Augustine meant, and explained his meaning to be, "not in a gross sensible manner but in a hidden and mysterious manner." At the very least the illustration Ælfric has used clearly implies that in whatever way our Lord's Body is present, it is present objectively on the altar by virtue of consecra-

tion, and not subjectively in the recipient by virtue of faith.

To Dr. Boultbee's assertion, then, that whatsoever else may be obscure in Ælfric's homily on the Eucharist, it is clear that he repudiates Transubstantiation, I reply that, whatsoever else is obscure in his homily, at least his histories of the miraculous apparations are not obscure. And I invite Dr. Boultbee to use the same standard in judging of Ælfric as he does in writing of Paschasius Radbert when he says that "Paschasius unreservedly propounds the doctrine of Transubstantiation in the absolute sense, confirming it by stories of persons to whom had been vouchsafed the vision of the Sacred Body perceptible in the elements."

We have seen that although Ælfric is the only author who can be quoted with any plausibility in support of the Protestant view of the doctrine of the Anglo-Saxons, yet it is the custom to multiply him into a legion. Mr. Soames quotes Ælfric's words and none but his, yet he at once begins to speak of the "unyielding array of testimony against Lanfranc's new divinity which echoes from the whole theological school of ancient England." Dr. Boultbee says the same thing in other words. If I am asked how I explain the confident and reiterated assertions of these and similar writers, I reply that while some of them are the result of ignorance and prejudice, others may be accounted for without any impeachment of sincerity or learning.

In the first place it must be remembered that ever since Protestant controversy adopted a metaphorical interpretation of Scripture and of the Ancient Fathers regarding the Eucharist, Protestant ears have become habituated to the use of what to Catholics seem forced and unnatural metaphor. When a Protestant hears the communion called in a popular hymn,

> Rich banquet of His Flesh and Blood,

while he knows for certain that neither minister nor people believe in the Real Presence, he not only gets to use such language without any sense of incongruity,

but when he meets with it in ancient Catholic writers he is easily persuaded that they meant no more than himself.

In the second place, just as it is a fundamental principle with Catholics that the Church's faith never varies, so it is a fundamental principle with Protestants that it is ever varying, that it never was steadfast and never will be. As with Catholics there is a presumption that an ancient writer who lived and died in the Church's communion intended at least to say what the Church now says, and every effort is made to interpret his words in a Catholic sense, so on the other hand, there is a presumption in the minds of many Protestants that an ancient writer could not have intended to say what Catholics now say. He may use the same language, but every ambiguity or omission is seized on as a reason for attributing to him another meaning.

In the third place, the mystery of the Eucharist is very profound. Those who have a perfectly correct faith, may easily err in theological statement, and the most correct theological statement may be easily misunderstood as erroneous by those whose minds are not trained in theological questions. Hence Catholic writers have been quoted as unorthodox, sometimes from their own difficulty in expressing their meaning, and still oftener from the inability of their readers to apprehend it. Thus Mr. Sharon Turner boldly says: "It is certain that the Transubstantiation of the Eucharist was not the established or universal belief of the Anglo-Saxons." Now what are the grounds of Mr. Turner's certainty? This alone, that in some Saxon Ecclesiastical Constitutions about the date of the Conquest, it is declared: "The Housel is Christ's Body, not bodily but spiritually; not the Body in which He suffered, but the Body about which He spoke when He blessed the loaf and wine." But Mr. Turner ought to have understood that although these words do not assert Transubstantiation, neither do they deny it. They would leave it *uncertain*, if we had no other grounds for judgment, whether their writer held it or not. Surely Catholics teach that our Lord's

Body is spiritually present. And an eminent English theologian, a doctor of the Sorbonne, in the seventeenth century, in a work in which he aims at the most exact definitions of the Catholic faith, writes as follows: "The sense of our doctrine lies in this, that we profess the true and real body of Christ to be in this Sacrament, not in a bodily and passible, but in a spiritual way." And a yet more recent theologian, the late Cardinal Franzelin, insists upon it "that the mode of the Real Presence is altogether analogous to the mode of presence of spirits, nor can it be conceived or explained by us, except according to this analogy." We can only rise by certain steps towards our understanding of this Presence by considering what wonders are related of the bodies of saints, even in this life, what we are told of the "spiritual body" after the resurrection (1 Cor. xv. 44), and above all, what faith tells us of the state of our Lord's Body formerly on earth and now in heaven.

The above is one sense of the word spiritual as applied to the Blessed Sacrament, but it is not the only one. Sometimes it is opposed to gross or carnal; and very frequently among the Anglo-Saxons it means holy or consecrated as contrasted with what is profane or common.

A third and still more common use of the word by no means implies the absence of body, but its fitness or consecration for spiritual purposes. This may be seen clearly from one of the canons in Ælfric's collection, in which a church is called a "ghostly house," and "a prayer house hallowed to God for ghostly discourses." Here a ghostly discourse is not one without spoken words but one made up of words all tending to the edification of the soul; and the ghostly house is not a metaphorical house but one hallowed for God's worship. So too, when our Lord's Body is said to be ghostly, not natural, not mortal, not visible, not such as He suffered in on earth, it is not intended to deny Its reality or essential identity with His mortal Body, but a mystery is indicated, a spiritual state and a spiritual presence.

When Æcolampadius, after being a priest and religious of the order of St. Bridget, became first a disciple of Luther and afterwards with Zwingle founder of the Sacramentarian heresy, he attempted to defend his new views and give them a ground in antiquity by explaining away the language used by the holy Fathers about the Real Presence. His opponent, Blessed Cardinal Fisher, was so indignant at the impudent perversions to which Æcolampadius resorted, that he exclaimed, "Why, by such means you might as easily prove that you yourself never held the Real Presence, and might explain away the sermon which is published a few years back in its defence; for certainly you said nothing stronger or clearer than has been said by the Fathers whom you distort." Blessed Fisher was quite right. He who undertakes to prove that St. John Chrysostom did not hold the doctrine of Transubstantiation might as successfully maintain the same thing of Bossuet. And he who would deny that the Anglo-Saxon Church held on the subject of the Eucharist the doctrines afterwards defined by the Council of Trent, might also deny that the Council of Trent defined the doctrines now held by Roman Catholics.

THE CATHOLIC'S LIBRARY OF POEMS

TO-DAY.

So here hath been dawning
Another blue day:
Think wilt thou let it
Slip useless away.

Out of eternity
This new day is born;
Into eternity
At night, will return.

Behold it aforetime
No eye ever did:
So soon it forever
From all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawning
Another blue day:
Think wilt thou let it
Slip useless away.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

THE CHURCH OF GOD.

WHO is she that stands triumphant,
Rock in strength upon the Rock,
Like some city crowned with turrets
Braving storm and earthquake shock?

Who is she, her arms extending
Blessing thus a world restored,
All the anthems of creation
Lifting to creation's Lord?
Hers the kingdom, hers the sceptre!
Fall, ye nations, at her feet!
Hers that truth whose fruit is freedom;
Light her yoke, her burden sweet!

As the moon its splendour borrows
From a sun unseen all night,
So from Christ, the Sun of Justice,
Draws His Church her sacred light;
Touched by His, her hands have healing,
Bread of life, absolving key:
Christ Incarnate is her Bridegroom,
The Spirit hers, His temple she.
Hers the kingdom, hers the sceptre!
Fall, ye nations, at her feet!
Hers that truth, whose fruit is freedom;
Light her yoke, her burden sweet!

Empires rise and sink like billows,
Vanish and are seen no more;
Glorious as the star of morning
She o'erlooks their wild uproar;
Hers the household all-embracing,
Hers the vine that shadows earth;
Blest thy children, mighty Mother!
Safe the stranger at thy hearth.
Hers the kingdom, hers the sceptre!
Fall, ye nations, at her feet!
Hers that truth, whose fruit is freedom;
Light her yoke, her burden sweet!

Like her Bridegroom, heavenly, human,
Crowned and militant in one,
Chanting nature's great assumption
And the abasement of the Son,

Her Magnificats, her dirges,
Harmonize the jarring years ;
Hands that fling to heaven the censer
Wipe away the orphan's tears.
Hers the kingdom, hers the sceptre !
Fall, ye nations, at her feet !
Hers that truth whose fruit is freedom ;
Light her yoke, her burden sweet !

AUBREY DE VERE.

SLANDER.

A LEGEND OF ST. PHILIP.

ONE came to Philip Neri, head bowed down
In self-abasement, striking loud his breast,
His eyes bedewed with penitential tears.

"Father," he said, "once in an evil hour,
Not many days gone by, in jealous hate
Of one I judged my enemy to be,
I suffered my unhallowed thoughts to frame
And tongue to speak, a vile malicious lie.
The slander filled its lengthened measure well ;
Passed him with scornful bows or stood aloof
They who of old had been his closest friends,
And I rejoiced to see his face grow pale
And his lip tremble as each insult fell.
Awhile I hugged the evil spirit close ;
Revenge was sweet, and hatred held its own.
But soon my better angel bent his head,
Shedding soft tears upon my hardened heart ;
Then from these eyes the midnight blindness fell,
And in a burst of penitence and pain
I saw my crime in all its hideousness ;
But when I sought to call it home again,
Alas ! though black and foul it had gone forth
I knew it not in very truth for mine.

Hailed and caught up and hurled as it had been
By eager friends who call such monsters toys—
Father, what shall my great atonement be?
How can I unto him whom I have wronged
And unto God whose truth I have deformed
Make reparation for this mighty sin?"

One moment paused the Saint, his gentle eyes
Turned on the culprit with reproachful look,
Reproachful, yet compassionate and kind,
As sanctity must ever look on sin.
At length with slow and serious voice he said:
"My son, go thou into the market-place,
Take thence a bird the archer has brought down,
With dead, limp feathers waiting to be plucked;
Take these between thy fingers, one by one,
Gazing not in thy walk to right or left,
Marking not which way this one floats or that,
But still pursuing thy appointed way,
Until the dead bird in thy hand lies bare;
Then backward turning, stooping in thy path,
Uplift each tiny feather lying low,
Missing not one from out the scattered shower;
Then will thy sin return to thee disarmed,
Powerless as when its poison lay undrained,
Then will thy reparation be complete."

"Father," the penitent replied, aghast,
"Thou giv'st a task to do which mortal man
May never compass within mortal bonds!
What like a birdling's feathers, airy, light,
Weightless upon the heaving, floating breeze?
What like the autumn wind as swift and strong
To bear such weightless particles away?
What like that wind to spread itself afar
Where sight and touch can reach it nevermore?"

"Thou sayest well," the patient Saint replied,
"And thus the breath of slander, wafted far

Into the market-place of all the world,
Beneath its scent of plague, its poison touch,
On waves that widen and return no more
From the vast sea of everlasting death."

Even so, good friends and neighbours everyone,
Read we the page, con we its lesson well,
And while we seek its moral otherwhere
Take heed lest haply it may touch ourselves.

MARY E. MANNIX.

From the Ave Maria.

THE OLD LABOURER.

WHAT end doth he fulfil?
He seems without a will,
Stupid, unhelpful, helpless, age-worn man!
He hath let the years pass;
He hath toiled, and heard Mass,
Done what he could, and now does what he can.

And this forsooth is all!
A plant or animal
Hath a more positive work to do than he:
Along his daily beat,
Delighting in the heat,
He crawls in sunshine which he does not see.

What doth God get from him?
His very mind is dim,
Too weak to love, and too obtuse to fear.
Is there glory in his strife?
Is there meaning in his life?
Can God hold such a thing-like person dear?

Peace! he is dying now!
No light is on his brow;
He makes no sign, but without sign departs.
The poor die often so,—
And yet they long to go,
To take to God their over-weighted hearts.

Born only to endure,
The patient passive poor
Seem useful chiefly by their multitude;
For they are men who keep
Their lives secret and deep;
Alas! the poor are seldom understood.

This labourer that is gone
Was childless and alone,
And homeless as his Saviour was before him;
He told in no man's ear
His longing, love, or fear,
Nor what he thought of life as it passed o'er him.

He had so long been old,
His heart was close and cold;
He had no love to take, no love to give:
Men almost wished him dead;
'Twas best for him, they said;
'Twas such a weary sight to see him live.

He walked with painful stoop,
As if life made him droop,
And care had fastened fetters round his feet;
He saw no bright blue sky,
Except what met his eye
Reflected from the rain-pools in the street.

To whom was he of good?
He slept and he took food,
He used the earth and air, and kindled fire:
He bore to take relief,
Less as a right than grief;—
To what might such a soul as his aspire?

His inexpressive eye
Peered round him vacantly,
As if whate'er he did he would be chidden;
He seemed a mere growth of earth;
Yet even he had mirth,
As the great angels have, untold and hidden.

Alway his downcast eye
Was laughing silently,
As if he found some jubilee in thinking;
For his one thought was God,
In that one thought he abode,
For ever in that thought more deeply sinking.

Thus did he live his life,
A kind of passive strife,
Upon the God within his heart relying;
Men left him alone,
Because he was unknown,
But he heard the angels sing when he was dying.

God judges by a light
Which baffles mortal sight,
And the useless-seeming man the crown hath won.
In His vast world above,
A world of broader love,
God hath some grand employment for His son.

FATHER FABER.

THE WIDOW'S MITES.

Two mites, two drops, yet all her house and land,
Fall from a steady heart, though trembling hand:
The other's wanton wealth foams high and brave;
The other cast away, she only gave.

RICHARD CRASHAW.

A SPRING MORNING.

THERE was a roaring in the wind all night,
The rain came heavily and fell in floods;
But now the sun is rising calm and bright;
The birds are singing in the distant woods;
Over his own sweet voice the stockdove broods;
The jay makes answer as the magpie chatters;
And all the air is filled with pleasant noise of waters.

All things that love the sun are out of doors;
The sky rejoices in the morning's birth;
The grass is bright with rain-drops;—on the moors
The hare is running races in her mirth;
And with her feet she from the plashy earth
Raises a mist, that, glittering in the sun,
Runs with her all the way, wherever she doth run.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE OPEN WINDOW.

THE old house by the lindens
Stood silent in the shade,
And on the gravelled pathway
The light and shadow played.

I saw the nursery windows
Wide open to the air;
But the faces of the children,
They were no longer there.

The large Newfoundland house-dog
Was standing by the door;
He looked for his little playmates
Who would return no more.

They walked not under the lindens,
They played not in the hall;
But shadow, and silence, and sadness
Were hanging over all.

The birds sang in the branches
With sweet familiar tone;
But the voices of the children
Will be heard in dreams alone:

And the boy that walks beside me,—
He could not understand
Why closer in mine, ah! closer,
I pressed his warm, soft hand!

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

ST. PATRICK.

ON high, before the throne of God,
Amid the saints who share
The glory and the blessedness—
Is there no loving care
For us, who in this tearful vale
Down far below sustain
The weary fight which they have fought,
The crown they've gained to gain?

Ah! one dear Saint forgets us not,
But from the bliss of heaven
Yearns fondly towards that spot of earth
To which his life was given:
Father of many children strewn
O'er every land and wave,—
The guardian angel of our race,
To cheer, and guide, and save.

He came a captive to these shores;
But once again he came,
"A conqueror to conquer,"
In the might of Peter's name.

And to our sires what Pontiff sent
Of Christ the welcome tale?
The smiter of the wretch who dared
Christ's Mother to assail!

'Twas Celestine, whose voice of power
At Ephesus proclaimed
That she, the lowly Virgin, must
"Mother of God" be named.
And while earth's bosom towards its Queen
Thrills thus with warmer glow,
Again that voice is raised—to bless
Our own Apostle. "Go!

"Go in the name of Mary's Son—
Go, Patrick, forth, and bring
Yon lone green isle beneath the sway
Of Christ our Saviour-King.
Go forth, and wrest that race of souls
From heathendom and hell.
Go forth!"—He went. What patron Saint
E'er did his work so well?

He came from Rome and Celestine:
St. Celestine is dead:
But Christ for ever lives, and now
Reigns Leo in his stead,
Upon that throne which towers on high
O'er falsehood, sin, and time,
Like to the marvellous dome that crowns
St. Peter's fane sublime.

That throne is still of Christian souls
The pilgrim-shrine, the home,
The citadel of Christendom:
And still from sovereign Rome
The shepherds of our souls receive
The mission Patrick sought;
For they but finish Patrick's work,
And teach as Patrick taught.

Thus, ever since, to Irish hearts
Unutterably dear
Each instinct of that holy Faith
Which Patrick planted here;
Dear and more dear the Mother-Maid,
Whose Infant we adore,
And Ireland ever Catholic
And Roman to the core.

So hath it been throughout our past,
With all its fruitful tears.
So be it in the subtler strife
Perchance of future years:—
The soul of Ireland fixed for aye
In faith and patient hope,
True to God's Mother and God's Church,
St. Patrick and the Pope.

It shall be so. O grant it, God!
By Thy Almighty love,
Until the last of Celtic race
Hath joined his kin above—
Last of the myriad souls elect
To Patrick's bosom given:
On earth our father, father still
Before God's throne in heaven.

REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S.J.

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

INTO a ward of the whitewashed halls,
Where the dead and dying lay
Wounded by bayonets, shells, and balls,
Somebody's darling was borne one day.
Somebody's darling, so young and so brave,
Wearing yet on his pale sweet face,

Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,
The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold,
Kissing the snow of that fair young brow;
Pale are the lips of delicate mould—
Somebody's darling is dying now.
Back from his beautiful, blue-veined brow
Brush all the wandering waves of gold;
Cross his hands on his bosom now—
Somebody's darling is still and cold.

Kiss him once for Somebody's sake,
Murmur a prayer soft and low;
One bright curl from its fair mates take,—
They were Somebody's pride, you know!
Somebody's hand has rested there;
Was it a mother's, soft and white?
Or have the lips of a sister fair
Been baptized in those waves of light?

God knows best. He was Somebody's love;
Somebody's heart enshrined him there;
Somebody wafted his name above,
Night and morn, on the wings of prayer.
Somebody wept when he marched away,
Looking so handsome, brave, and grand;
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay;
Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's waiting and watching for him,
Yearning to hold him again to her heart;
And there he lies, with his blue eyes dim,
And the smiling, childlike lips apart.
Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear;
Carve on the wooden slab at his head,—
"Somebody's darling slumbers here."

MRS. LACOSTE.

"CURFEW MUST NOT RING TO-NIGHT."

Slowly England's sun was setting o'er the hill-tops far away,
Filling all the land with beauty at the close of one sad day,
And the last rays kissed the forehead of a man and maiden fair,
He with footsteps slow and weary,—she with sunny, floating hair;
He with bowed head, sad and thoughtful, she with lips all cold and white,
Struggling to keep back the murmur,—"Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Sexton," Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing to the prison old,
With its turrets tall and gloomy, with its wall dark, damp, and cold,
"I've a lover in that prison, doomed this very night to die
At the ringing of the curfew, and no earthly help is nigh;
Cromwell will not come till sunset," and her lips grew strangely white
As she breathed the husky whisper,—"Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton,—every word pierced her young heart
Like the piercing of an arrow, like a deadly poison dart,—
"Long, long years I've rung the curfew from that gloomy, shadowed tower;
Every evening, just at sunset, it has told the twilight hour:
I have done my duty ever, tried to do it just and right,
Now I'm old I still must do it; curfew it must ring to-night."

Wild her eyes and pale her features, stern and white her thoughtful brow,
And within her secret bosom Bessie made a solemn vow.

She had listened while the judges read without a tear or sigh,
"At the ringing of the curfew Basil Underwood must die."
And her breath came fast and faster, and her eyes grew
large and bright;
In an undertone she murmured, "Curfew must not ring to-
night."

She with quick steps bounded forward, sprang within the
old church door,
Left the old man threading slowly paths so oft he'd trod
before:
Not one moment paused the maiden, but with eye and cheek
aglow
Mounted up the gloomy tower, where the bell swung to and
fro.
As she climbed the dusty ladder on which fell no ray of
light,—
Up and up, her white lips saying, "Curfew shall not ring
to-night."

She had reached the topmost ladder,—o'er her hangs the
great dark bell;
Awful is the gloom beneath her, like the pathway down to
hell.
Lo, the ponderous tongue is swinging, 'tis the hour of curfew
now,
And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopped her breath,
and paled her brow.
Shall she let it ring? No, never! Flash her eyes with sudden
light,
And she springs and grasps it firmly—"Curfew shall not
ring to-night."

Out she swung, far out,—the city seemed a speck of light
below,
'Twixt heaven and earth her form suspended, as the bell
swung to and fro;
And the sexton at the bell-rope, old and deaf, heard not the
bell,
But he thought it still was ringing fair young Basil's funeral
knell.

Still the maiden clung more firmly, and with trembling lips and white,
Said, to hush her heart's wild beating, "Curfew shall not ring to-night."

It was o'er; the bell ceased swaying; and the maiden stepped once more
Firmly, on the dark old ladder, where for hundred years before
Human foot had not been planted. The brave deed that she had done
Should be told long ages after, as the rays of setting sun
Should illumine the sky with beauty; aged sires, with heads of white,
Long should tell the little children curfew did not ring that night.

O'er the distant hills came Cromwell; Bessie sees him, and her brow,
Full of hope and full of gladness, has no anxious traces now.
At his feet she tells her story, shows her hands all bruised and torn;
And her face, so sweet and pleading, yet with sorrow pale and worn,
Touched his heart with sudden pity, lit his eye with misty light:
"Go! your lover lives," said Cromwell; "Curfew shall not ring to-night."

ROSE HARTWICK THORPE.

COMING.

"IT may be in the evening,
When the work of the day is done,
And you have time to sit in the twilight
And watch the sinking sun,

While the long bright day dies slowly
Over the sea,
And the hour grows quiet and holy
With thoughts of Me ;
While you hear the village children
Passing along the street,
Among those thronging footsteps
May come the sound of *My* feet.
Therefore I tell you : Watch !
By the light of the evening star,
When the room is growing dusky
As the clouds afar ;
Let the door be on the latch
In your home,
For it may be through the gloaming
I will come.

"It may be when the midnight
Is heavy upon the land,
And the black waves lying dumbly
Along the sand ;
When the moonless night draws close,
And the lights are out in the house ;
When the fires burn low and red,
And the watch is ticking loudly
Beside the bed ;
Though you sleep, tired out, on your couch,
Still your heart must wake and watch
In the dark room,
For it may be that at midnight
I will come.

"It may be at the cock crow,
When the night is dying slowly
In the sky.
And the sea looks calm and holy,
Waiting for the dawn
Of the golden sun
Which draweth nigh ;
When the mists are on the valleys, shading

The rivers chill,
And My morning star is fading, fading
Over the hill:
Behold I say unto you: Watch!
Let the door be on the latch
In your home;
In the chill before the dawning,
Between the night and morning,
I may come.

"It may be in the morning,
When the sun is bright and strong,
And the dew is glittering sharply
Over the little lawn;
When the waves are laughing loudly
Along the shore,
And the little birds are singing sweetly
About the door;
With the long day's work before you,
You rise up with the sun,
And the neighbours come in to talk a little
Of all that must be done.
But remember that *I* may be the next
To come in at the door,
To call you from all your busy work
For evermore:
As you work your heart must watch,
For the door is on the latch
In your room,
And it may be in the morning
I will come."

So He passed down my cottage garden,
By the path that leads to the sea,
Till He came to the turn of the little road
Where the birch and laburnum tree
Lean over and arch the way;
There I saw Him a moment stay,
And turn once more to me,
As I wept at the cottage door,

And lift up His Hands in blessing—
Then I saw His Face no more.

And I stood still in the doorway,
Leaning against the wall,
Not heeding the fair white roses,
Though I crushed them and let them fall.
Only looking down the pathway,
And looking toward the sea,
And wondering, and wondering
When He would come back to me:
Till I was aware of an angel
Who was going swiftly by,
With the gladness of one who goeth
In the light of God most high.

He passed the end of the cottage
Toward the garden gate;
(I suppose he was come down
At the setting of the sun
To comfort some one in the village
Whose dwelling was desolate)
And he paused before the door
Beside my place,
And the likeness of a smile
Was on his face.
"Weep not," he said, "for unto you is given
To watch for the coming of His Feet
Who is the glory of our blessed heaven;
The work and watching will be very sweet,
Even in an earthly home;
And in such an hour as you think not
He will come."

So I am watching quietly
Every day.
Whenever the sun shines brightly,
I rise and say:
"Surely it is the shining of His Face!"

And look unto the gates of His high place
Beyond the sea;
For I know He is coming shortly
To summon me.
And when a shadow falls across the window
Of my room,
Where I am working my appointed task,
I lift my head to watch the door, and ask
If He is come;
And the angel answers sweetly
In my home:
"Only a few more shadows
And He will come."

BARBARA MILLER MACANDREW.

THE LAMB.

LITTLE lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?
Gave thee life and bid thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the woods rejoice;
Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little lamb, I'll tell thee,
Little lamb, I'll tell thee.
He is callèd by thy name,
For He calls Himself a Lamb:
—He is meek and He is mild,
He became a little child.
I a child and thou a lamb,
We are callèd by His name.
Little lamb, God bless thee,
Little lamb, God bless thee.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

MY LADY.

SHE, my sweet, pale lady, goeth down
Through the grey streets of the wicked town,
And her steadfast face a shadow hath
For the sin and pain about her path.

By the side of her go angels three,
Love, tenderness, and purity,
Folding her about with mighty wings ;
In her heart she hears their whisperings.

Her soft golden hair is streaked with grey,
" Peace ! " her grave eyes and sweet lips say ;
Earthly lover's love she shall not miss,
For the dear Lord her true lover is.

Her small hands have healing in their touch ;
As she goes where some hearts suffer much,
She brings balm and light, this comforter,
And sick eyes grow glad at sight of her.

Oft a fevered child hath found sweet rest,
Crooned to wholesome slumber on her breast,
Its last waking thought, with hot hands weak
Just to dumbly stroke her pallid cheek.

And she kneels beside a dying bed,
Her fair arms support a weary head,
While the wan lips "babble of green fields,"
Her soft fingers' touch sweet comfort yields.

Down she bends, and murmurs tenderly
To the poor soul drifting out to sea,
How across the weary waste of death,
Seeking His own sheep that wandereth,

The dear blessed Jesus comes apace,
With the love and welcome on His Face—
Seeing it shall very gladly come
On His shoulders fair to bring it home.

So she speaks, till enters the dark room
One, whose eyes eternal light the gloom,
Grey as the faint dawn each mighty wing,
And his fair face wondrous pitying.

He shall stoop, and to the sick one say:
"Come with me, and put thy grief away,"
Who shall straightway go, while reft hearts weep
O'er a dead face smiling in its sleep.

Sometimes for a baby, soft and cold,
Still small face 'neath clinging rings of gold,
Like a little wounded singing-bird,
Whose sweet song shall never more be heard.

She hath wept her heart and wearily.
She, the mother that shall never be;
Kissed the little feet, grown tired of play,
That had wandered far since yesterday;

Closed the dead blue eyes that understand,
Laid wan blooms in each small waxen hand
That hath plucked the asphodel for prize
In the shining fields of paradise.

Where the ways of sin are dark and dim,
Her Lord tells her what to say for Him;
She, my saint, in spotless robes of white,
Lifts the sinner to her own heart's height.

Little children hail her coming sweet,
God's dear dumb things gather round her feet
The poor heart that bitter trouble sears,
Melts at her soft words in healing tears.

As she goes, she sets no hearts astir,
Yet I think the sunshine follows her,
Resting on her broad brows, loving-wise,
And her wistful mouth, and brave grey eyes.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

THE HARPER.

ON the green banks of Shannon when Sheelah was nigh,
No blithe Irish lad was so happy as I ;
No harp like my own could so cheerily play,
And wherever I went was my poor dog Tray.

When at last I was forced from my Sheelah to part,
She said (while the sorrow was big at her heart),
"Oh, remember your Sheelah when far, far away :
And be kind, my dear Pat, to my poor dog Tray."

Poor dog ! he was faithful and kind to be sure,
And he constantly loved me although I was poor ;
When the sour-looking folk sent me heartless away
I had always a friend in my poor dog Tray.

When the road was so dark, and the night was so cold,
And Pat and his dog were grown weary and old,
How snugly we slept in my old coat of grey,
And he lick'd me for kindness—my poor dog Tray.

Though my wallet was scant, I remember'd his case,
Nor refused my last crust to his pitiful face ;
But he died at my feet on a cold winter day,
And I play'd a sad lament for my poor dog Tray.

Where now shall I go, poor, forsaken, and blind ?
Can I find one to guide me, so faithful and kind ?
To my sweet native village so far, far away,
I can never return with my poor dog Tray.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

ST. MARY MAGDALENE.

To the hall of the feast came the sinful and fair ;
She heard in the city that Jesus was there ;
She marked not the splendour that blazed at their board
But silently knelt at the feet of her Lord.

The hair from her forehead, so sad and so meek,
Hung dark o'er the blushes that burned on her cheek ;
And so still and so lowly she bent in her shame,
It seemed that her spirit had flown from its frame.

The frown and the murmur went round through them all,
That one so unhallowed should tread in that hall,
And some said the poor would be objects more meet
For the wealth of the perfumes she showered at His feet.

She marked but her Saviour, she spoke but in sighs,
She dared not look up to the heaven of His eyes ;
And the hot tears gushed forth at each heave of her breast,
As her lips to His sandals she throbbingly pressed.

On the cloud, after tempests, as shineth the bow,
In the glance of the sunbeam, as melteth the snow,
He looked on that lost one,—her sins were forgiven :
And Mary went forth in the beauty of heaven.

JEREMIAH JOSEPH CALLANAN.

THE SECRET OF THE SAINTS.

To play through life a perfect part,
  Unnoticed and unknown,
To seek no rest in any heart,
  Save only God's alone ;
In little things to own no will,
  To have no share in great,
To find the labour ready still,
  And for the crown to wait.

Upon the brow to bear no trace,
Of more than common care,
To write no secret in the face
For men to read it there.
The daily cross to clasp and bless
With such familiar zeal
As hides from all, but not the less
The daily weight you feel.

In toils that praise will never pay,
To see your life go past,
To meet in every coming day
Twin sister of the last;
To hear of high heroic things,
And yield them reverence due,
But feel life's daily offerings
Are far more fit for you.

To woo no secret soft disguise,
To which self-love is prone,
Unnoticed by all other eyes,
Unworthy in your own;
To yield with such a happy art,
That no one thinks you care,
And say to your poor bleeding heart
"How little can you bear!"

O 'tis a pathway hard to choose,
A struggle hard to share,
For human pride would still refuse
The nameless trials to bear:
But since we know the gate is low
That leads to heavenly bliss,
What higher grace can God bestow
Than such a life as this?

MARY ALPHONSUS DOWNING.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Our Father, who in heaven art,
We sanctify Thy name;
Thy kingdom come: Thy will be done:
In heaven and earth the same:
Give us this day our daily bread:
And us forgive Thou so,
As we on them that us offend
Forgiveness do bestow;
Into temptation lead us not,
But us from evil free:
For thine the kingdom, power, and praise
Is, and shall ever be.

George Wither.

THE LEGEND OF ST. CECILY.

Uprose the morning with a ruddy glow;
Uprose her gentle forehead, wreathed with day;
The mountain-top—the wood—the river's flow
Gleamed softly—and aloud the matin lay
Of singing birds, their leafy bowers below,
Swelled into song to greet the orient ray;
While yet the sun, full-quivered, paused on high,
To launch his arrowy beams along the sky.

Then at the casement of his chosen bride,
A young man listened to a sweeter song;
Fair Cecily's—of all her race the pride—
What eye could greet a lovelier in the throng?
To win her vows how many a knight had sighed,
With mortal love her virgin life to wrong:
But what was earth with all its golden glare?
Her eyes were heavenward, and her soul was there.

The maiden chants, her Saviour's grace to sing;
Her harp is mingled with that thrilling sound:
The music trembles on the quivering string,
Like some sweet sorcery of enchanted ground.
Well might an angel hand the magic bring
That first in sainted Cecily was found;
The spell that bade the awful organ roll
The storm of music o'er the shuddering soul.

The youth drew near with glad and blushing brow,
"It is the day," he said, "the morning beams!
Friends wait with anxious ears our uttered vow,—
See, on the simple dome the sunlight gleams!
The wreath, the sacrifice are ready now;
The multitude along the pathway streams—
Lo! the priests beckon and the guests are loud,
And the wide gates enfold a gathering crowd."

She lifted up her voice, "What then? shall I,
The vassal of the Lord, become thy slave?
To live a common life beneath the sky!
I, that my vows to Jesu Master gave?
He, the good Shepherd, rules me with His Eye
My God to follow, and thy wrath to brave!
Would that thou durst at yon true altar stand
Where I am safe, amid the angel-band."

Mute with deep sorrow, still he stood, and stern;
Away! away! a sad and last adieu!
As, yet fond hope, his lingering feet return,
Once more the sorrow of her eye to view:
He smiled, to hide the love that yet would yearn;
"Hast thou," he said, "an angel tried and true?
Show me thy friend! let me but see him shine!
My heart shall bend to thee! thy God be mine."

"It shall be done!" the unshrinking maiden said,
"The Lord will yield His trusting handmaid grace."
The bridegroom went, with slow and mournful tread,
Once more, at evening tide, that path to trace.

He came! he saw! O vision fair and dread!
The maiden at the altar bowed her face;
Her starry eyes were rapt in trusting prayer,
And o'er that brow an angel stood, on air!

Death-token held that spirit in his hand!
He laid a rose upon the young man's breast;
The maiden took a lily of the land—
Those flowers the symbols of a martyr's rest.
Thereby the twain could meekly understand
That life would fleetly fade and death was best.
Both fell for God; and now in every tongue
Valerian lives and Cecily is sung.

ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER.

LENT.

COMES the quiet time of year—
Now the grey road doth appear
Which reluctant feet must tread
Amidst the ashes of the dead,—

Grey and chill, yet safe and sure,
Fringed with snowdrops pale and pure
Underneath a sky that grieves
O'er barren boughs and fallen leaves.

Harsh and frozen is the earth;
Distant, summer's flowers and mirth
Gleams alone in thickets damp
The daffodilly's yellow lamp.

One by one the pilgrims go
By the pathway, sad and slow;
Each one thinketh in his heart
How he doth his daily part;

Sorroweth for the sin that kills,
Mourneth o'er the will that wills
Evil 'gainst the high and good
Hero of the holy Rood;

Weepeth for a wandering world,
Out of light to darkness hurled;
Prayeth that all feet may come
To the everlasting home;

Museth on a brother's pain,
Planneth for another's gain:
Giveth dole to sick and poor,
Out of great or little store;

Traineth self to stand aside,
With denial satisfied;
Smiling on another's bliss,
Adding to his happiness;

Thankful for an ampler share
Than he knows of pain or care,
Counting each a step of light
Reaching to a fairer height.

Pilgrims, we will travel there,
Through the biting wintry air,
On the narrow Lenten road,
Leading o'er the hills to God.

As we wend, it groweth sweet,
And unwearied are our feet
When at last the bloomy spring
Comes to end our travailing.

May we, each one, keep this tryst
With the ever-blessed Christ,
Who will in one fateful day
Meet us on a lonelier way.

ROSA MULHOLLAND.

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

THERE is a reaper, whose name is Death,
And with his sickle keen
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

"Shall I have naught that is fair?" saith he;
"Have naught but bearded grain?
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again."

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kissed their drooping leaves;
It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.

"My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,"
The reaper said and smiled;
"Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where He was once a child.

"They shall all bloom in the fields of light,
Transplanted by my care,
And saints upon their garments white,
These sacred blossoms wear."

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love;
She knew she should find them all again
In the fields of light above.

O not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The reaper came that day;
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

REAL PRESENCE.

In the heart of the city that's proud and gay
A child stood begging one summer day.

The world went by but it took no heed,
For the world has never a heart to bleed

For the woes of others; it passed along,
And the child was alone in the hurrying throng.

It lingered there in the summer day
Till another beggar came by that way

Whose soul was sick with the whirl and strife
Of the mystic something which men call life.

He looked at the child: at its side he stopped
And into its hand his last penny he dropped:

Then he passed along with a half-breathed sigh
And said, "He wanted it more than I."

And in him as he passed my heart adored
The Living Presence of Christ the Lord!

J. S. Fletcher.

LUCY GRAY.

Oft I had heard of Lucy Gray:
And, when I cross'd the wild,
I chanced to see at break of day
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew;
She dwelt on a wide moor,
—The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door!

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

"To-night will be a stormy night—
You to the town must go;
And take a lantern, child, to light
Your mother through the snow."

"That, father, will I gladly do:
'Tis scarcely afternoon—
The minster-clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon!"

At this the father raised his hook,
And snapp'd a faggot band;
He plied his work;—and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe:
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powdery snow,
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time:
She wander'd up and down;
And many a hill did Lucy climb:
But never reach'd the town.

The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide;
But there was neither sound nor sigh
To serve them for a guide.

At daybreak on a hill they stood
That overlook'd the moor;
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,
A furlong from their door.

They wept—and, turning homeward, cried,
"In heaven we all shall meet!"
—When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy's feet.

Then downwards from the steep hill's edge
They track'd the footmarks small;
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,
And by the long stone wall:

And then an open field they cross'd:
The marks were still the same;
They track'd them on, nor ever lost;
And to the bridge they came.

They follow'd from the snowy bank
Those footmarks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank;
And further there were none!

Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living child;
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind;
And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY THE CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY,
69 SOUTHWARK BRIDGE ROAD, LONDON, S.E.

KING HENRY VIII. AND THE ROYAL SUPREMACY.*

HENRY VIII. ascended the throne on April 22, 1509, and married, a few months later, by dispensation granted by Pope Julius II., Catherine of Arragon, the widow of his elder brother Arthur, a lady of singular virtue. But some years after, the King, tired of his wife, who had given him no surviving male issue, and in love with Anne Boleyn, affected to have scruples about his marriage, and solicited the Pope for a divorce from Catherine, on the ground that the Papal dispensation through which they had married was invalid. The cause of the divorce was a failure, and Henry determined to take the law into his own hands. There is still in existence a letter of instruction, signed by the King, to Gardiner, the King's agent at Rome, in which it is said: "The King is loth to recur to any remedy except the authority of the See Apostolic [the Pope] if he can find there favour answering to his merits;" † but he had not found the "favour" he expected—in other words, license for bigamy—so he had recourse to another remedy, his own authority.

Wolsey, to whom the King attributed the failure of his cause, was disgraced, and was charged with having violated the Statute of Præmunire by acting as Legate of the Pope. This statute was passed in 1373, during the reign of Richard II., and was intended to prevent benefices being granted by the Pope without the consent of the Crown. An arrangement was arrived at between the Papal Court and the Crown, and this statute practically passed into disuse. Each Archbishop of Canterbury was successively Legate of the Holy See, without a word of

* In connection with this subject it would be well to read also the pamphlet *Mr. Collette as a Historian*, by the Rev. Sydney F. Smith. Catholic Truth Society. Price 1d.

† *Letters and Papers, Foreign and Domestic, of the reign of Henry VIII.*, vol. iv. n. 5270.

objection on the part of the Sovereign. But in Wolsey's case this indictment was singularly unjust; for Wolsey had been appointed Legate at the expressed desire of the King, and had acted throughout as the King's agent, and under the King's direction. He had committed no fault save that of failure. However, Wolsey knew, better than any man, the King's nature, and that his only chance of escape was to yield. Accordingly, he pleaded guilty, threw himself on the King's mercy, and resigned all his benefices and possessions into the King's hands. He died a few months after; but the consequences of the offence with which he had been charged, and which, for reasons of prudence, he had admitted, did not die with him. By the advice of Thomas Cromwell, it was argued that the clergy, by submitting to Wolsey's authority as Legate, had become partakers of his crime, and were therefore subject to the same penalties, namely, imprisonment at the King's pleasure, and the forfeiture of the whole of their possessions to the Crown; the law officers were therefore directed to make out an indictment against the *whole body* of the clergy in the Court of King's Bench.

But Henry was not acting merely out of revenge, nor merely out of avarice; he was hatching a deep plot to get the whole ecclesiastical power into his own hands. Cromwell had persuaded him that the opinion of the learned on the question of the divorce was entirely in the King's favour; nothing was wanting but the approbation of the Pope: but if that approbation was not to be had, was the King therefore to forego his rights? At present, he said, England was a monster with two heads, but were the King to take the power now usurped by the Pope into his own hands, everything would be well, and the clergy, *finding that their lives and possessions were at the King's mercy*, would be ready enough to do his will.* Collier says: "There was more than money required of the clergy. The King, perceiving the process of the divorce move slowly at Rome, and the issue look unpromising, projected a relief another way. To this

* Lingard, vol. vi. c. 3.

purpose he seems to have formed a design of transferring some part of the Pope's pretensions upon the Crown, and setting up an ecclesiastical supremacy. And now, having gotten the clergy entangled in a *præmunire*, he resolved to seize the juncture and push the advantage." *

Accordingly when, on Feb. 7, 1531, the Convocation of Canterbury hastily assembled and offered the King a present of £100,000 † as purchase money for a free pardon, the present was, to their surprise, refused, unless in the decree by which the sum was voted a clause was inserted acknowledging the King as *sole protector and supreme head of the Church and clergy of England.* Convocation, crushed as it was by the penalties hanging over it, resisted the insertion of this clause; and for three days, negotiations were carried on between the King and Cromwell, through Thomas Boleyn, Viscount Rochford, father of Anne Boleyn, on the one hand, and the bishops on the other. The King also sent for some of the bishops, and promised them, on the word of a king, that if Convocation would acknowledge him as supreme head of the Church of England, he would never, by virtue of that grant, assume to himself any more power, jurisdiction, or authority over them than other kings had done before him; nor would he take upon himself to make or promulgate any spiritual law, or exercise any spiritual jurisdiction, nor yet by any kind of means intermeddle with them in altering, changing, or judging of any spiritual business. Soon after, Boleyn and the other lords who were acting for Henry came again to Convocation, and repeated what the King had told these bishops, adding that anyone who should now oppose the King on this point must needs show a great distrust in his majesty's words after he had made so solemn an oath. The clergy were now, for the most part, giving way, and disposed to grant the King's demand, but Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, utterly refused, and besought Convocation to consider what mischief might be brought upon the whole Church of Christ by this

* Collier, ii. 62. † Equal to quite £1,000,000 at the value of our day.

unseemly and unreasonable grant made to a temporal prince, which had never yet been so much as demanded before, nor could be within the power of any temporal ruler. "And therefore," said he, "if ye grant the King's request in this matter, it seemeth to me to portend an imminent and present danger at hand: for what if he should shortly after change his mind, and exercise in deed the supremacy over the Church in this realm? Or what if he should die and his successor challenge continuance of the same? Or what if the crown of this realm should in time fall to an infant or a woman that shall still continue and take the same name upon them? What then shall we do? Whom shall we sue? or where shall we have remedy?" The King's Counsellors replied that the King demanded no more than might be allowed by the law of God, *quantum per legem Dei licet*, and they again reminded the clergy of the King's oath: then, as the holy bishop confuted their arguments, they left in great anger, saying that whoever would not grant the King's request was not worthy to be accounted a true and loving subject.

Then the Bishops and other members of Convocation, fearing the King's anger, resolved to give way and to acknowledge him as supreme head of the Church of England, trusting to his kingly word that he would make no wrong use of the title granted. The Bishop of Rochester, however, again stood to the front; and, seeing that they were fully resolved on compliance, and that he was unable to change their minds, insisted that the words *quantum per legem Dei licet*, "as far as the law of God allows," should be inserted in the grant.* This was done, and the King, seeing that he could not obtain the grant without this condition, had to be content with it, and pardoned the clergy their offence on their promise to pay him £100,000.†

* Dr. Lingard says (*Ibid.*): "It is plain that the introduction of the words *as far as the law of Christ will allow*, served to invalidate the whole recognition; since those who might reject the King's supremacy could maintain that it was not allowed by the law of Christ."

† Dr. Hall's MS. See *Blessed John Fisher*, by the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, C.SS.R.

But it must not be thought that in allowing the King the title of Supreme Head of the Church of England that Convocation committed itself to an acknowledgment of the supremacy as it was understood later on, nor that they had revolted from their allegiance to the See of Rome. In the whole course of the discussion there is no mention of the See of Rome. The clergy objected to the title asked for, because it was vague and hitherto unheard of, and because they feared that Henry might use it to encroach upon the liberties and privileges of the English Church. Neither was there any formal decree by which this headship was acknowledged. It was merely by a clause inserted in the address to the King. In this address they ask pardon for any penalties incurred, and offer their gift as an act of gratitude to the King for writing against Luther and for other acts in favour of the Church. After the words "English Church and clergy" comes the following clause: "Of which we recognize his majesty as the singular protector, the only and supreme lord, and, as far as the law of Christ allows, even the supreme head."

When this form was proposed in Convocation, the Archbishop, Warham, begged of the prelates assembled to allow it to pass, adding that no one was obliged to speak his mind, and that silence would be taken for consent; on this, some one present exclaimed: "Then we are all silent." No one spoke further, and it was recorded in the minutes of the Convocation that the decree granting the present of £100,000 to the King (in which decree appeared this clause on the supremacy) had passed unanimously.*

Thus the Royal Supremacy, in a vague and undefined sense, was acknowledged by the Southern Convocation. At York the Northern Convocation met under the presidency of Archbishop Warham, for the see of York was vacant through the death of Cardinal Wolsey, and a decree voting a present of £18,000 to the King, in which decree was the same clause admitting the Royal Supremacy, was proposed. Tunstall,

* Wilkins, iii. 725.

Bishop of Durham, alone had the courage to speak out. He not only voted against the recognition, but made a spirited and plain-spoken protest which, at his desire, was recorded in the acts. He protested against the title, not because it was a violation of the rights of the Pope, but because it was too vague, and, though capable of a true and right meaning, yet might also bear a false meaning which evil-minded persons would take advantage of. But, notwithstanding his protest, the decree was passed.

The clergy soon regretted the step they had taken. Mr. Gairdner says: * "It was repented of almost as soon as made, for however theoretically defensible might be the title to which they had agreed, and whatever pains they might have made to guard against misconstruction, the clergy could not but feel the moral disadvantage at which they now stood in having yielded at all. Yet they were altogether helpless. Under the existing law of *præmunire* they were at the King's mercy. . . . The clergy, ground down to the last extremity, were anxious that the bishops should retract in Parliament the acknowledgment of the supremacy made in Convocation, and threatened that unless this was done they would not pay a single penny." Chapuys, the ambassador of Charles V. in London, wrote to the Emperor: † "The clergy are more conscious every day of the great error they committed in acknowledging the King as sovereign of the Church, and they are urgent in Parliament to retract it, otherwise they say they will not pay a penny of the 400,000 crowns. What will be the issue, no one knows." ‡ A protest against any encroachments on the liberties of the Church or on the authority of the Holy See, signed by a great number of the clergy of both pro-

* *Letters and Papers, Foreign and Domestic, of the reign of Henry VIII.*, vol. v. Preface, p. xvi. Of Mr. Gairdner's research and his strict impartiality in this important work one cannot speak too highly.

† March 22, 1531, ap. Gairdner.

‡ The Bishops had, indeed, great difficulty in collecting the money, and on one occasion Stokesley, Bishop of London, was nearly killed.

vinces, was presented to the King; and a few months after, "Archbishop Warham, to atone for what he had done in Convocation, drew up a solemn protest against all enactments made in that Parliament in derogation of the Pope's authority, and of the independence of the clergy."*

In January of the year 1534, Parliament, which was now completely under the management of the King and his minister, Cromwell, enacted that no canons or decrees should be made by Convocation without the King's consent; that appeals might be made from the bishops to the Court of Chancery, but not to the Pope; that bishops should be made and consecrated without the leave of the Pope; that dispensations usually obtained from Rome should be obtained from the Archbishop of Canterbury; and that all payments hitherto made to Rome, as firstfruits of benefices, should cease.

After this, the King required all the clergy, both secular and regular, to take the oath of succession, at the same time making a declaration that the Bishop of Rome had no more authority in England than any other foreign bishop, and that the King was supreme head of the Church of England—the saving clause, "as far as is allowed by the law of Christ," being omitted. To refuse to take this oath was misprision of treason and punishable by perpetual imprisonment and forfeiture of all property. This oath was subscribed to by the greater part of the clergy, and a formal declaration against the authority of the Pope was obtained from both Convocations and from the universities. Further, in the autumn of the same year, 1534, Parliament enacted that the King and his heirs should be taken and reputed the only supreme heads on earth of the Church of England (again the saving clause was omitted), and to wish or will maliciously by word or work to deprive the King of this title was made high treason. Then followed "a series of appalling executions" (we are quoting from Mr. Gairdner †), "which completely subdued in England all

* Gairdner, *ibid.*; Wilkins, iii. 746.
† *Letters and Papers*, &c., vol. viii., Preface.

spirit of resistance, while abroad it filled the mind alike of Romanists and of Protestants with horror and indignation. That the nation disliked the change [of religion] as it disliked the cause of the change [the divorce], there can be very little doubt. On no other subject during the whole reign have we such overt and repeated expressions of dissatisfaction with the King and his proceedings." Mr. Green,* speaking of this period, says: "A reign of terror, organized with consummate and merciless skill, held England panic-stricken at Henry's feet."

We may sum up briefly what has been said on the subject of the Royal Supremacy as follows: (1) It was the King, not the clergy, who was the first and chief mover; (2) the motive was, not the desire of religious reformation, but the desire of a divorce from his lawful wife; (3) nothing against the Pope's authority was desired or even contemplated by Convocation; the renunciation of the Pope's authority was not insisted upon by the King until three years after; (4) the consent of the clergy was extorted by fear of the severest penalties, it was given in silence, unwillingly, and against their convictions, and repented of as soon as given; (5) obedience was enforced by the most cruel laws, notwithstanding which, many of the noblest in the country refused to acknowledge the King as head of the Church, even though they knew that they would have to pay for it with their lives.

W. H. Cologan.

* *Short History of the English People*, c. vi. See also *How Henry VIII. robbed England of her Ancient Faith.* Catholic Truth Society.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY THE CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY,
69 SOUTHWARK BRIDGE ROAD, LONDON, S.E.

[*Price* 2*s.* per 100.]

St. Francis of Sales.

(1567-1622.)

BY THE VERY REV. CANON MACKEY.

I. Birth and Education.

1. Childhood and Schooldays (1567-1580).

Francis was born at Sales in Savoy on the 21st August, 1567, and within a few moments of his birth was baptized under the names of Francis Bonaventure. He was descended on both sides from a long line of warrior nobles, and the martial element is distinctly traceable in his character and life. He was a child of prayer. For seven years had his mother begged for offspring, and during her pregnancy she had visited the Holy Winding Sheet when it was taken to Annecy, to pour out her soul in supplication over her precious burden, and to dedicate it entirely to God.

A mysterious joyousness pervaded the assembly of friends and relatives at his baptism, leading his godfather, a Benedictine prelate, to prognosticate his future sanctity. Virtue seemed to be instinctive with him. When a mere suckling, his nurse could not take him out without a supply of alms for poor persons whom they might meet. His first thoughts and emotions were for heaven and God; his first words, "Our good God and mamma love

me very much." His mother, a woman of consummate piety and prudence, watched for and developed his holy tendencies. She took from him, as soon as ever his extreme delicacy permitted, all luxuries, and accustomed him to simplicity and even to privation. She kept at a distance from him all sources of danger, all servants and playmates of whose virtue she was not assured. Aided by M. Déage, a pious priest of the neighbourhood, she taught him, as soon as he could lisp, his prayers and catechism. His delight was to recite and teach these to the village children, whom the little apostle would collect for this purpose, afterwards conducting them to the church to pay their respects to the Blessed Sacrament, and to walk in procession round the font. He would speak also to his mother of God's sweet Providence, reminding her where to seek comfort in her tribulations. He was fond of making little altars and other pious objects. His very appearance, now as later, inspired holiness. The element of fear was also present in this early training. When four or five years old, he appropriated a riband which had caught his childish fancy, and though he ingenuously owned his fault, his father insisted on administering an exemplary chastisement before the assembled household.

At seven he was sent for two years to the college of La Roche, and at nine to Annecy, where he stayed four years, completing his Humanities. He progressed in wisdom and grace as in age. He had in childhood the adult heart, the *cor senile*, of the Saints. To brilliant talent he added the most laborious application, and gained the highest honours of his schools. In virtue he still more excelled. His outward beauty—his candid forehead, his clear blue eyes, his bright colour, his winning smile, his flaxen ringlets floating down upon his shoulders —received a certain heavenly lustre from the grace of God which shone over it from within, and parents used to take their children to Annecy to point Francis out to them as "the Saint." His joy was to be with God in prayer, his recreation to read the lives of the Saints. He was indifferent to childish sports, and only joined in them under obedience. He was particularly remarkable for

his modesty, never permitting himself those little freedoms of dress or manners which are blamelessly found in ordinary children. But there was nothing of conceit or affectation about him, no self-consciousness, no self-complacency. It was simply that to him the supernatural had become as it were natural, and only the eternal signified. His companions loved him as much for his sweet unselfish charity towards them as they venerated him for his other virtues.

The chief events of these years at Annecy were his first Communion and his receiving the tonsure. The latter ceremony was considered by many in that age to be of little significance. It did not prevent the pursuing of a worldly career, nor require the wearing of the ecclesiastical dress. The fond father had no idea of letting his talented son withdraw from the path of earthly distinction. But to Francis it was an act of deepest meaning. It was the first step towards the complete dedication of himself to God, and with all his heart he uttered the sacred words: "The Lord is the portion of my inheritance."

2. University Life: Paris and Padua (1580–1591).

From Annecy Francis was sent to the University of Paris, and here we have a strong proof of the genuineness of his piety and the simplicity of his seriousness. With tears of deepest humility he protested that his depraved nature would be ruined where others would thrive, and implored his father to send him not to the college of Navarre, whither most of the Savoyard nobles resorted, but to the newly established Jesuit college, where he felt that he could cultivate his mind without loss to his virtue. His request was granted, and he was sent to study under the Jesuits, the good M. Déage being appointed his governor. At Paris he completed his Rhetoric and Philosophy with the highest distinction, studying also Theology, Scripture and Hebrew, and perfecting himself, by his father's command, in all the exercises of a young noble.

As in childhood there had been in religious matters

nothing of the child, so here at Paris there was nothing of the young man's levity or love of pleasure. Every day Francis made an hour's mental prayer, read a considerable portion of some spiritual book which he carried about with him, and made a visit to some sanctuary of the Blessed Virgin. He frequented the Holy Table, saying that he went to his Divine Master to learn the science of the Saints, as to his earthly masters for secular instruction. He chose religious for his friends, and monasteries for his houses of call. "We think so little of our salvation," he used to say; "these holy men think of nothing else." He fasted and wore the hair-shirt three days in every week, and was ever distinguished for chastity, the chosen virtue of the client of Mary and the sanctuary. It was at this time that he brought down his high spirit and tamed his naturally fiery temper by the practice of meekness and humility. "At Paris," he said later, "I greatly longed to be holy and perfect, and in that boyish time I gave myself to humility and gentleness with great fervour. I passed some years thinking of nothing but the acquisition of these." And we must say that M. Déage furnished the humble youth with many an opportunity. He was strict and he was irritable, and did not scruple to box his pupil's ears when Francis, according to his wont, let himself be thought guilty of what was really the fault of others.

On joining the Sodality, which he looked upon almost as a religious order, he became still more interior, spent longer time in prayer, withdrew more completely from the world and from even the most innocent recreations, and devoted himself more completely to the practice of obedience and humility. He was styled "the Angel of the College."

A great event occurred at Paris when he was seventeen, an event which perhaps marks in his life the transition from extraordinary to heroic sanctity. This was a temptation to despair. He felt as if it were impossible for him to be saved. All his struggles, his prayers, his study of the grounds of hope and the doctrine of predestination, were of no use. His body grew yellow and was visibly wasting away. His soul was shadowed with the

darkest melancholy. All he could do was to continue his exercises of piety and virtue, and to utter continually to God, these words of generous resignation: "Ah, Lord! if I am never to see Thee or Thy sweet Mother in the next world, allow me at least to love you here below." This fearful trial lasted six weeks, and ended suddenly whilst he was saying the *Memorare* with extreme fervour before a statue of the Blessed Virgin, after he had made a vow of chastity and a promise to say her Rosary every day. From this time he redoubled his fervour, and gave all his leisure time to prayer.

From Paris, after a few months' stay at home, Francis went to Padua. There, under the immediate direction of the great Jesuit, Poissevin, and with the help of the most illustrious masters in the world, he completed his seventeen years of education. His extraordinary talents, his judgement, imagination, and taste, were developed and refined to the utmost. In conferring on him at last the degrees of doctor in canon and in civil law, Pancirola declared that the famous university had never bestowed them on a graduate who had better merited them.

During these four years his love of God increased by continual exercise. His spiritual life may be seen in the "Spiritual Combat," which he always carried about with him and reduced to exact practice, and in the rules of conduct which he drew up for himself. It was said that he already had enough virtue for canonization, and men knew not whether to admire more his actual holiness, or the heights which it gave promise of attaining. He was obedient as a child; gentle, humble, simple, like a fervent religious. His charity and humility were well shown when during a dangerous illness he willed that his body should be given to the anatomists in order to prevent the scandal and quarrels which often took place over the bodies of the dead. "If I am useless alive," he said, "I should be glad to be of some use dead." But in his sweetness there was no lack of strength. His consistency in self-mastery required an entirely supernatural fortitude; nor could vice, which was rampant in that university town,

lift its head in his presence without courageous and scathing rebuke. In one of the trials to which his beauty and his very chastity exposed him, he spat in the face of a shameless woman before he fled from the contamination of her presence; in another, he turned out of his house a so-called friend who had made himself the bearer of infamous proposals. On another occasion when attacked by some young bullies, he drew his sword and quickly put them to flight.

3. From leaving the University till Priesthood (1591-1592).

On leaving Padua Francis travelled to Rome, Venice, and other places of interest, and made a long-vowed pilgrimage to Loreto, to thank that heavenly Lady to whose intercession he considered himself indebted for all the graces he had received. Kneeling to renew his vow of chastity, he exhibited such signs of burning love in the fixed gaze, the glowing cheeks, the ardent sighs which escaped from his breast during his protracted prayer, that M. Déage and the other spectators were filled with awe, as if they were watching an angel doing reverence to his Queen.

He returned home in the spring of 1592, a finished scholar, an accomplished nobleman, and a saint. His father's satisfaction was unbounded, and now his great desire was that his son should reap a plentiful harvest of worldly glory and worldly gains. That he should be advocate and senator, that he should make a brilliant marriage, these were the father's ambitions; but the son sought other honours and a nobler career—"The Lord is the portion of my inheritance." He let himself be declared advocate, but he absolutely refused to become a senator or to entertain the idea of marriage. He confided to his mother and to his cousin the Canon Louis de Sales his unalterable determination to dedicate himself to God in the priestly state. How to obtain his father's consent he knew not; but his cousin got over the difficulty by procuring for him, without his knowledge, the provostship of the Chapter

of Geneva, which happened to fall vacant at the time. This dignity made the disappointment less grievous to the father, and Francis reluctantly accepted it as the only way of gaining his desire. He said afterwards: "I was a prelate without ever being a subject: I would rather have been a simple clerk, rather have carried the holy water than the crosier." He was installed provost at Annecy, the place of residence of the exiled Bishop and Chapter of Geneva, and shortly after received the subdiaconate. The Bishop insisted that he should begin at once to preach. He showed all the virtues of a perfect ecclesiastic, and amongst other works of zeal founded the great Confraternity of the Cross of Mary Immaculate and SS. Peter and Paul, in order better to combat heresy, and to make reparation to God for the fearful outrages it had offered to His Sacred Majesty. He was ordained priest on the 18th December, 1593.

II. St. Francis as Priest.

1. His Life at Annecy (1593-1594).

On receiving the priesthood, Francis gave up as dross and without a moment's consideration, his birthright, his title and his income, He carried out his own axiom—"a priest cannot commit a sin." He celebrated daily, and made his life centre round his Mass as preparation or as fruit. When he was at Mass he aimed at being always "another Christ," or, as he put it, "like Mary bearing Jesus." His time at home was spent in prayer or in the studies suited to his profession; abroad, in works of religion and charity. His religious deportment made him a spectacle of edification to seculars and a model to the clergy. He preached very frequently; not in the formal, unreal style of that day, but with evangelical simplicity and unction. He had a confessional made for himself close to the door of the Cathedral, and thither crowded all the poor and afflicted, with all

the most devout. He received them as a loving shepherd and father, rejoiced over their penitence, and mingled his tears with theirs over their sins;—"Entire affection scorneth nicer hands." Rags, sores and noisome smell were attractions to his illuminated mind and Christ-like heart. He reconciled differences, visited the sick and miserable, distributed abundant alms, assisted at conferences, and spread devotion in public and in private life: men when they looked on him glorified his Father in heaven. Meanwhile he was unconsciously preparing himself for higher things; his magnificent powers, his apostolic virtues and zeal, were to have an apostle's field of exercise. The poor lost sheep of the Chablais were waiting for him.

2. The Conversion of the Chablais (1594-1598).

The Chablais is the most northern province of the ancient Duchy of Savoy, running along the south side of the lake of Geneva, and thus bordering on the Swiss country. Sixty years before the time we speak of, the Swiss Calvinists had treacherously seized upon all that part of it which lies west of the Drance, destroying the Catholic religion. Savoy recovered it after thirty years, but agreed to allow the practice of the Protestant religion only. In 1589 the Swiss seized it again, but the Duke quickly retook it, and freed from former obligations determined to re-establish the old religion, tolerating the new only in three places, of which Thonon, the capital, was not to be one. He had scarcely retired when the Swiss a third time overran the unfortunate country; but, after a desultory warfare lasting till 1593, had to beg for a truce, and meantime to surrender the Chablais unconditionally to its rightful sovereign. He saw that it was impossible to retain his hold upon it so long as the inhabitants were united with the Swiss in religious sympathy; force had failed, and he now determined to apply the legitimate means of preaching and persuasion. The bishop of Geneva was applied to for zealous missionaries, and Francis, thirsting for souls, volunteered to go, his cousin Canon Louis assisting him in the commencement.

It was to human eyes a hopeless enterprise. In sixty-five parishes, containing upwards of 25,000 souls, there were scarcely a hundred Catholics. The churches had been stripped or destroyed, altars and bells taken away, there was not a priest in the whole district. The numerous ministers and other leaders of the people were bitter and unscrupulous opponents of the Catholic faith, and they had at their back those Swiss who had already shown themselves sometimes more than a match for the power which the Duke could exert in that outlying part of his dominions.

"They of Berne and Geneva," writes the Saint, "have deterred the people from listening to our sermons, saying that the truce is but a truce, that presently Duke and priests shall be driven out by force of arms, and heresy flourish again. If it were known that they leaned ever so little towards the Catholic religion they would be treated not only as heretics but as apostates." The Duke on the other hand, was so much engaged in other affairs that he seemed to forget the Chablais. After two years preaching Francis writes to him: "The people will not believe that we are here by your Highness's orders, as nothing is done for us. Even the expenses incurred up to this have not been paid."

As for these people, it is true that they disliked and feared the Catholic religion, which was known to them only by the calumnies of their leaders, but they had become so accustomed to vary their religious professions according to the changes of the wars that they had lost all religious sense. "Before we can convert them we must take from them the love of this world," wrote Francis.

Such was the sterile and ungrateful field of the Saint's labours, and he had scarcely put foot in it before he was assailed by all the forces of evil leagued together. He was proclaimed to be a sorcerer and emissary of the devil, his life was several times attempted, the people were forbidden by their ministers to listen to him, and combined together in their refusal. A missioner who preceded him had had to flee for his life from Thonon. It was in this town that Francis determined to begin his preaching, but

he found it necessary to return every night to the castle of Allinges, two or three miles distant, where there was a small garrison. He preached daily to audiences of five or six. Sometimes he would make excursions into the country parts, preaching in every village he came to if he could get any audience at all, unable to procure food or shelter, and, if benighted, obliged to take refuge in ruined churches, under the eaves of houses, or on the branches of trees. He was exposed to the heats of summer and the frosts of winter. Great as were his perils he would never accept an escort of soldiers. "The Apostles," he said, "used no soldiers. Luther and Calvin spread their heresy by such means, but for that reason I will not. Suffering and trust in God, are of more avail than a legion of soldiers." But he employed soldiers in a better sense, by bringing to a holy life those of the garrison, whose example became a powerful sermon.

Unable to get a hearing, he began to write out copies of his teaching, and to get them sent about from house to house. In this way he composed his great controversial work, which was posthumously published under the title of *Les Controverses*, a defence of the Catholic Faith worthy to rank with the works of St. Athanasius and St. Augustine. It need not be said that he displayed apostolic virtues—love of God and souls, tender solicitude, unwearying patience. Not content with his spiritual labours, he used his knowledge of law and of medicine to win souls by relieving temporal needs, and after a day of stupendous labour he would spend great part of the night in prayer. He pursued this life for two years, with scarcely any visible result, but it was really the seed time of the abundance that followed. Hearts were being conquered by the beauty of Catholic doctrine, presented in so sweet a guise and enforced by such examples of the excellent truths he preached. But fear still kept them back from open confession of what they already believed. The first converts had to leave the country altogether. But at last the Duke awoke to a sense of his obligation to second these noble efforts. He sent for Francis to Turin, listened to his suggestions, gave him an allowance for himself, promised support for more missionaries, and autho-

rized him to say Mass in one of the churches of Thonon. This was enough; and the people, having hopes of safety, now began to follow out their convictions. Three parishes, and shortly afterwards twelve more, were organized, and priests appointed to them. Capuchins and Jesuits came to assist. The conversion of one village led to that of another. The re-erection of the crosses was one of the great features of the Catholic revival, and on occasion of it the Saint composed his great defence of the honour shown by the Church to the cross, under the title "Standard of the Cross." Aged people brought forward the bells, whose voices had been so long dumb. The old traditions of faith revived, the churches were repaired or rebuilt. In all this, and for years afterwards, prudence and administrative power were as necessary to make the work permanent as zeal had been to once effect it, and a most admirable part of the conversion of the Chablais is the way in which Catholic means and instruments were applied by Francis for this end. In October 1598, the Papal legate came, accompanied by the Duke, to reconcile the country. Thousands made their recantation in his hands. Such a spectacle of faith and grace had not been seen since the conversion of the nations. Hardly a hundred heretics remained where four years previously there had been scarce a hundred Catholics.

The few persons of influence who refused to listen to the Catholic preachers, and who followed their heresy more as a matter of party and of policy than of religion, received orders from the Duke to sell their property and leave the country, and the Chablais was back in the true fold. All the glory of this result must be attributed under God to the virtues, wisdom, preaching, sufferings and perseverance of "the Apostle of the Chablais."

III. St. Francis as Bishop.

1. His Coadjutorship, Consecration, and the Spirit of his Life (1599-1602).

Francis had scarcely brought the Mission of the Chablais to its triumphant close when he was appointed coadjutor to the venerable Bishop of Geneva, M. Granier, with right of succession. The Saint long refused this dignity, and when at last he accepted it under the pressure of his directors, who assured him that he would otherwise be resisting the manifest will of God, he would not receive episcopal consecration until the time of his actual succession. He threw himself into his great duties with all the devotion of his heart.

His first business was a journey to Rome on the affairs of religion in the diocese. There he satisfied his piety with long visits to the tombs of the Apostles, patrons of his Church of Geneva, to the Catacombs and the other places dear to Christian hearts, and made the acquaintance of Baronius, Bellarmine and other glories of the Church. The Pope himself examined him, although he admitted the Savoyard privilege which the Saint humbly asserted, of exemption from examination, saying that he wished not to test but to manifest Francis' knowledge. The Venerable Ancina was present, and going afterwards to felicitate him was so charmed with his humility that he exclaimed, tenderly embracing him; "O how much more rejoiced am I to day to see you truly humble than I was at your examination to see you truly learned!"

On his return to Savoy he was engaged in the affairs of the diocese, particularly the temporals of the Chablais; and a great part of the year 1602 he spent in Paris, over the affairs of a part of the diocese of Geneva called Gex, which had been taken from Savoy by the Swiss when they usurped the Chablais, and had ultimately come into the possession of France. His preachings and other continual exertions in this

district of Gex did not bear such full fruit during his own lifetime as they had done in the Chablais, because France, from motives of policy, did not properly support him, but they were rewarded later by the thorough conversion of the country.

In Paris he preached the Lent at Court, and gained the admiration and friendship of the devout of all classes. The King, Henry IV., looked on him as the greatest and saintliest of men, entered into the closest intimacy with him, declared that Francis would have converted him had he still been a Protestant, and wanted to send him to preach to James I. of England. Who knows what might have been the consequence of such a visit? But England did not deserve the grace.

M. Granier died during the Saint's return from Paris, and he was consecrated bishop on the feast of the Immaculate Conception, 1602.

He made a retreat of twenty days at Sales, during which he regulated his future life with minutest care. At his consecration he fell into an ecstasy, in presence of all the people, and distinctly saw the Blessed Trinity producing in his soul the effects signified by the sacramental forms. "At that time," he says, "God took me from myself to give me to my people, that I might no longer live save for Him and for them." These words are an abstract of the rest of his life.

In considering this life, that first quality must first be regarded which does not cease to be the chief glory of each saint because common to them all—divine charity. A saint may be defined as one in love with God: and the soul of Francis was entirely possessed with this love, affective, active and submissive. The attention of his spirit was ever concentrated on God, whose beauty and holiness were reflected there as in a spotless mirror: his heart followed his thought in continual yearnings and affections and aspirations after union with his Beloved. Madame de Chantal asked him whether he was ever out of the sense of God's presence. He answered: "Yes, sometimes for as much as a quarter of an hour." All this, moreover, was usually without any pleasure in the inferior part of the soul. He took no heed whether he

was in consolation or desolation, and as a fact his prayer was for the most part extremely dry.

Corresponding with this love of God, he ever entertained a conscious hatred of sin and contempt of self and of creatures as creatures, together with a compassionate and most zealous love of his neighbour for God's sake. The same witness says that while some considered that the distinctive character of his charity towards others was sweetness, she for her part considered it was zeal for souls. He used frequently to break out into sighs when after some moments of another thought his mind returned to its habitual remembrance of an insulted God and perishing souls.

From his heart-love as from its source came his works of *active* love, thus receiving an excellence beyond what they had of themselves. His words describing the effect of love of God in general can be most closely applied to himself: "It is this holy passion which causes so many works of piety to be written, so many churches, altars, and pious houses to be erected; in a word, which makes so many of God's servants live and die amid the flames of love which consume and spend them." If he may be said to have a speciality in this it is in the union of sustained vehement power in action with the most absolute calmness and indifference (that is, absence of self-seeking) in his will; in the equally careful performance of all works whether called little or great, common or noble; and in the immense variety and multitude of deeds included in the simple unity of his aim. The secret of this lies in the third great department of his charity *submissive* love. He was simply a man of God's will, effecting it with all his strength or bearing it with perfect resignation, when he knew what God wanted him to do or suffer; waiting with all his powers gathered together ready to be exerted at the final sign of his Master's will, yet subduing all eagerness and chafing, nor anticipating that sign by the slightest movement. If zeal and sweetness are his chief characteristics in relation to his neighbour, this entire devotion to God's will must be considered the character of the whole man: "I only know this one song," he says. It is at the root of all his teaching as of all his

practice, and is fully described in Books 8, 9, 10, of the "Treatise on the Love of God."

2. His Private Life and his Household.

The chief field of exercise of these principles was his own private life and household—what is done every day is from that fact alone of first importance.

He arranged his house like a monastery, with fixed hours and rules. He would never have a residence of his own, but lived at first in a plain hired dwelling, afterwards accepting the loan of the house of his friend Favre. The rooms for visitors and his own people were large and decently furnished, but as his own bed-room or cell he kept a small, dingy, ill-furnished sort of closet. "I must be Bishop of Geneva by day," he said, "but I will be Francis de Sales at night."

He rose early, and gave an hour to prayer and two hours to study before saying Mass. After Mass nearly all the remainder of his day when at home was taken up with attending to the affairs of his diocese, and of those who came to consult him. He was at the mercy of all; not of his officials only or of persons with important business, but of the most ordinary visitors, rich or poor, benefactors or beggars, persons whom less saintly or less busy men would have thought it waste of time even to speak to. As his wisdom and impartiality and facility got better known, it became the custom to take lawsuits before him. One witness at his canonization deposed that he had assisted at over a hundred of such pleadings. Not only did the parties themselves appear, but they also brought their legal advocates with them, and turned the bishop's room for the time into a noisy law-court. Francis alone preserved an imperturbable peace, shown even less perhaps in the course of the case itself than when he returned to his urgent personal duties, after a day of such wearisome and often wasted labour, with as much calmness as if he had been engaged in congenial and successful work. He said that a bishop must be "a public trough," where every man or animal might drink. He had an enormous and continually increasing corres-

pondence, but would never employ a secretary, lest his correspondents should feel less confidence. But it was to spiritual business that he most willingly devoted his time, and particularly to hearing confessions. This he would do at any hour, even taking off his vestments when ready for Mass to hear the most casual of penitents. As provost he had received and invited the worst of sinners, the lowest of the people; but now as bishop he *claimed* them, and in particular those whose sores and other bodily infirmities made them more repulsive.

At meals and in the evening he had spiritual reading, and the last work of his day was an hour's contemplation, while saying the Rosary of six decades. He went to confession almost daily. Such were almost all his days at home and many of his days abroad for twenty years, and he wrote his great works in the morsels of time which he could "pick out" from such days. With his canons and attendants he was most affable. He kept an excellent table for them, and did all in his power to make them happy. He would take them or his visitors on the lake for recreation. Distinguished visitors he entertained with magnificence, and was not above hiring what was necessary, even if to hire he had first to pawn. One of his canons used to reproach him with these things, and to say that he was much too easy and too "ordinary" ever to be canonized. But deeper minds knew and know the strength that was wanted for what has been described; the utter self-sacrifice required thus to adapt himself, always and sweetly, to the needs and desires, to the whims and changes of those around him. As for what concerned himself alone he did not know what rest or recreation was; he never allowed himself an instant's listlessness or relaxation. Partly from mortification, partly from his habitual sense of God's presence, the modesty of boyhood had developed into an extreme self-restraint. In church he neevr moved, however oppressive the heat or long the ceremony; he would not even lift his hand to brush off a tormenting insect, though the bystanders could see the blood flowing from its bite. It was almost the same in his chamber. His friend the Bishop of Belley, who bored holes in his door

to watch him, says "he was always like an angel before his God." He was ever calm and reverent, he never crossed his legs, or rested his head on his hand, or gave way to any of those restless movements by which even the most dignified and modest persons are accustomed to relieve themselves when alone. His main mortifications were of this kind, acting by their directness and unbroken continuity, but he did not neglect sharper remedies and precautions. His instruments of penance were only found after his death, but often traces of blood showed his servants how they had been used. At first he fasted every Friday and every Saturday. Afterwards he gave up his fasting for a time to avoid inconveniencing others, but was able to introduce it again when the pressure of business required that he should have his evening meal served in his own room. But at the best he ate little and was totally indifferent to the nature of his food or the way in which it was prepared. Several times he was found to be dipping his bread into warm water instead of some sauce, to be taking flour for salt or salt for sugar.

He gave public alms twice a week, and no one was sent away unrelieved. He had many poor pensioners in Annecy and elsewhere. When he had exhausted his purse before returning home, he would take off some article of dress to give away, and was delighted if in such cases he could get in without exciting the notice of his much exercised and far from patient steward. Any sum of money that arrived without the knowledge of that officer was pretty sure to go to the poor before it was accounted for. And to the poor he was almost deferential. Once a beggar refused a vest as being worn out; the bishop took it away, but brought it back and begged the man to be good enough to accept it as it was the least worn that he had. There never was a heart warmer or more faithful in friendship, and as for his enemies, he used to say: "If God had told us to hate our enemies, I do not know how I could have obeyed Him; it is so sweet to love them." He was never known to be anything but serene and sweet, though he was continually being attacked and insulted, and sometimes felt anger boiling inwardly "like a kettle on a fire." An enemy

watched him for six years, and was forced to own that he had never seen in him the slightest want of meekness or humility. His very appearance inspired charity and peace. He never refused what it was in his power to grant, and it used to be said that it was more agreeable to get a refusal from him that a favourable answer from another. But he could refuse when necessary, and he would oppose individuals, parliaments, and his very sovereign, when justice required.

Two members of his household deserve particular mention, as illustrating his character. One was M. Déage, his old tutor, whom he had made a canon and attached to his own person. He treated him with an ever increasing deference, although Déage, while loving him with a love bordering on infatuation, still looked on him as a pupil to be watched and rebuked, and would be pleased with nothing, growing daily more testy and more critical. The other was a deaf-mute, whom the Saint treated with most affectionate compassion, whom he taught to express himself, and to whose religious instruction he devoted hours of his valuable time. It was most touching, to see this poor creature and his benefactor together, or to see them meet after an absence.

One more speciality of Francis's virtue, character, and spirit must be noticed. He enjoyed the advantages of high social standing, of birth, education, refinement, without any of the drawbacks which usually attach to them, such as inanity, over-delicacy, dependence on artificial necessities. Cultivation had only developed his natural greatness of mind, and made his simplicity more attractive. While mingling socially with his own class he was free from all class-prejudice and loved and served the poor equally with the rich. He was born to wealth and station only to renounce them, to understand how little they add to the true dignity of man, and to establish himself in a perfect detachment and disinterestedness. A dozen times he refused the most dazzling offers of preferments and emoluments. His position gave him influence with the rich, and placed him above the danger of flattering or being flattered, but he did not cease to be accessible to the poor. He was

exalted in dignity and wisdom, rich in the noblest of possessions, yet ever humble of heart and poor in spirit.

3. Work in his Diocese and elsewhere during the first part of his Episcopate (1602-1612).

Francis's next care, after regulating his house and daily life, was his own diocese; and his first work for it was to establish popular religious instruction in the form of catechism on the most extended scale. This he inaugurated solemnly in his pro-cathedral, and when at home always conducted it himself. All ages and classes attended.

Then he turned his attention to his clergy. There had been no seminary for the diocese, nor was he able ever to establish one; but in other points he followed the directions of the Council of Trent exactly. Here also he began with instruction, exhorting his clergy to study, as to a chief duty of their state and an eighth Sacrament, and issuing an "Instructions for Confessors" which still remains a work of the highest authority. He examined into the qualifications of candidates for the priesthood, refused at all costs to ordain those who were unsuitable, and gave the vacant benefices by the system of *concursus* or competitive examination. He called all his priests to a synod in the first year of his episcopate, and regularly every year afterwards, and at his first synod established a system which practically assured the well being of his large and varied diocese. He divided it into twenty districts, over each of which he placed a superintendent, called afterwards archpriest, who was every six months to visit the incumbents in his district at their homes, then meet them in general assembly and finally send to the bishop a detailed account of his visitation. He also urged upon the clergy the observance of the regulations of Trent as to the clerical dress, church services, registers, and the like, and of his own regulations as to the public catechism and instruction of the people; and he appointed special acts of reparation on Thursdays for the insults offered to the

Blessed Sacrament by the heretics of his diocese—for which end also he established a confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament. He drew up for the use of his clergy a ritual and a calendar, with formulas, prayers and explanations, which he had been preparing from the beginning of his mission in the Chablais. Another department of his labours in these first years and throughout his life was the reform and practically the re-establishment of various religious orders and houses, a work in which he met with many disappointments, but with some most signal successes.

We have already referred to the difficulties he experienced in the French part of his diocese from the action of the French government—a difficulty which was increased by the jealousy which existed between Savoy and France. It is impossible to describe the loss of time, the wearing anxieties, the vexatious refusals of leave to travel and to preach which arose from this.

His next great and special work for his diocese was his personal visitation of every parish in it, which occupied all his free time for five years, though visiting sometimes two or three parishes in a day. None of his predecessors seem ever to have attempted it. The great mountains of Savoy, including Mont Blanc itself, are in the ancient diocese of Geneva. Wherever man was able to live, thither to visit his sheep did this devoted shepherd travel, often on bleeding hands and knees, his feet being a mass of wounds; sometimes in a state of high fever caused by his violent exertions in climbing the mountain heights. At nights he was so weary that he could move neither mind nor body. He fed his own soul on the glorious spectacle of nature in those regions, and on the virtues and the affection which he found among the simple mountaineers—and who shall describe what he did for their souls? Here he would make flowers of devotion to Mary spring; there he would stay for several days and succeed in removing inveterate animosities; everywhere he corrected abuses and renewed religious fervour, and visited the sick and dying, reconciled enemies, and delivered the possessed. For this last work, which he humbly called relieving the melancholy, he had a special

grace, and his action often cured miraculously their bodily as well as their mental diseases.

His labours were not confined to his own diocese, though the affairs of this were, he said, "not streams but torrents." Elsewhere also he preached, and by his preaching and correspondence found openings for his zeal, displayed his virtues, and as it were extended his diocese, throughout the world. The most notable of these works, and the one which exerted the greatest influence on his life, was the Lent he preached at Dijon in 1604, during which he made the acquaintance of a holy widow named Madame (afterwards St. Jane Frances) de Chantal. There are few things more beautiful in the histories of God's Saints than the sweet, strong, pure friendship which sprang up between these two elect souls. They were miraculously known to one another before they met: he in an ecstacy seeing the three persons who were to begin the religious order of which the design was already in his mind; she, also in ecstacy, seeing a venerable man of whom a voice said: "Behold your guide, beloved of God and man." His instructions sanctified her, and being for the most part written, served also to sanctify others; and to her he showed the secret recesses of his soul in all their beauty. She met him most years, kept up a close correspondence with him, and at last, as we shall see, went to Annecy, to be his instrument in founding the great Order of the Visitation.

Another example of his work outside his diocese is his letters to Madame de Charmoisy, a lady whose acquaintance he made when coadjutor, at Paris—letters which developed into the "Introduction to a Devout Life," published in 1608—that inimitable work which has helped so greatly to make saints, which has extorted the admiration even of the bitterest enemies of the Catholic Church, and which our James I. of England used as his great guide of life, and always carried about his person.

He had also other great affairs to transact as commissioner of the Pope, and the long journeys thus required were only new opportunities of exercising virtue and drawing souls to faith or charity.

To all this must be added his solicitude for the Universal Church, a chief example of which was his action in the matter of certain controversies on grace which were threatening to rend the theological schools asunder, and which were subdued and settled according to his advice.

The foundation of the Visitation Order (1610-1612), was one of the greatest, most laborious, and most enduring works of his life. With his usual consideration for the simple and the weak, he perceived that while there were religious orders suited for those whose health and spirit could stand severe austerities or extreme solitude, there was need and opening in the Church for an order of women in which retirement, prayer, regularity and moderation of life, mortification of mind, heart, and will, the continual practice of charity, obedience and humility in a truly interior spirit, should secure the essentials of a religious life and do the work of a severer rule, thus giving a chance of the perfect life to all whose will was good, whether body or mind were strong or feeble. It should be enough if they were able to follow a common rule, adapted equally to weak and strong, and were free from infirmities which were opposed to community life. Persons of all ages, widows or single, might be accepted. At first the sisters were not even bound by vow, but only by promise, and by charity—"the bond of perfection." Nor were they at first to form an enclosed order, but were to visit and nurse the sick at their own homes, a practice by which they won from the poor their name of Sisters of the Visitation.

In 1610 Mother de Chantal and two other ladies came together in a little house at Annecy, put on the religious habit, and gave themselves to prayer and the practice of every virtue. They were soon joined by three more.

The Bishop was their chaplain, and gave all his spare time to their training. He said Mass for them every morning, heard their confessions himself, and besides continual private instructions, gave them public discourses or conferences, thrice every week. He drew up for them provisional constitutions, of which the spirit

was the aiming at interior virtues, a complete giving of the heart to God and abandonment to His providence. They began without any provisions in the house, and with but three half-pence in their coffer. He made St. Jane, as we may now begin to call her, give over her property to her children in the world, and refused the offered wealth of a postulant. "This order," he said, "is to be made, like the world, out of nothing." He taught them, by word and example, humility, obedience and charity, communicating to them his own principles and spirit, and the graces he had himself received. An event slight in itself shows the character and result of their training. The time for profession had come, and there was no money for the adornment of their altar. One of St. Jane's two companions was daily expecting money from her father, and on the strength of this the Mother, with many misgivings, let them borrow a small sum that had been entrusted to them by the Bishop exclusively for the sick. It was scarcely spent when St. Jane saw how wrongly she had acted. She wrote to St. Francis, and in the morning he came over. He said this was their first disobedience, that it had cost him a sleepless night, and that words could not describe the pain and grief he had felt. Their repentance and self-humiliation were his only consolation. St. Jane almost fainted in his presence, and it was long before she could comfort herself or regain her serenity of mind.

Soon the community increased to sixteen, and took a larger house; here the Saint continued their training, and to this we owe his exquisite "Conferences" and other sermons, innumerable letters, and above all the "Treatise on the Love of God," which is at once the most excellent stimulus and guide to a perfect life, and an exact description of the Saint's own life and principles.

Contradictions and crosses were not wanting. Even the good attacked his plans and his conduct, saying that it was absurd to try to found a religious order on such lines as these, that he was trying to make a path to heaven strewed with roses instead of thorns, that he had banished the cross and was offering a key to heaven.

other than Christ's, and that he ought not to waste his time over a few simple women. The fact was that the world had almost ceased to realize the meaning of abnegation and crucifixion of heart apart from certain traditional practices of austerity and penance. The spirit of Bethlehem and Nazareth was practically forgotten: it was St. Francis's glorious mission to revive it.

In a short time he was asked to establish a house at Lyons, and this foundation led him to make a complete change in the form of his congregation, under the advice of the Archbishop of that See. He made it an enclosed Order, and introduced the three ordinary vows of religion. His friend and brother apostle, St. Vincent de Paul, was to have the privilege of founding the order of active charity.

The Visitation Order quickly took root and spread in the Church. During the founder's lifetime thirteen houses were established in Savoy and France, and no less than eighty-three were founded during the lifetime of the foundress, St. Jane, who outlived her saintly director twenty years.

4. The second part of his Episcopate (1612-1622).

The work of founding and directing his monasteries personally and by letter, of preparing the Constitutions and other written directions, or of composing the "Treatise on the Love of God," filled up a considerable part of the last years of his life.

As to his own practice, his spirit of contemplation increased and deepened. In 1610 he told St. Jane Frances that his prayer had nearly always been in methodical form, but often now he was wrapt at once in God, and compares his prayer to the quiet and almost invisible spreading of a drop of oil. He became, if possible, more heavenly, more full of zeal, more instant in preaching, sweeter and more self-sacrificing, more mortified, more devoted to spiritual and corporal works of mercy. And abundant oppor-

tunities arose for the exercise of these virtues and good works, particularly of patience and unwearying zeal. All his successes were strongly marked with the cross.

His own diocese still claimed his chief attention, but we find fewer salient facts in this latter part of his administration, because his system was so excellently arranged. The district of Gex was still his great trouble; the religious orders were still the chief objects of his solicitude.

Outside his diocese he laboured chiefly at Grenoble and at Paris. At Grenoble he preached consecutively two Advents and two Lents; first laying a solid foundation of dogmatic instruction, and building on this an edifice of sound moral teaching and piety. He exerted such influence there that the people looked on him as their own bishop, and resolved to take him as their special patron as soon as he was canonized. His work at Paris, at the end of 1618, and for the greater part of 1619, forms one of the chief events of his life.

He went thither in the suite of the Cardinal of Savoy who was sent to negotiate a marriage between the Prince of Piedmont and the sister of the King of France but providentially it was an opportunity of displaying his virtues on what St. Vincent de Paul calls "the theatre of the world." He became one of its apostles, preaching over 365 sermons there, entering deeply into its spiritual life, making innumerable conversions. Amongst those whose veneration he chiefly gained were Père Suffren, who said he had learnt more from him in nine hours than he learnt in all the rest of his life; Mère Angèlique and all the as yet orthodox and fervent circle of Port Royal; and above all St. Vincent de Paul, who said that nothing gave him so high an idea of God's goodness as did that of the Bishop of Geneva. It was commonly said in Paris that those who desired to see a picture of Jesus Christ walking on earth should go to look at Francis de Sales. The courtiers were as loud in his praises as the devout. It would be impossible to imagine an appearance at once more venerable and more attractive. To his natural beauty was added the dignity of mature age; virtue

and grace had imparted a spiritual and heavenly lustre to his features. His manner united majesty and modesty gravity and extreme sweetness. His very look inspired purity and fervour and reverence. His words were full of unction, the tones of his voice low and deep but clear, and sweet as music. "His words," says St. Jane, "were holy, and, though brief were so effective, full and decisive, that he satisfied and arrested the most inquiring minds."

He was very fond of visiting the English Benedictines of St. Edmund's. Shortly after this time he wrote: "I have a particular affection for that island and its king; and I unceasingly commend its conversion to the Divine Majesty. I have confidence that I shall be heard with so many souls who sigh after that grace." He had the Bible carried about with him by a servant wherever he went, to answer the questions and difficulties which were proposed to him in the streets and in private houses by Catholics, and still more often by heretics who were invited to meet him. The people thronged round him and would cry with exultation, "He touched me!" if his hand or his mere garment touched them. The marriage negotiations ended satisfactorily, thanks, chiefly to the wisdom of the Saint, and the princess of Piedmont insisted on making him her grand almoner. He would only accept the office on condition that he should receive no salary and should be allowed to continue to reside at Annecy.

On his return to Savoy his brother was made first acting almoner, and shortly afterwards was appointed his coadjutor. This seemed likely to relieve him of some portion of his burden, but he was not to have the advantage of it. In October 1621, he seems to have had an intimation of his approaching end, and from that time he kept himself as he said, "on the listen for the call," and "with one foot raised" for his departure. He began to put in order all the affairs of his diocese, carefully instructing his coadjutor about them. A still more heavenly lustre seemed to come over his person, and a new perfection over his words and actions. At the end of this year he and his brother went to the

Benedictine Abbey of Talloires, to translate the relics of St. Germanus, the reformer of that monastery. He spent hours in discoursing of the Saint, and in praying over the precious relics. "Never but once," he said, "have I felt such consolation." He ordered the Abbot to build him a little dwelling, intending to retire thither and to devote himself to prayer and writing and preparation for death.

The body began to break up; his legs were covered with swellings and sores; his head, his chest, his stomach, gave him continual pain. But he relaxed nothing of his austerities or of his labours. That winter he refused to renew his thin and worn out under garments, saying it was not worth while, and giving to the poor what it would have cost. He was ordered by the Pope to preside over the chapter of that branch of the Benedictine order called the Feuillants; in which office he showed consummate wisdom and saintliness. Sometimes he had to be carried out of the church fainting, and several times he had to close the sessions through inability to toil longer. Thence he went to Turin, where he was kept by business and illness for three months, his abode being a little stifling room at the Feuillants, to whose order, as to the Dominicans, Carthusians and Minims, he had been aggregated. His great trial there was to have to attend Court, and to to hear of the sufferings of his poor people during a scarcity. "When I can get back," he said: "I will sell my mitre, my crozier, and all that I have for them." At last he managed to return, but had scarcely arrived when he found it necessary to undertake a journey to Avignon at the orders of the Duke of Savoy, who was meeting there the King of France. He was told that it would cost him his life, but he only said: "God will not let me be a martyr for the faith amongst heretics, nor for charity amongst the plague-stricken—should I not be blessed to die for obedience?"

5. His Last Days and Death (1622).

Before leaving Annecy he made his will, and a general confession of his life. He bade tenderest adieu to all,

with many prophecies of his imminent death. His journey to Avignon, and thence with the court to Lyons, was at once a series of triumphs of his sanctity, and of painful accidents and privations such as could scarcely have been thought possible, and which delighted his spirit of humility, poverty and penance. Through extraordinary combinations of circumstances and his own efforts to conceal his rank, he had to put up with the worst of accomodation, having to sleep dressed in barns, and in the worst rooms of the inns. He kept repeating; "God's will, God's will." He would not even look at the grand spectacles which were displayed at this assembly of kings and princes, finding his pleasure in the society of holy persons and in religious houses. At Lyons he took up his abode in a little room in the cottage of the gardener at the Visitation Convent, where it was impossible to make a fire without a stifling smoke. It was now the depth of winter. St. Jane Frances had here the happiness of seeing him again, after an interval of three years. She was awe-struck at the sort of transfiguration which had passed over him, and she said that he seemed transformed into an angel. He was reproached for sending her away to continue her round of visitations, but he said: "Who loves her more than I? I love her as myself, but she must do God's will." He preached and celebrated on Christmas Day with seraphic fervour. The superior of the convent told him she believed she saw an angel whispering to him during the midnight Mass: "My heart is so dull to God's inspirations," he said with his usual ingenious humility, "that He is obliged to send an angel to my bodily ear." All the intervals between the services were taken up with preaching, conference and necessary fatiguing visits to the great ones of the two courts. His last words to his beloved daughters of the Visitation were: "Ask nothing and refuse nothing; be like Jesus in the crib." His words to his last visitor, the Jesuit superior of the house of St. Joseph, were: "We are wholly St. Joseph's here."

On the afternoon of St. John's day he had a slight stroke of apoplexy, and was quickly carried to bed. He was rubbed with hot cloths, bitter drinks were given

him, and as the drowsiness grew greater they plucked his hair, rubbed his skin into sores, bled him, and applied hot irons to the nape of his neck and the top of his head till they reached the bone. He was perfectly conscious, and the tears streamed from his eyes, but he made no complaint: he only said: "Do to the sick man what you will." Of himself he said: "My meat is to do the will of my Father in heaven:" and later: "I am an unprofitable servant, unprofitable, unprofitable;" and: "My soul hath thirsted for the strong, the living God." Of his order he said: "He who hath begun the work will make it perfect, perfect, perfect." Knowing what was likeliest to rouse him, some one said; "Are you sure you are not a Calvinist in your secret heart?" "God forbid!" he cried, "never was I a heretic, it would be too great a treason:" and he made a large sign of the cross on himself, and shortly afterwards said: "I desire to die in the faith of the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman Church, the sole true religion." He got them to put on his arm his rosary, with its blest medals from Rome and Loreto. His last word was the name of Jesus, his last movement a glance towards heaven. He died whilst the assistants were saying (for the third time because it was the Feast): "All Holy Innocents, pray for him."

The news of his death was supernaturally conveyed to many. His body was examined, and it was found that while his heart was sound and strong his liver was entirely burnt up, one lung was wounded by a sword, part of the brain was suffused with blood, and in the place of the gall were three hundred little hard bodies like rosary beads—which last phenomenon the doctors explained by the extreme violence which he had used throughout his life to restrain his natural propensity to anger. His sacred body was carried back to Annecy, and buried with great honour in the Church of the Visitation. It was removed during the French Revolution, but afterwards brought back and enshrined over the high altar of the new church of the same order.

It is impossible to describe the veneration of which he was the object. Not Catholics only, but the very Calvinists of France and even of Geneva proclaimed

him to be a true servant of God. The chief minister of Geneva said: "If we honoured any man as a saint I know none more worthy than this man since the days of the Apostles." Miracles began at once to be worked by his intercession. In 1626 a commission was appointed, which took the evidence of 5,000 witnesses to his heroic virtues and his miracles. His cause was immediately introduced at Rome, but various obstacles intervened, and it was not till 1661 that he was beatified by Alexander VII., a devoted follower of his teaching. He was canonized by the same Pope in 1665. Our own day has had the happiness of seeing him declared Doctor of the Church by Pius IX. in 1877.

St. Francis lives still in the Church on earth by his continual direct assistances and by the instruction and encouragement afforded by the example of his life. He lives in the fruits of the lives of the seventy thousand heretics whom he converted, of the sinners whom he brought back to virtue, and of the just whom he made perfect. He lives in his writings, suited for all conditions and all needs of life; in his two great works in defence of the Church—"The Catholic Controversy" and "The Standard of the Cross"—and chiefly in his works for forming and nourishing piety—"The Introduction," "The Love of God," his 1,200 letters, his many discourses. His special title is "Doctor of Devotion."

He lives also in the Orders which he originated or reformed. The Visitation is his own creation and his glory: his spirit still lives therein. The Sisters of St. Joseph, though founded thirty years after his death, owe their existence to his inspiration, and represent his first ideas of the Visitation. In these latter times we have amongst orders of men the "Missioners of St. Francis de Sales" (1836), the "Oblates of St Francis de Sales" (1875), and Don Bosco's Salesian Fathers; amongst orders of women, the "Sisters Servants of the Sacred Heart" (1866), and the "Daughters of Marie Auxiliatrice" founded under his patronage and on his principles. Under the same patronage we have also the great public association the "*Œuvre de St. Francois de Sales*," which in France counts its members by

hundreds of thousands, and the Third Order of St. Francis de Sales, founded also by Don Bosco and approved by Pius IX. in 1874.*

One moral we draw in conclusion, as this little work is intended to further the spread of the Catholic faith. All the glories of St. Francis are to the advantage of this faith. His saintly life authoritatively confirms the truth of the faith he lived by and the sources from which he drew. It sprang from a Catholic root, drew its sap from means and practices exclusively Catholic, manifested itself in Catholic forms. He was a godlike man because he "conversed in the Church of the living God;" he was full of divine love because he drank at the fountains of the only true faith.

We find in him the first Catholic principle, viz., that the Catholic and Roman Church is the one source or channel of truth. We have just seen him asserting this on his deathbed, and it was the guiding principle of his life. His devotion and submission to the Church and to the Pope amounted to a passion. To the Pope he writes: "I gladly and jubilantly venerate in you the supreme splendour of the Apostolic dignity, and most humbly revere (*colo*, worship) it, with my face prostrate on the ground to kiss your feet." He considered the doctrine of Infallibility as practically a defined truth. Corresponding with his love of the Church was his hatred of heresy, which also we have just seen to have been "his ruling passion, strong in death." His sweetness was at once changed into fierceness at the touch of heresy: "I have never looked at it," he says, "save to spit in its face." He said he desired to die by a cruel public death, innocent but condemned, "but not for heresy, on account of the scandal." To reconcile heretics was the very meaning of great part of his life. What does he think, in particular, of our England—"that beautiful island, once the land of saints, now the domain of error?"

* See 'Don Bosco and his Work.'—Catholic Truth Society, 1d.

His sanctity grew on Catholic means and showed itself in Catholic ways. Confession and Communion—spiritual reading—devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, the Passion, the Sacred Heart, Mary and the Angels and the Saints—pilgrimages and relics—the cross and holy water—there is no practice distinctively Catholic which is not shown in him with all its fulness and effectiveness, in theory and in practice.

Is then all his light darkness, or is the Protestant idea ignorance and delusion? Is it he who is misguided, or they who reject the Church? Let the question be seriously asked and pondered by those who read the history of his life and the doctrines he teaches, and let them draw the just conclusion that only in the Catholic Church are to be found truth and assurance of salvation.

Lectures

ON THE

PRESENT POSITION OF CATHOLICS IN ENGLAND:

Addressed to the Brothers of the Birmingham Oratory in 1851

BY

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, D.D.

I. Protestant View of the Catholic Church.

THERE is a well-known fable, of which it is to my purpose to remind you, my Brothers of the Oratory, by way of introducing to you the subject of the Lectures which I am proposing to deliver. I am going to inquire why it is, that, in this intelligent nation, and in this rational nineteenth century, we Catholics are so despised and hated by our own countrymen, with whom we have lived all our lives, that they are prompt to believe any story, however extravagant, that is told to our disadvantage; as if beyond a doubt we were, every one of us, either brutishly deluded or preternaturally hypocritical, and they, themselves, on the contrary, were in comparison of us absolute specimens of sagacity, wisdom, uprightness, manly virtue, and enlightened Christianity. I am not inquiring why they are not Catholics themselves, but why they are so angry with those who are. Protestants differ amongst themselves, without calling each other fools or knaves. Nor, again, am I proposing to prove to you, or to myself, that knaves and fools we are not, not idolaters, not blasphemers, not men of blood, not profligates, not steeped in sin and seared in conscience; for we know each other and our-

selves. No, my Catholic friends whom I am addressing, I am neither attacking another's belief just now, nor defending myself: I am not engaging in controversy, though controversy is good in its place: I do but propose to investigate how Catholics come to be so trodden under foot, and spurned by a people which is endowed by nature with many great qualities, moral and intellectual; how it is that we are cried out against by the very stones, and bricks, and tiles, and chimney-pots of a populous busy place, such as this town which we inhabit. The clearer sense we have of our own honesty, of the singleness of our motives, and the purity of our aims—of the truth, the beauty, the power of our religion, its exhaustless fund of consolation for the weary, and its especial correspondence to the needs of the weak—so much the greater may well be our perplexity to find that its advocates for the most part do not even gain a hearing in this country; that facts, and logic, and justice, and good sense, and right, and virtue, are all supposed to lie in the opposite scale; and that it is bid be thankful and contented, if it is allowed to exist, if it is barely tolerated, in a free people. Such a state of things is not only a trial to flesh and blood, but a discomfort to the reason and imagination: it is a riddle which frets the mind from the difficulty of solving it.

1.

Now then for my fable, which is not the worse because it is old. The Man once invited the Lion to be his guest, and received him with princely hospitality. The Lion had the run of a magnificent palace, in which there were a vast many things to admire. There were large saloons and long corridors, richly furnished and decorated, and filled with a profusion of fine specimens of sculpture and painting, the works of the first masters in either art. The subjects represented were various; but the most prominent of them had an especial interest for the noble animal who stalked by them. It was that of he Lion himself; and as the owner of the mansion led

him from one apartment into another, he did not fail to direct his attention to the indirect homage which these various groups and tableaux paid to the importance of the lion tribe.

There was, however, one remarkable feature in all of them, to which the host, silent as he was from politeness, seemed not at all insensible; that diverse as were these representations, in one point they all agreed, that the man was always victorious, and the lion was always overcome. The man had it all his own way, and the lion was but a fool, and served to make him sport. There were exquisite works in marble, of Samson rending the lion like a kid, and young David taking the lion by the beard and choking him. There was the man who ran his arm down the lion's throat, and held him fast by the tongue; and there was that other who, when carried off in his teeth, contrived to pull a penknife from his pocket, and lodge it in the monster's heart. Then there was a lion hunt, or what had been such, for the brute was rolling round in the agonies of death, and his conqueror on his bleeding horse was surveying these from a distance. There was a gladiator from the Roman amphitheatre in mortal struggle with his tawny foe, and it was plain who was getting the mastery. There was a lion in a net; a lion in a trap; four lions, yoked in harness, were drawing the car of a Roman emperor; and elsewhere stood Hercules, clad in the lion's skin, and with the club which demolished him.

Nor was this all: the lion was not only triumphed over, mocked, spurned; but he was tortured into extravagant forms, as if he were not only the slave and creature, but the very creation of man. He became an artistic decoration, and an heraldic emblazonment. The feet of alabaster tables fell away into lions' paws; lions' faces grinned on each side the shining mantelpiece; and lions' mouths held tight the handles of the doors. There were sphinxes, too, half lion half woman; there were lions rampant holding flags, lions couchant, lions passant, lions regardant; lions and unicorns; there were lions white, black, and red: in short, there was no misconception or excess of indignity which was thought too

great for the lord of the forest and the king of brutes. After he had gone over the mansion, his entertainer asked him what he thought of the splendours it contained; and he in reply did full justice to the riches of its owner and the skill of its decorators, but he added, "Lions would have fared better, had lions been the artists."

You see the application, Brothers of the Oratory, before I make it. There are two sides to everything; there is a Catholic side of the argument, and there is a Protestant. There is a story of two knights who met together on opposite sides of a monument: one of them praised the gold on the shield of the warrior sculptured upon it, and the other answered that it was not gold but silver. On this issue they fought; and in the course of the combat they changed places, and were flung, dismounted and wounded, each upon the ground occupied originally by his foe. Then they discovered that the shield was gold on one side, silver on the other, and that both of them were right, and both were wrong. Now, Catholic and Protestant are not both right and both wrong: there is but one truth, not two truths; and that one truth, we know, is in the Catholic Religion. However, without going on just now to the question where the truth lies (which is a further question not to my present purpose), still it is certain, though truth is one, that arguments are many, and there are always two sides in every dispute—I do not say both of them supported by arguments equally cogent and convincing, of course not; still there *is* a Protestant side, and there *is* a Catholic side—and if you have heard but one of them, you will think nothing at all can be said on the other. If, then, a person listens only to Protestantism, and does not give fair play to the Catholic reply to it, of course he thinks Protestantism very rational and straightforward, and Catholics very absurd; because he takes for granted the Protestant facts, which are commonly fictions, and opens his mind to Protestant arguments, which are always fallacies. A case may be made out for any one or anything; the veriest villain at the bar of justice is an injured man, a victim, a hero, in the defence made for him by his counsel. There are writers who dress up vice

till it looks like virtue: Goethe, I believe, has invested adultery with a sentimental grace; and Schiller's drama of the "Robbers" is said to have sent the young Germans of his day upon the highway. The same has been reported of Gay's "Beggar's Opera;" and in our own time a celebrated poet has thrown an interest over Cain, the first murderer. Anything will become plausible, if you read all that can be said in its favour, and exclude all that can be said against it.

Thus it comes to pass that, in a measure, every one (as I may say) has his own sphere of ideas and method of thought, in which he lives, and as to which he differs from every one else; and, unless he be a philosopher, he will be apt to consider his own view of things, his own principles, his own tastes, to be just and right, and to despise others altogether. He despises other men, and other modes of opinion and action, simply because he does not understand them. He is fixed in his own centre, refers everything to it, and never throws himself, perhaps cannot throw himself, into the minds of strangers, or into a state of things not familiar to him. So it is especially between country and country: the Englishman thinks his beef and pudding worth all the resources of the French *cuisine;* and the Frenchman thought for certain, until the peace, that he had gained the battle of Trafalgar. Taking men as they are commonly found, one man is not equal to the task of appreciating the circle of ideas and the atmosphere of thought which is the life of another; and yet he will commonly be forward in criticising and condemning it; condemning it, not as having heard what it has to say for itself, but simply and precisely for the very opposite reason, because he has not.

You know it is a favourite device with writers of fiction to introduce into their composition personages of very different characters taking their respective views of one and the same transaction, or describing and criticising each other; the interest which such an exhibition creates in the reader lying in this, that each of the persons in question is living in his own world, and cannot enter into the world of another, and therefore paints that other in his own way, and presents us with a caricature instead

of a likeness, though he does not intend it. I recollect an amusing passage of this kind, out of many which might be cited, in one of Sir Walter Scott's tales,* which I hope it is not unbecoming to quote, since it is so much to the purpose.

A middle-aged country gentleman and his wife for a while have the care of a very young lady. The host is very matter-of-fact, and his youthful guest, on the other hand, is very romantic; and the humour of the narrative lies in the very opposite judgments passed respectively on the guest by the host, and on the host by the guest. The elderly man, with whom the shadows and illusions of human existence are over, and who estimates things not by their appearance, but by their weight, writing to the father of his young charge with a good deal of kind feeling towards her, and some good-humoured contempt of her flightiness, tells him that she "has much of a romantic turn" in her disposition, with a "little of the love of admiration;" that "she has a quick and lively imagination, and keen feelings, which are apt to exaggerate both the good and evil they find in life;" that "she is generous and romantic, and writes six sheets a week to a female correspondent." "You know," he says, "how I have jested with her about her soft melancholy, and lonely walks at morning before any one is up, and in the moonlight, when all should be gone to bed, or set down to cards, which is the same thing." And he ends by speaking with some apprehension and dislike of a place of amusement near his grounds, which is "the resort of walking gentlemen of all descriptions, poets, players, painters, musicians, who come to rave and recite, and madden about this picturesque land of ours. It is paying some penalty for its beauties," he adds, "if they are the means of drawing this swarm of coxcombs together."

On the other hand, the young lady, writing to a school acquaintance of her own age, says, "If India be the land of magic, this is the country of romance. The scenery is such as nature brings together in her sublimest moods; all the wildness of Salvator here, and there the fairy

* Guy Mannering.

scenes of Claude. I am at present the inmate of an old friend of my father. He is a different, quite a different being from my father, yet he amuses and endures me. He is fat and good-natured, gifted with strong, shrewd sense, and some powers of humour; and having been handsome, I suppose, in his youth, has still some pretension to be a *beau garçon*, as well as an enthusiastic agriculturalist. I delight to make him scramble to the top of eminences, and to the foot of waterfalls; and am obliged in turn to admire his turnips, his lucerne, and his timothy-grass. He thinks me, I fancy, a simple, romantic miss; so he rallies, hands, and hobbles (for the dear creature has got the gout too), and tells old stories of high life, of which he has seen a good deal; and I listen, and smile, and look as pleasant and as simple as I can, and we do very well."

This is but a sample of what meets us in life on every hand; the young have their own view of things, the old have theirs: high and low, trader and farmer, each has his own, by which he measures everything else, and which is proved to be but a view, and not a reality, because there are so many other views just as good as it is. What is true of individuals is true of nations; however plausible, however distinct, however complete the national view of this or that matter may be, it does not follow that it is not a mere illusion, if it has not been duly measured with other views of the same matter. No conclusion is trustworthy which has not been tried by enemy as well as friend; no traditions have a claim upon us which shrink from criticism, and dare not look a rival in the face. Now this is precisely the weak point of Protestantism in this country. It is jealous of being questioned; it resents argument; it flies to State protection; it is afraid of the sun; it forbids competition. How can you detect the sham, but by comparing it with the true? Your artificial flowers have the softness and brilliancy of nature, till you bring in the living article fresh from the garden; you detect the counterfeit coin by ringing it with the genuine. So is it in religion. Protestantism is at best but a fine piece of wax-work, which does not look dead, only because it is

not confronted by that Church which really breathes and lives. The living Church is the test and the confutation of all false Churches; therefore get rid of her at all hazards; tread her down, gag her, dress her like a felon, starve her, bruise her features, if you would keep up your mumbo-jumbo in its place of pride. By no manner of means give her fair play; you dare not. The dazzling brightness of her glance, the sanctity beaming from her countenance, the melody of her voice, the grace of her movements, will be too much for you. Blacken her; make her Cinderella in the ashes; do not hear a word she says. Do not look on her, but daub her in your own way; keep up the good old sign-post representation of her. Let her be a lion rampant, a griffin, a wivern, or a salamander. She shall be red or black; she shall be always absurd, always imbecile, always malicious, always tyrannical. The lion shall not draw the lion, but the man shall draw him. She shall be always worsted in the warfare with Protestantism; ever unhorsed and disarmed, ever running away, ever prostrated, ever smashed and pounded, ever dying, ever dead; and the only wonder is that she has to be killed so often, and the life so often to be trodden out of her, and her priests and doctors to be so often put down, and her monks and nuns to be exposed so often, and such vast sums to be subscribed by Protestants, and such great societies to be kept up, and such millions of tracts to be written, and such persecuting acts to be passed in Parliament, in order thoroughly, and once for all, and for the very last time, and for ever and ever, to annihilate her once more. However, so it shall be: it is, forsooth, our received policy, as Englishmen, our traditionary view of things, to paint up the Pope and Papists in a certain style. We have a school of painting all our own. Every character or personage has its own familiar emblem; Justice has her balance, Hope her anchor, Britannia her trident. Again, history has its conventional properties; Richard the First was the lion-hearted, and Richard the Third was the crook-back; William the First was the Conqueror, and William the Third "the pious, glorious,

and immortal." These are our first principles; they are unalterable; like the pillars of heaven, touch them, and you bring our firmament down. True or false is not the question; there they are. So is it with the view we take of Popery; its costume is fixed, like the wigs of our judges, or the mace of our mayors. Have not free-born Britons a right to think as they please? We rule Popery to be what we say it is, not by history, but by Act of Parliament; not by sight or hearing, but by the national will. It is the will of the Legislature, it is the voice of the people, which gives facts their complexion, and logic its course, and ideas their definition.

2.

Now I repeat, in order to obviate misconception, I am neither assuming, nor intending to prove, that the Catholic Church comes from above (though, of course, I should not have become, or be, one of her children, unless I firmly held and hold her to be the direct work of the Almighty); but here I am only investigating how it is she comes to be so despised and hated among us; since a Religion need not incur scorn and animosity simply because it is not recognised as true. And, I say, the reason is this, that reasons of State, political and national, prevent her from being heard in her defence. She is considered too absurd to be inquired into, and too corrupt to be defended, and too dangerous to be treated with equity and fair dealing. She is the victim of a prejudice which perpetuates itself, and gives birth to what it feeds upon.

I will adduce two or three instances of what I mean. It happens every now and then that a Protestant, sometimes an Englishman, more commonly a foreigner, thinks it worth while to look into the matter himself, and his examination ends, not necessarily in his conversion (though this sometimes happens too), but, at least, in his confessing the absurdity of the outcry raised against the Catholic Church, and the beauty or the excellence, on the other hand, of those very facts

and doctrines which are the alleged ground of it. What I propose to do, then, is simply to remind you of the popular feeling concerning two or three of the characteristics of her history and her teaching, and then to set against them the testimony of candid Protestants who have examined into them. This will be no proof that those candid Protestants are right, and the popular feeling wrong (though certainly it is more likely that they should be right who have impartially studied the matter, than those who have nothing whatever to say for their belief but that they have ever been taught it), but, at least, it will make it undeniable, that those who do not know there *are* two sides of the question (that is, the bulk of the English nation), are violent because they are ignorant, and that Catholics are treated with scorn and injustice simply because, though they have a good deal to say in their defence, they have never patiently been heard.

1. For instance, the simple notion of most people is, that Christianity was very pure in its beginning, was very corrupt in the middle age, and is very pure in England now, though still corrupt everywhere else: that in the middle age, a tyrannical institution, called the Church, arose and swallowed up Christianity; and that that Church is alive still, and has not yet disgorged its prey, except, as aforesaid, in our own favoured country; but in the middle age, there was no Christianity anywhere at all, but all was dark and horrible, as bad as paganism, or rather much worse. No one knew anything about God, or whether there was a God or no, nor about Christ or His atonement; for the Blessed Virgin, and Saints, and the Pope, and images, were worshipped instead; and thus, so far from religion benefiting the generations of mankind who lived in that dreary time, it did them indefinitely more harm than good. Thus, the Homilies of the Church of England say, that "in the pit of damnable idolatry all the world, as it were, drowned, continued until our age" (that is, the Reformation), "by the space of above 800 years . . . so that laity and clergy, learned and unlearned, all ages, sects, and degrees of men, women, and children, of whole Christen-

dom (an horrible and most dreadful thing to think), have been at once drowned in abominable idolatry, of all other vices most detested of God, and most damnable to man." Accordingly, it is usual to identify this period with that time of apostasy which is predicted in Scripture, the Pope being the man of sin, and the Church being the mother of abominations, mentioned in the Apocalypse. Thus, Bishop Newton says, "In the same proportion as the power of the [Roman] empire decreased, the authority of the Church increased, the latter at the expense and ruin of the former; till at length the Pope grew up above all, and 'the wicked one' was fully manifested and 'revealed,' or the 'lawless one,' as he may be called; for the Pope is declared again and again not to be bound by any law of God or man." "The tyrannical power, thus described by Daniel and St. Paul, and afterwards by St. John, is, both by ancients and moderns, generally denominated Antichrist, and the name is proper and expressive enough, as it may signify both the enemy of Christ and the vicar of Christ."* "The mind of Europe was prostrated at the feet of a priest," says a dissenting writer. "The stoutest hearts quailed at his frown. Seated on the throne of blasphemy, he 'spake great words against the Most High,' and 'thought to change times and laws.' Many hated him, but all stood in awe of his power. Like Simon Magus, he 'bewitched the people.' Like Nebuchadnezzar, 'whom he would he slew.'" I need not give you the trouble of listening to more of such language, which you may buy by the yard at the first publisher's shop you fall in with. Thus it is the Man paints the Lion. Go into the first Protestant church or chapel or public meeting which comes in your way, you will hear it from the pulpit or the platform. The Church (who can doubt it?) is a sorceress, intoxicating the nations with a goblet of blood.

However, all are not satisfied to learn by rote what they are to affirm on matters so important, and to feed all their life long on the traditions of the nursery.

* Dissert. 22.

They examine for themselves, and then forthwith we have another side of the question in dispute. For instance, I say, hear what that eminent Protestant historian, M. Guizot, who was lately Prime Minister of France, says of the Church in that period in which she is reported by our popular writers to have been most darkened and corrupted. You will observe (what makes his remarks the stronger) that, being a Protestant, he does not believe the Church really to have been set up by Christ Himself, as a Catholic does, but to have taken her present form in the middle age; and he contrasts, in the extract I am about to read, the pure Christianity of primitive times, with that later Christianity, as he considers it, which took an ecclesiastical shape.

"If the Church had not existed," he observes, "I know not what would have occurred during the decline of the Roman Empire. I confine myself to purely human considerations, I cast aside every element foreign to the natural consequence of natural facts, and I say that, if Christianity had only continued, as it was in the early ages,—a belief, a sentiment, an individual conviction,—it is probable it would have fallen amidst the dissolution of the empire, during the invasions of the barbarians. . . . I do not think I say too much when I affirm, that, at the close of the fourth and the commencement of the fifth century, *the Christian Church was the salvation of Christianity.*"*

In like manner, Dr. Waddington, the present Protestant Dean of Durham, in his Ecclesiastical History,† observes to the same purport: "At this crisis," viz., when the Western Empire was overthrown, and occupied by unbelieving barbarians, "at this crisis it is not too much to assert, that *the Church was the instrument of Heaven for the preservation of Religion.* Christianity itself, unless miraculously sustained, would have been swept away from the surface of the West, had it not been rescued by an established body of ministers, or had that body been less zealous or less influential." And then he goes on to mention six special benefits which the Church

* Europ. Civ., p. 56, Beckwith. † Ch. xiii.

of the middle ages conferred on the world; viz., first, she provided for the exercise of charity; secondly, she inculcated the moral duties by means of her penitential discipline; thirdly, she performed the office of legislation in an admirable way; fourthly, she unceasingly strove to correct the vices of the existing social system, setting herself especially against the abomination of slavery; fifthly, she laboured anxiously in the prevention of crime and of war; and lastly, she has preserved to these ages the literature of the ancient world.

Now, without entering into the controversy about idolatry, sorcery, and blasphemy, which concerns matters of *opinion*, are these Protestant testimonies, which relate to matters of *fact*, compatible with such imputations? Can blasphemy and idolatry be the salvation of Christianity? Can sorcery be the promoter of charity, morality, and social improvement? Yet, in spite of the fact of these contrary views of the subject,—in spite of the nursery and schoolroom authors being against us, and the manly and original thinkers being in our favour,—you will hear it commonly spoken of as *notorious*, that the Church in the middle ages was a witch, a liar, a profligate, a seducer, a bloodthirsty tyrant; and we, who are her faithful children, are superstitious and slavish, because we entertain some love and reverence for her, who, as a certain number of her opponents confess, was then, as she is now, the mother of peace, and humanity, and order.

2. So much for the middle ages; next I will take an instance of modern times. If there be any set of men in the whole world who are railed against as the pattern of all that is evil, it is the Jesuit body. It is vain to ask their slanderers what they know of them; did they ever see a Jesuit? can they say whether there are many or few? what do they know of their teaching? "Oh! it is quite *notorious*," they reply; "you might as well deny the sun in heaven; it is notorious that the Jesuits are a crafty, intriguing, unscrupulous, desperate, murderous, and exceedingly able body of men; a secret society, ever plotting against liberty, and government, and progress, and thought, and the prosperity of England. Nay, it is

awful; they disguise themselves in a thousand shapes, as men of fashion, farmers, soldiers, labourers, butchers, and pedlars; they prowl about with handsome stocks, and stylish waistcoats, and gold chains about their persons, or in fustian jackets, as the case may be; and they do not hesitate to shed the blood of any one whatever, prince or peasant, who stands in their way." Who can fathom the inanity of such statements?—which are made, and therefore, I suppose, believed, not merely by the ignorant, but by educated men, who ought to know better, and will have to answer for their false witness. But all this is persisted in; and it is affirmed that they were found to be too bad even for Catholic countries, the governments of which, it seems, in the course of the last century, forcibly obliged the Pope to put them down.

Now I conceive that just one good witness, one person who has the means of knowing how things really stand, is worth a tribe of these pamphleteers, and journalists, and novelists, and preachers, and orators. So I will turn to a most impartial witness, and a very competent one; one who was born of Catholic parents, was educated a Catholic, lived in a Catholic country, was ordained a Catholic priest, and then, renouncing the Catholic religion, and coming to England, became the friend and *protégé* of the most distinguished Protestant Prelates of the present day, and the most bitter enemy of the faith which he had once professed—I mean the late Rev. Joseph Blanco White. Now hear what he says about the Jesuits in Spain, his native country, at the time of their suppression.

"The Jesuits,"* he says, "till the abolition of that order had an almost unrivalled influence over the better classes of Spaniards. They had nearly monopolised the instruction of the Spanish youth, at which they toiled without

* I have omitted some clauses and sentences which either expressed the *opinions* of the author, as distinct from his testimony, or which at least are irrelevant to the matter in hand; which is simply to show, not what a Protestant can speak *against* (which no one can doubt), but what he can say *in favour* of, this calumniated body; however, to prevent misrepresentation, the entire passage shall be given at the end of the volume.

pecuniary reward, and were equally zealous in promoting devotional feelings both among their pupils and the people at large. . . . Wherever, as in France and Italy, literature was in high estimation, the Jesuits spared no trouble to raise among themselves men of eminence in that department. In Spain their chief aim was to provide their houses with popular preachers, and zealous, yet prudent and gentle confessors. Pascal, and the Jansenist party, of which he was the organ, accused them of systematic laxity in their moral doctrines; but the charge, I believe, though plausible in theory, was perfectly groundless in practice. . . . . The influence of the Jesuits on Spanish morals, from everything I have learned, was undoubtedly favourable. Their kindness attracted the youth from their schools to their Company; and . . . . they greatly contributed to the preservation of virtue in that slippery age, both by the ties of affection, and the gentle check of example. Their churches were crowded every Sunday with regular attendants, who came to confess and receive the sacrament. . . . . Their conduct was correct, and their manners refined. They kept up a dignified intercourse with the middling and higher classes, and were always ready to help and instruct the poor, without descending to their level. . . . . Whatever we may think of the political delinquencies of their leaders, their bitterest enemies have never ventured to charge the Order of Jesuits with moral irregularities." Does this answer to the popular notion of a Jesuit? Will Exeter Hall be content with the testimony of one who does not speak from hereditary prejudice, but from actual knowledge? Certainly not; and in consequence it ignores all statements of the kind; they are to be uttered, and they are to be lost; and the received slander is to keep its place as part and parcel of the old stock in trade, and in the number of the heirlooms of Protestantism, the properties of its stage, the family pictures of its old mansion, in the great controversy between the Lion of the tribe of Judah and the children of men.

3. Now I will go back to primitive times, which shall furnish me with a third instance of the subject I am illustrating. Protestants take it for granted, that the

history of the monks is a sore point with us; that it is simply one of our difficulties; that it at once puts us on the defensive, and is, in consequence, a brilliant and effective weapon in controversy. They fancy that Catholics can do nothing when monks are mentioned, but evade, explain away, excuse, deny, urge difference of times, and at the utmost make them out not quite so bad as they are reported. They think monks are the very types and emblems of laziness, uselessness, ignorance, stupidity, fanaticism, and profligacy. They think it a paradox to say a word in their favour, and they have converted their name into a title of reproach. As a Jesuit means a knave, so a monk means a bigot. Here, again, things would show very differently, if Catholics had the painting; but I will be content with a Protestant artist, the very learned, and thoughtful, and celebrated German historian, who is lately dead, Dr. Neander. No one can accuse him of any tendencies towards Catholicism; nor does he set about to compose a panegyric. He is a deep-read student, a man of facts, as a German should be; and as a narrator of facts, in his Life of St. Chrysostom, he writes thus:—

"It was by no means intended that the monks should lead a life of listless contemplation; on the contrary, manual labour was enjoined on them as a duty by their rational adherents, by Chrysostom, as well as Augustine, although many fanatical mystics, and advocates of an inactive life" (who, by the way, were not Catholics, but heretics) "rejected, under the cloak of sanctity, all connection of a laborious with a contemplative life. Cassian relates, that not only the monasteries of Egypt, but that the districts of Libya, when suffering from famine, and also the unfortunate men who languished in the prisons of cities, were supported by the labour of the monks. Augustine relates, that the monks of Syria and Egypt were enabled, by their labour and savings, to send ships laden with provisions to distressed districts. The monks of the East were remarkable for their hospitality, although their cells and cloisters were infinitely poorer than those of their more recent brethren of the West. The most rigid monks, who lived only on salt and bread,

placed before their guests other food, and at times consented to lay aside their accustomed severity, in order to persuade them to partake of the refreshments which were set before them. A monk on the Euphrates collected together many blind beggars, built dwellings for them, taught them to sing Christian hymns with him, and induced a multitude of men, who sought him from all classes, to contribute to their support.

"Besides the promotion of love and charity, there was another object which induced the lawgivers of monachism to enjoin labour as an especial duty. They wished to keep the passions in subjection, and to maintain a due balance between the spiritual and physical powers of human nature, because the latter, if unemployed and under no control, easily exercise a destructive influence over the former.

"Among the rules of Basil, we find the following decision respecting the trades which formed the occupation of the monks. Those should be preferred, which did not interfere with a peaceable and tranquil life; which occasioned but little trouble in the provision of proper materials for the work, and in the sale of it when completed; which required not much useless or injurious intercourse with men, and did not gratify irrational desires and luxury; while those who followed the trades of weavers and shoemakers were permitted to labour so far as was required by the necessities, but by no means to administer to the vanities of life. Agriculture, the art of building, the trades of a carpenter and a smith, were in themselves good, and not to be rejected; but it was to be feared that they might lead to a loss of repose, and cause the monks to be much separated from each other. Otherwise, agricultural occupation was particularly to be recommended; and it was by agriculture that the monks, at a later period, so much contributed to the civilisation of the rude nations of the West.

"The most venerated of the monks were visited by men of every class. A weighty word, one of those pithy sentiments, uttered by some great monk, of which

so many have been handed down to us, proceeding from the mouth of a man universally respected, and supported by the impression which his holy life and venerable appearance had created, when spoken at a right moment, oftentimes effected more than the long and repeated harangues of other men. The children were sent to the monks from the cities to receive their blessings; and on these occasions their minds were strewed with the seeds of Christian truth, which took deep root. Thus, Theodoret says of the Monk Peter: 'He often placed me on his knees and fed me with bread and grapes; for my mother, having had experience of his spiritual grace, sent me to him once every week to receive his blessing.'

"The duties of education were particularly recommended to the monks by Basil. They were enjoined to take upon themselves voluntarily the education of orphans; the education of other youths when entrusted to them by their parents. It was by no means necessary that these children should become monks; they were, if fitted for it, early instructed in some trade or art; and were afterwards at liberty to make a free choice of their vocation. The greatest care was bestowed on their religious and moral acquirements. Particular houses were appointed, in which they were to be brought up under the superintendence of one of the oldest and most experienced monks, known for his patience and benignity, that their faults might be corrected with paternal mildness and circumspect wisdom. Instead of the mythical tales, passages out of the Holy Scriptures, the history of the divine miracles, and maxims out of Solomon's Proverbs, were given them to learn by heart, that they might be taught in a manner at the same time instructive and entertaining.

"The monks of the East greatly contributed to the conversion of the heathen, both by their plain, sincere discourse, and by the veneration which their lives inspired; and their simple mode of living rendered it easy for them to establish themselves in any place."

Now, the enemies of monks may call this an *ex parte* statement if they will,—though as coming from a Pro-

testant, one does not see with what justice it can undergo such an imputation. But that is not the point: I am not imposing this view of the Monastic Institute on any one: men may call Neander's representation *ex parte;* they may doubt it, if they will; I only say there *are* evidently two sides to the question, and therefore that the Protestant public, which is quite ignorant of more sides than one, and fancies none but a knave or a fool can doubt the received Protestant tradition on the subject of monks, is, for the very reason of its ignorance, first furiously positive that it is right, and next singularly likely to be wrong.

Audi alteram partem, hear both sides, is generally an Englishman's maxim; but there is one subject on which he has intractable prejudices, and resolutely repudiates any view but that which is familiar to him from his childhood. Rome is his Nazareth; "Can any good come out of Nazareth?" settles the question with him; happy, rather, if he could be brought to imitate the earnest inquirer in the Gospel, who, after urging this objection, went on nevertheless to obey the invitation which it elicited, "Come and see!"

3.

And here I might conclude my subject, which has proposed to itself nothing more than to suggest, to those whom it concerns, that they would have more reason to be confident in their view of the Catholic religion, if it ever had struck them that it needed some proof, if there ever had occurred to their minds at least the possibility of truth being maligned, and Christ being called Beelzebub; but I am tempted, before concluding, to go on to try whether something of a monster indictment, similarly frightful and similarly fantastical to that which is got up against Catholicism, might not be framed against some other institution or power, of parallel greatness and excellence, in its degree and place, to the communion of Rome. For this purpose I will take the British Constitution, which is so specially the possession,

and so deservedly the glory, of our own people; and in taking it I need hardly say, I take it for the very reason that it is so rightfully the object of our wonder and veneration. I should be but a fool for my pains, if I laboured to prove it otherwise; it is one of the greatest of human works, as admirable in its own line, to take the productions of genius in very various departments, as the Pyramids, as the wall of China, as the paintings of Raffaelle, as the Apollo Belvedere, as the plays of Shakespeare, as the Newtonian theory, and as the exploits of Napoleon. It soars, in its majesty, far above the opinions of men, and will be a marvel, almost a portent, to the end of time; but for that very reason it is more to my purpose, when I would show you how even it, the British Constitution, would fare, when submitted to the intellect of Exeter Hall, and handled by practitioners, whose highest effort at dissection is to chop and to mangle.

I will suppose, then, a speaker, and an audience too, who never saw England, never saw a member of parliament, a policeman, a queen, or a London mob; who never read the English history, nor studied any one of our philosophers, jurists, moralists, or poets; but who has dipped into Blackstone and several English writers, and has picked up facts at third or fourth hand, and has got together a crude farrago of ideas, words, and instances, a little truth, a deal of falsehood, a deal of misrepresentation, a deal of nonsense, and a deal of invention. And most fortunately for my purpose, here is an account transmitted express by the private correspondent of a morning paper, of a great meeting held about a fortnight since at Moscow, under sanction of the Czar, on occasion of an attempt made by one or two Russian noblemen to spread British ideas in his capital. It seems the emperor thought it best, in the present state of men's minds, when secret societies are so rife, to put down the movement by argument rather than by a military force; and so he instructed the governor of Moscow to connive at the project of a great public meeting which should be open to the small faction of Anglo-maniacs, or John-Bullists, as they are popularly termed, as well as to the mass of the

population. As many as ten thousand men, as far as the writer could calculate, were gathered together in one of the largest *places* of the city ; a number of spirited and impressive speeches were made, in all of which, however, was illustrated the fable of the "Lion and the Man," the man being the Russ, and the lion our old friend the British ; but the most successful of all is said to have been the final harangue, by a member of a junior branch of the Potemkin family, once one of the imperial aides-de-camp, who has spent the last thirty years in the wars of the Caucasus. This distinguished veteran, who has acquired the title of Blood-sucker, from his extraordinary gallantry in combat with the Circassian tribes, spoke at great length ; and the express contains a portion of his highly inflammatory address, of which, and of certain consequences which followed it, the British minister is said already to have asked an explanation of the cabinet of St. Petersburg: I transcribe it as it may be supposed to stand in the morning print:—

The Count began by observing that the events of every day, as it came, called on his countrymen more and more importunately to choose their side, and to make a firm stand against a perfidious power, which arrogantly proclaims that there is nothing like the British Constitution in the whole world, and that no country can prosper without it; which is yearly aggrandising itself in East, West, and South, which is engaged in one enormous conspiracy against all States, and which was even aiming at modifying the old institutions of the North, and at dressing up the army, navy, legislature, and executive of his own country in the livery of Queen Victoria. "Insular in situation," he exclaimed, "and at the back gate of the world, what has John Bull to do with continental matters, or with the political traditions of our holy Russia?" And yet there were men in that very city who were so far the dupes of insidious propagandists and insolent traitors to their emperor, as to maintain that England had been a civilised country longer than Russia. On the contrary, he maintained, and he would shed the last drop of his blood in maintaining, that, as for its

boasted Constitution, it was a crazy, old-fashioned piece of furniture, and an eyesore in the nineteenth century, and would not last a dozen years. He had the best information for saying so. He could understand those who had never crossed out of their island, listening to the songs about "Rule Britannia," and "*Rosbif*," and "Poor Jack," and the "Old English Gentleman;" he understood and he pitied them; but that Russians, that the conquerors of Napoleon, that the heirs of a paternal government, should bow the knee, and kiss the hand, and walk backwards, and perform other antics before the face of a limited monarch, this was the incomprehensible foolery which certain Russians had viewed with so much tenderness. He repeated, there were in that city educated men, who had openly professed a reverence for the atheistical tenets and fiendish maxims of John-Bullism.

Here the speaker was interrupted by one or two murmurs of dissent, and a foreigner, supposed to be a partner in a Scotch firm, was observed in the extremity of the square making earnest attempts to obtain a hearing. He was put down, however, amid enthusiastic cheering, and the Count proceeded with a warmth of feeling which increased the effect of the terrible invective which followed. He said he had used the words "atheistical" and "fiendish" most advisedly, and he would give his reasons for doing so. What was to be said to any political power which claimed the attribute of Divinity? Was any term too strong for such a usurpation? Now, no one would deny Antichrist would be such a power; an Antichrist was contemplated, was predicted in Scripture, it was to come in the last times, it was to grow slowly, it was to manifest itself warily and craftily, and then to have a mouth speaking great things against the Divinity and against His attributes. This prediction was most literally and exactly fulfilled in the British Constitution. Antichrist was not only to usurp, but to profess to usurp the arms of heaven—he was to arrogate its titles. This was the special mark of the beast, and where was it fulfilled but in John-Bullism? "I hold in my hand," continued the speaker, "a book which I have obtained under very remarkable circum-

stances. It is not known to the British people, it is circulated only among the lawyers, merchants, and aristocracy, and its restrictive use is secured only by the most solemn oaths, the most fearful penalties, and the utmost vigilance of the police. I procured it after many years of anxious search by the activity of an agent, and the co-operation of an English bookseller, and it cost me an enormous sum to make it my own. It is called 'Blackstone's Commentaries on the Laws of England,' and I am happy to make known to the universe its odious and shocking mysteries, known to few Britons, and certainly not known to the deluded persons whose vagaries have been the occasion of this meeting. I am sanguine in thinking that when they come to know the real tenets of John Bull, they will at once disown his doctrines with horror, and break off all connection with his adherents.

"Now, I should say, gentlemen, that this book, while it is confined to certain classes, is of those classes, on the other hand, of judges, and lawyers, and privy councillors, and justices of the peace, and police magistrates, and clergy, and country gentlemen, the guide, and I may say, the gospel. I open the book, gentlemen, and what are the first words which meet my eyes? '*The King can do no wrong.*' I beg you to attend, gentlemen, to this most significant assertion; one was accustomed to think that no child of man had the gift of impeccability; one had imagined that, simply speaking, impeccability was a divine attribute; but this British Bible, as I may call it, distinctly ascribes an absolute sinlessness to the King of Great Britain and Ireland. Observe, I am using no words of my own, I am still but quoting what meets my eyes in this remarkable document. The words run thus: 'It is an axiom of the law of the land that the *King himself can do no wrong.*' Was I wrong, then, in speaking of the atheistical maxims of John-Bullism? But this is far from all: the writer goes on actually to ascribe to the Sovereign (I tremble while I pronounce the words) *absolute perfection;* for he speaks thus: 'The law ascribes to the King in his political capacity ABSOLUTE PERFECTION: the *King can do no wrong!*'—(groans). One had thought that no human power could thus be described; but the

British legislature, judicature, and jurisprudence, have had the unspeakable effrontery to impute to their crowned and sceptred idol, to their doll,"—here cries of "shame, shame," from the same individual who had distinguished himself in an earlier part of the speech—"to this doll, this puppet whom they have dressed up with a lion and a unicorn, the attribute of ABSOLUTE PERFECTION!" Here the individual who had several times interrupted the speaker sprung up, in spite of the efforts of persons about him to keep him down, and cried out, as far as his words could be collected, "You cowardly liar, our dear, good little Queen," when he was immediately saluted with a cry of "Turn him out," and soon made his exit from the meeting.

Order being restored, the Count continued: "Gentlemen, I could wish you would have suffered this emissary of a foreign potentate (immense cheering), who is insidiously aiming at forming a political party among us, to have heard to the end that black catalogue of charges against his Sovereign, which as yet I have barely commenced. Gentlemen, I was saying that the Queen of England challenges the divine attribute of ABSOLUTE PERFECTION! but, as if this were not enough, this Blackstone continues, 'The King, moreover, is not only incapable of *doing* wrong, but even of *thinking* wrong!! *he can never do an improper thing*; *in him is no* FOLLY *or* WEAKNESS!!!'" (Shudders and cheers from the vast assemblage, which lasted alternately some minutes.) At the same time a respectably dressed gentleman below the platform begged permission to look at the book; it was immediately handed to him; after looking at the passages, he was observed to inspect carefully the title-page and binding; he then returned it without a word.

The Count, in resuming his speech, observed that he courted and challenged investigation, he should be happy to answer any question, and he hoped soon to publish, by subscription, a translation of the work, from which he had been quoting. Then, resuming the subject where he had left it, he made some most forcible and impressive reflections on the miserable

state of those multitudes, who, in spite of their skill in the mechanical arts, and their political energy, were in the leading-strings of so foul a superstition. The passage he had quoted was the first and mildest of a series of blasphemies so prodigious, that he really feared to proceed, not only from disgust at the necessity of uttering them, but lest he should be taxing the faith of his hearers beyond what appeared reasonable limits. Next, then, he drew attention to the point, that the English Sovereign distinctly claimed, according to the same infamous work, to be the "*fount* of justice;" and, that there might be no mistake in the matter, the author declared, "that she *is never bound in justice to do anything*." What, then, is her method of acting? Unwilling as he was to defile his lips with so profane a statement, he must tell him that this abominable writer coolly declared that the Queen, a woman, only did acts of reparation and restitution as a matter of *grace!* He was not a theologian, he had spent his life in the field, but he knew enough of his religion to be able to say that grace was a word especially proper to the appointment and decrees of Divine Sovereignty. All his hearers knew perfectly well that nature was one thing, grace another; and yet here was a poor child of clay claiming to be the fount, not only of justice, but of grace. She was making herself a first cause of not merely natural, but spiritual excellence, and doing nothing more or less than simply emancipating herself from her Maker. The Queen, it seemed, never obeyed the law on compulsion, according to Blackstone; that is, her Maker could not compel her. This was no mere deduction of his own, as directly would be seen. Let it be observed, the Apostle called the predicted Antichrist "the wicked one," or, as it might be more correctly translated, "the lawless," because he was to be the proud despiser of all law; now, wonderful to say, this was the very assumption of the British Parliament. "The power of Parliament," said Sir Edward Coke, "is so transcendent and absolute, that it cannot be *confined* within any bounds!! It has sovereign and uncontrollable authority!" Moreover, the Judges had declared, that "it is so high and mighty in

its nature, that it *may make law* and THAT WHICH IS LAW IT MAY MAKE NO LAW!" Here verily was the mouth speaking great things; but there was more behind, which, but for the atrocious sentiments he had already admitted into his mouth, he really should not have the courage, the endurance to utter. It was sickening to the soul, and intellect, and feelings of a Russ, to form the words on his tongue, and the ideas in his imagination. He would say what must be said as quickly as he could, and without comment. The gallant speaker then delivered the following passage from Blackstone's volume, in a very distinct and articulate whisper: "Some have not scrupled to call its power—the OMNIPOTENCE of Parliament!" No one can conceive the thrilling effect of these words; they were heard all over the immense assemblage; every man turned pale; a dead silence followed; one might have heard a pin drop. A pause of some minutes followed.

The speaker continued, evidently labouring under intense emotion:—"Have you not heard enough, my dear compatriots, of this hideous system of John-Bullism? was I wrong in using the words fiendish and atheistical when I entered upon this subject? and need I proceed further with blasphemous details, which cannot really add to the monstrous bearing of the passages I have already read to you? If the Queen 'cannot do wrong,' if she 'cannot even think wrong,' if she is 'absolute perfection,' if she has 'no folly, no weakness,' if she is the 'fount of justice,' if she is 'the fount of grace,' if she is simply 'above law,' if she is 'omnipotent,' what wonder that the lawyers of John-Bullism should also call her 'sacred!' what wonder that they should speak of her as 'majesty!' what wonder that they should speak of her as a 'superior being!' Here again I am using the words of the book I hold in my hand. 'The people' (my blood runs cold while I repeat them) 'are led to consider their Sovereign *in the light of a* SUPERIOR BEING. 'Every one is under him,' says Bracton, 'and he is under no one.' Accordingly, the law-books call him 'Vicarius Dei in terrâ,' 'the Vicar of God on earth;' a most astonishing fulfilment, you observe, of the prophecy, for Antichrist is a Greek word, which

means 'Vicar of Christ.' What wonder, under these circumstances, that Queen Elizabeth, assuming the attribute of the Creator, once said to one of her Bishops: 'Proud Prelate, *I made you, and I can unmake you!*' What wonder that James the First had the brazen assurance to say, that 'As it is atheism and blasphemy in a creature to dispute the Deity, so it is presumption and sedition in a subject to dispute a King in the height of his power!' Moreover, his subjects called him the 'breath of their nostrils;' and my Lord Clarendon, the present Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, in his celebrated History of the Rebellion, declares that the same haughty monarch actually on one occasion called himself 'a god;' and in his great legal digest, commonly called the 'Constitutions of Clarendon,' he gives us the whole account of the King's banishing the Archbishop, St. Thomas of Canterbury, for refusing to do him homage. Lord Bacon, too, went nearly as far when he called him 'Deaster quidam,' 'some sort of little god.' Alexander Pope, too, calls Queen Anne a goddess; and Addison, with a servility only equalled by his profaneness, cries out, 'Thee, goddess, thee Britannia's isle adores.' Nay, even at this very time, when public attention has been drawn to the subject, Queen Victoria causes herself to be represented on her coins as the goddess of the seas, with a pagan trident in her hand.

"Gentlemen, can it surprise you to be told, after such an exposition of the blasphemies of England, that, astonishing to say, Queen Victoria is distinctly pointed out in the Book of Revelations as having the number of the beast! You may recollect that number is 666; now, she came to the throne in the year thirty-seven, at which date she was eighteen years old. Multiply then 37 by 18, and you have the very number 666, which is the mystical emblem of the lawless King!!!

"No wonder, then, with such monstrous pretensions, and such awful auguries, that John-Bullism is, in act and deed, as savage and profligate, as in profession it is saintly and innocent. Its annals are marked with blood and corruption. The historian Hallam, though one of the ultra-bullist party, in his Constitutional History,

admits that the English tribunals are 'disgraced by the brutal manners and iniquitous partiality of the bench.' 'The general behaviour of the bench,' he says elsewhere, 'has covered it with infamy.' Soon after, he tells us that the dominant faction inflicted on the High Church Clergy 'the disgrace and remorse of perjury.' The English Kings have been the curse and shame of human nature. Richard the First boasted that the evil spirit was the father of his family; of Henry the Second, St. Bernard said: 'From the devil he came, and to the devil he will go;' William the Second was killed by the enemy of man, to whom he had sold himself, while hunting in one of his forests; Henry the First died of eating lampreys; John died of eating peaches; Clarence, a king's brother was drowned in a butt of malmsey wine; Richard the Third put to death his Sovereign, his Sovereign's son, his two brothers, his wife, two nephews, and half a dozen friends. Henry the Eighth successively married and murdered no less than six hundred women. I quote the words of the 'Edinburgh Review,' that, according to Hollinshed, no less than 70,000 persons died under the hand of the executioner in his reign. Sir John Fortescue tells us that in his day there were more persons executed for robbery in England in one year, than in France in seven. Four hundred persons a year were executed in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Even so late as the last century, in spite of the continued protests of foreign nations, in the course of seven years there were 428 capital convictions in London alone. Burning of children, too, is a favourite punishment with John Bull, as may be seen in this same Blackstone, who notices the burning of a girl of thirteen given by Sir Matthew Hale. The valets always assassinate their masters; lovers uniformly strangle their sweethearts; the farmers and the farmers' wives universally beat their apprentices to death; and their lawyers in the inns of court strip and starve their servants, as has appeared from remarkable investigations in the law courts during the last year. Husbands sell their wives by public auction with a rope round their necks. An intelligent Frenchman, M. Pellet, who visited London in

1815, deposed that he saw a number of sculls on each side of the river Thames, and he was told they were especially thick at the landing-places among the watermen. But why multiply instances, when the names of those two-legged tigers, Rush, Thistlewood, Thurtell, the Mannings, Colonel Kirke, Claverhouse, Simon de Montefort, Strafford, the Duke of Cumberland, Warren Hastings, and Judge Jeffreys, are household words all over the earth? John-Bullism, through a space of 800 years, is *semper idem*, unchangeable in evil. One hundred and sixty offences are punishable with death. It is death to live with gipsies for a month; and Lord Hale mentions thirteen persons as having, in his day, suffered death thereon at one assize. It is death to steal a sheep, death to rob a warren, death to steal a letter, death to steal a handkerchief, death to cut down a cherry-tree. And, after all, the excesses of John-Bullism at home are mere child's play to the oceans of blood it has shed abroad. It has been the origin of all the wars which have desolated Europe; it has fomented national jealousy, and the antipathy of castes in every part of the world; it has plunged flourishing states into the abyss of revolution. The Crusades, the Sicilian Vespers, the wars of the Reformation, the thirty years' war, the war of succession, the seven years' war, the American war, the French Revolution, all are simply owing to John-Bull ideas; and, to take one definite instance, in the course of the last war, the deaths of two millions of the human race lie at his door; for the Whigs themselves, from first to last, and down to this day, admit and proclaim, without any hesitation or limitation, that that war was simply and entirely the work of John-Bullism, and needed not, and would not have been, but for its influence, and its alone.

"Such is that 'absolute perfection, without folly and without weakness,' which, revelling in the blood of man, is still seeking out her victims, and scenting blood all over the earth. It is that woman Jezebel, who fulfils the prophetic vision, and incurs the prophetic denunciation. And, strange to say, a prophet of her own has not scrupled to apply to her that very appellation. Dead to good and evil, the children of Jezebel glory in the

name; and ten years have not passed since, by a sort of infatuation, one of the very highest Tories in the land, a minister, too, of the established religion, hailed the blood-stained Monarchy under the very title of the mystical sorceress. Jezebel surely is her name, and Jezebel is her nature; for, drunk with the spiritual wine-cup of wrath, and given over to believe a lie, at length she has ascended to heights which savour rather of madness than of pride; she babbles absurdities, and she thirsts for impossibilities. Gentlemen, I am speaking the words of sober seriousness; I can prove what I say to the letter; the extravagance is not in me, but in the object of my denunciation. Once more I appeal to the awful volume I hold in my hands. I appeal to it, I open it, I cast it from me. Listen, then, once again; it is a fact; Jezebel has declared her own *omnipresence*. 'A consequence of the royal prerogatives,' says the antichristian author, 'is the legal UBIQUITY of the King!' 'His Majesty is *always present* in all his courts: his judges are the *mirror* by which the King's image is reflected;' and further, 'From this *ubiquity*' (you see he is far from shrinking from the word), 'from this *ubiquity* it follows that the Sovereign can never be NONSUIT!!' Gentlemen, the sun would set before I told you one hundredth part of the enormity of this child of Moloch and Belial. Inebriated with the cup of insanity, and flung upon the stream of recklessness, she dashes down the cataract of nonsense, and whirls amid the pools of confusion. Like the Roman emperor, she actually has declared herself immortal! she has declared her eternity! Again, I am obliged to say it, these are no words of mine; the tremendous sentiment confronts me in black and crimson characters in this diabolical book. 'In the law,' says Blackstone, 'the Sovereign is said *never to die!*' Again, with still more hideous expressiveness, 'The law ascribes to the Sovereign an ABSOLUTE IMMORTALITY!! THE KING NEVER DIES.'

"And now, gentlemen, your destiny is in your own hands. If you are willing to succumb to a power which has never been contented with what she was, but has been for centuries extending her conquests in both

hemispheres, then the humble individual who has addressed you will submit to the necessary consequence; will resume his military dress, and return to the Caucasus; but if, on the other hand, as I believe, you are resolved to resist unflinchingly this flood of satanical imposture and foul ambition, and force it back into the ocean; if, not from hatred to the English—far from it—from *love* to them (for a distinction must ever be drawn between the nation and its dominant John-Bullism); if, I say, from love to them as brothers, from a generous determination to fight their battles, from an intimate consciousness that they are in their secret hearts *Russians*, that they are champing the bit of their iron lot, and are longing for you as their deliverers; if, from these lofty notions, as well as from a burning patriotism, you will form the high resolve to annihilate this dishonour of humanity; if you loathe its sophisms, 'De minimis non curat lex,' and 'Malitia supplet ætatem,' and 'Tres faciunt collegium,' and 'Impotentia excusat legem,' and 'Possession is nine parts of the law,' and 'The greater the truth, the greater the libel'—principles which sap the very foundations of morals; if you wage war to the knife with its blighting superstitions of primogeniture, gravelkind, mortmain, and contingent remainders; if you detest, abhor, and abjure the tortuous maxims and perfidious provisions of its *habeas corpus*, *quare impedit*, and *qui tam* (hear, hear); if you scorn the mummeries of its wigs, and bands, and coifs, and ermine (vehement cheering); if you trample and spit upon its accursed fee simple and fee tail, villanage, and free soccage, fiefs, heriots, seizins, feuds (a burst of cheers, the whole meeting in commotion); its shares, its premiums, its post-obits, its percentages, its tariffs, its broad and narrow gauge"—Here the cheers became frantic, and drowned the speaker's voice, and a most extraordinary scene of enthusiasm followed. One half the meeting was seen embracing the other half; till, as if by the force of a sudden resolution, they all poured out of the square, and proceeded to break the windows of all the British residents. They then formed into procession,

and directing their course to the great square before the Kremlin, they dragged through the mud, and then solemnly burnt, an effigy of John Bull which had been provided beforehand by the managing committee, a lion and unicorn, and a Queen Victoria. These being fully consumed, they dispersed quietly; and by ten o'clock at night the streets were profoundly still, and the silver moon looked down in untroubled lustre on the city of the Czars.

Now, my Brothers of the Oratory. I protest to you my full conviction that I have not caricatured this parallel at all. Were I, indeed, skilled in legal matters, I could have made it far more natural, plausible, and complete; but, as for its extravagance I say deliberately, and have means of knowing what I say, having once been a Protestant, and being now a Catholic—knowing what is said and thought of Catholics, on the one hand, and, on the other, knowing what they really *are*—I deliberately assert that no absurdities contained in the above sketch can equal, nay that no conceivable absurdities can surpass, the absurdities which are firmly believed of Catholics by sensible, kind-hearted, well-intentioned Protestants. Such is the consequence of having looked at things all on one side, and shutting the eyes to the other.

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